

THE
B E A U T I E S
O F T H E
M A G A Z I N E S.

V O L. I.



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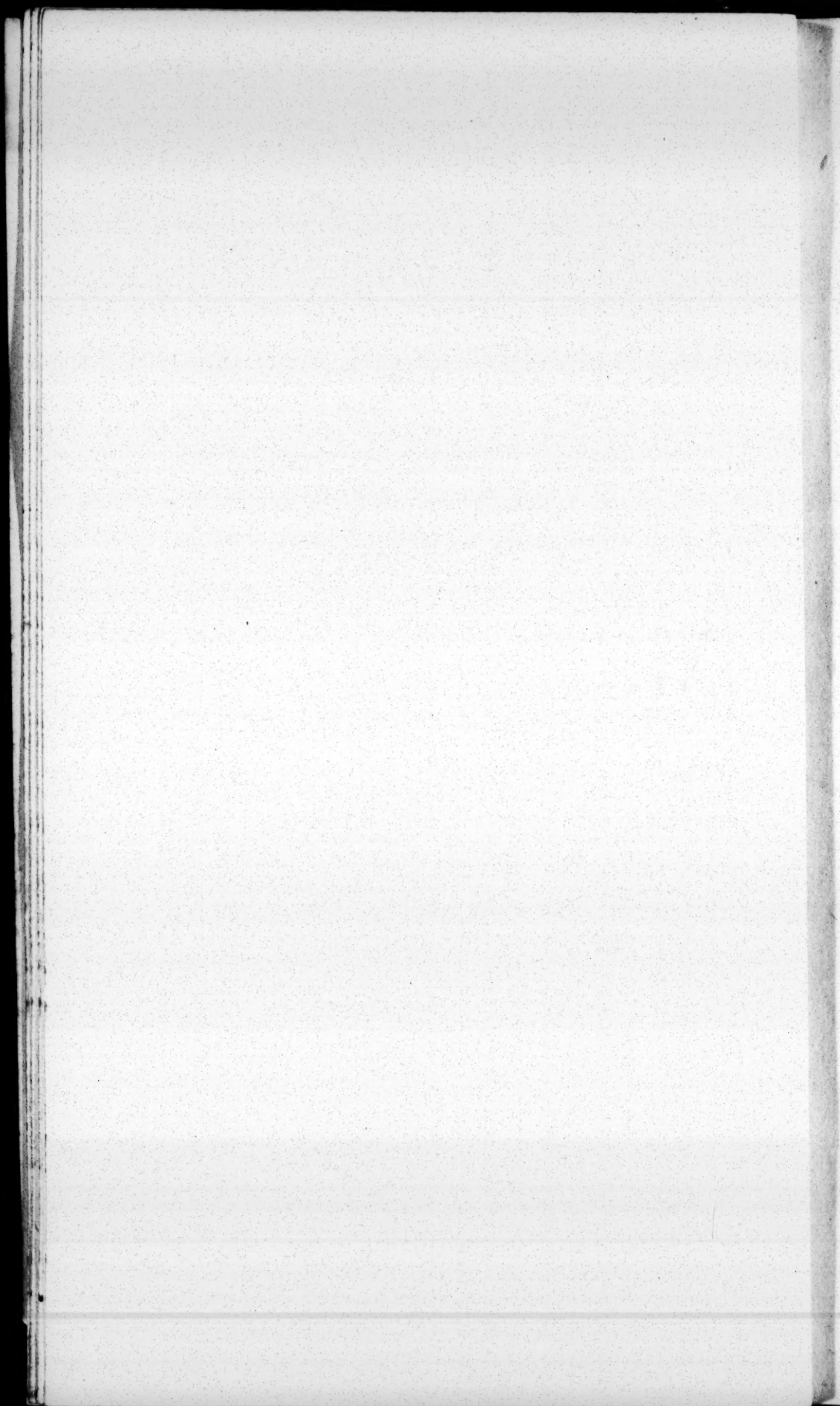
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B E A U T I E S
OF THE
M A G A Z I N E S.

A CHARACTER of VOLTAIRE by the
King of PRUSSIA.

M. DE VOLTAIRE is below the stature of tall men, or, in other words, he is a little above those of a middling size; he is extremely thin, and of an adust temperament, hot and atrabilious; his visage is meagre, his aspect ardent and penetrating, and there is a malignant quickness in his eye; the same fire that animates his works appears in his actions, which are lively even to absurdity; he is a kind of meteor, perpetually coming and going with quick motion, and a sparkling light that dazzles our eyes. A man thus constituted cannot fail of being a valetudinarian; the blade eats away the scabbard; gay by complexion, grave by regimen; open without frankness; politic without refinement; sociable without friends: he knows the world, and he forgets it; in the morning he is Aristippus, and Diogenes at night;

he loves grandeur, and despises the great; with his superiors his carriage is easy, but with his equals constrained; he is first polite, then cold, then disgusting. He loves the court, yet makes himself weary of it; he has sensibility without connections, and is voluptuous without passion. He is attached to nothing by choice, but to every thing by inconstancy. As he reasons without principle, his reason has its fits like the folly of others. He has a clear head, and a corrupt heart; he thinks of every thing, and treats every thing with derision. He is a libertine without a constitution for pleasure, and he knows how to moralize without morality. His vanity is excessive, but his avarice is yet greater than his vanity; he therefore writes less for reputation than money, for which he may be said both to hunger and thirst. He is in haste to work that he may be in haste to live: he was made to enjoy, and he determines only to hoard. Such is the man, and such is the author.

There is no other poet in the world, whose verses cost him so little labour; but this facility of composition hurts him, because he abuses it: as there is but little for labour to supply, he is content that little should be wanting, and therefore almost all his pieces are unfinished. But tho' he is an easy, an ingenious, and elegant writer of poetry, yet his principal excellence would be history, if he made fewer reflections, and drew no parallels, in both of which, however, he has sometimes been very happy. In his last work he has imi-
tated

tated the manner of Bayle, of whom, even in his censure of him, he has exhibited a copy. It has long been said, that for a writer to be without passion and without prejudice, he must have neither religion nor country, and in this respect Mr. Voltaire has made great advances towards perfection. He cannot be accused of being a partisan to his nation; he appears, on the contrary, to be infected with a species of madness somewhat like that of old men, who are always extolling the time past, and bitterly complaining of the present. Voltaire is always dissatisfied with his own country, and lavish in his praise of those that are a thousand leagues off. As to religion, he is in that respect evidently undetermined, and he would certainly be the neutral and impartial being, so much desired for an author, but for a little leaven of anti-jansenism which appears somewhat too plainly distinguished in his works. Voltaire has much foreign and much French literature; nor is he deficient in that mixed erudition which is now so much in fashion. He is a politician, a naturalist, a geometrician, or whatever else he pleases; but he is always superficial, because he is not able to be deep. He could not, however, flourish as he does upon these subjects without great ingenuity. His taste is rather delicate than just; he is an ingenious satyrift, a bad critic, and a dabler in the abstracted sciences. Imagination is his element, and yet, strange as it is, he has no invention. He is reproached with continually passing from one extreme to another; now a phi-

philanthropist, then a cynic; now an excessive encomiast, then an outrageous satyrist. In one word, Voltaire would fain be an extraordinary man, and an extraordinary man he most certainly is!

A VISIT to a FRIEND in the COUNTRY:

—*In vitium libertas excidit et vim*
Dignam lege regi. H O R.

S I R,

I AM engaged in a visit at a friend's house in the country, where I promised myself much satisfaction. I have, however, been greatly disappointed in my expectations; for on my arrival here, I found a house full of children, who are *humoured* beyond measure, and indeed absolutely spoiled by the ridiculous indulgence of a fond mother. This unlucky circumstance has subjected me to many inconveniencies; and as I am a man of a grave reserved disposition, has been a perpetual source of embarrassment and perplexity. The second day of my visit, in the midst of dinner, the eldest boy, who is eight years old, whipped off my periwig with great dexterity, and received the applause of the table for his humour and spirit. This lad, when he has reached his fourteenth year, and is big enough to lie without the maid, is to be sent to a school in the neighbourhood, which has no other merit than
that

that of being but seven miles off. Six of the children are permitted to sit at table, who entirely monopolize the wings of fowls, and the most delicate morsels of every dish; because the mother has discovered, that her children have not *strong* stomachs. In the morning, before my friend is up, I generally take a turn upon the gravel-walk, where I could wish to enjoy my own thoughts without interruption; but I am here instantly attended by my little tormentors, who follow me backwards and forwards, and play at what they call *running after the gentleman*. My whip, which was a present from an old friend, has been lashed to pieces by one of the boys who is fond of horses, and the handle is turned into a hobby horse. The main-spring of my repeating-watch has been broke in the nursery, which, at the mother's request, I had lent to the youngest boy, who was just breeched, and who cried to wear it. The mother's attention to the children entirely destroys all conversation: and once, as an amusement for the evenings, we attempted to begin reading *Tom Jones*, but were interrupted, in the second page, by little *Sammy*, who is suffered to whip his top in the parlour. I am known to be troubled with head-achs; notwithstanding which, another of the boys, without notice given, or any regard paid to the company, is permitted to break out into the brayings of an ass, for which the strength of his lungs is commended; and a little miss, at breakfast, is allowed to drink up all the cream, and put her fingers into the sugar-dish.

dish, because she was once *sickly*. I am teased with familiarities, which I can only repay with a frown; and pestered with the petulance of ludicrous prattle, in which I am unqualified to join. It is whispered in the family, that I am a mighty good sort of man, but that I cannot *talk to children*. Nor am I the only person who suffers from this folly: a neighbouring clergyman, of great merit and modesty, and much acquainted in the family, has received hints to forbear coming to the house, because little *Sukey* always cries when she sees him, and has told her mamma, she can't bear that *ugly parson*.

Mrs. Qualm, my friend's wife, the mother of this hopeful offspring, is perpetually breeding; or rather, her whole existence is spent in a series of great bellies, lyings-in, visitings, churchings, and christenings. Every transaction of her life is dated from her several pregnancies. The grandmother, and the man-midwife, a serious sensible man, constantly reside in the house, to be always ready on these solemn occasions. She boasts, that no family has ever sent out more numerous advertisements for nurses *with a fine breast of milk*. As her longings have of late been in the vegetable way, the garden is cultivated for this purpose alone, and totally filled with forward pease and melon glasses, in hopes that she may luckily long for what is at hand. She preserves, to the utmost, the prerogative of frequent pregnancy, and conscious of the dignity and importance of being often *big*, exerts an absolute authority over her husband. He was
once

once a keen fox-hunter, but has long ago dropped his hounds: his wife having remonstrated, that his early rising disturbed the family unseasonably, and having dreamed, that he broke his leg in leaping a ditch.

I revere Mrs. Qualm as the mother, and only wish I could recommend her as the manager of children. I hope this letter may fall into her hands, to convince her how absurd it is to suppose, that others can be as much interested in her own children as herself. I would teach her, that, what I complain of as matter of inconvenience, may, one day, prove to her a severe trial; and that early licentiousness will, at last, mock that parental affection, from whose mistaken indulgence it arose.

I am, yours,

X. Y. Z.

DIALOGUE between a KING and his FAVOURITE, on the apparent Happiness of human Conditions. By STANISLAUS, King of Poland, Duke of Lorrain and Bar.

King. **F**OR some time past I perceived in you a gloominess which does not suit your happy situation. I have raised you to the highest degree of grandeur you could attain to, I have heaped the gifts of fortune on you, and you enjoy a state of
life

life which cannot fail of being very agreeable, as by it you are subject to no duty which can be a trouble to you.

Favourite. What you do me the honour to tell me is very true. All my acquaintances think the same; every one believes me happy; and nothing seems wanting to me but to be persuaded of it myself. The degree of elevation I have arrived at, has been constantly the object of my desires; but it is now almost insupportable to me. Some see nothing but haughtiness and disdain in my looks; others perceive only in my fortune a lucky singularity of your favour. All, not excepting my old friends, affect for me an indifference, which is more tormenting to me than jealousy is to themselves, which consumes them, and which they are afraid to discover. The immense stores of wealth which you have showered down upon me, have not been hitherto able to satiate my avidity, and I regret laying them out on superfluities, which my station creates as wants to me; I find, indeed, that nothing can make amends for the loss sustained by vain ostentation, and that a man is always punished for his vanity. You have not imposed any painful duty on me; but the public infer from thence that I am good for nothing, and incapable of rendering you any service. Those, who want some favour, flatter me; and those, who require none, consider me as a bold intruder, that pretends to usurp your power and to govern you. The faults which it is fancied you commit, are imputed to me; I am
the

the sole object of all discontent; in not sparing me, you are thought to undergo correction. In short, by studying to secure the permanency of your favour, I am commonly forced to lay a restraint upon myself, intirely attentive to please you, and always reduced to the necessity of being quite regardless of others.

This is my condition. Judge if you have succeeded in making me perfectly happy. You will also allow, that, to be happy, I should be certain of being so constantly; and who will warrant me, that the enemies my credit has brought upon me, may not have themselves hereafter enough to deprive me of it, and that you yourself may think you have done a just and laudable action by sacrificing me to their animosity? To prevent this disgrace, and to deliver you at the same time from the uneasiness my persecutors give you, I believe sometimes I cannot shew a greater mark of gratitude than by withdrawing from your court; and sometimes also persuaded, that my retiring would pass for the most signal ingratitude, I cannot resolve upon deserting you. These two opposite sentiments distract me, and this is the cause of the gloom you have noticed in me. My reason fluctuates between two extremities equally rational, the love that attaches me to your person, and the obstacles which do not permit me to love you in tranquillity.

King. In the picture you have drawn for me of your sentiments, I see a pretty faithful image of what I experience myself: though your condition
and

and mine do not place us upon an equality, we yet resemble each other. I am a man, and consequently subject to all the passions common to human nature. You are ambitious, and so am I; but my ambition, wound up to the highest pitch, has not such engaging charms for me as yours may have for you. To enjoy with more satisfaction the honours which are due to me, I would fain persuade myself that they are rendered to my merit, rather than to my high rank, and that those points of homage are more addressed to my person than to my dignity. It is true, that, in order to raise myself even above the throne which I occupy, I have always endeavoured to raise for myself a reputation which, by its solidity rather than splendor, might be capable of satisfying the whole extent of my ambition; but, in despite of all my cares, I am still daily exposed to the censure of the public, who, having their eyes continually fixed on me, judge of my actions according to their caprice. How many are there who believe they cannot shew themselves good citizens but by censuring the government under which they live; nor good politicians, but by straining hard to fathom the mysteries of cabiners? And now what has been the success of my ambition? More satisfactory than that of private persons, it is notwithstanding circumscribed by bounds as well as theirs: nay, every thing in kings betrays all the symptoms of the weakness of human nature.

As

As to riches, their abundance makes them less precious to me than they are to private persons; satiety spoils their relish: besides, having no trouble in acquiring them, I am not attached to them so, as that they may contribute to my happiness. I could wish that all my riches consisted only in the pleasure of seeing none poor throughout my kingdom.

In respect to the duties which I have dispensed you from, that you might enjoy in greater tranquillity all the sweets of life, I could also wish those incumbent on me were in the same condition; but herein I cannot have the same advantage as you.

The principal of my duties is employing usefully all the moments of my life; I speak of those which I ought to consecrate to the good of the state. It often happens, that the loss of one of those moments cannot be repaired in the whole course of an age. My ruling passion, and that which contributes most to my happiness, is to make, if possible, all my subjects happy; but it is a torment to me to endeavour to content the tastes, the caprices, and the too often unreasonable pretensions of those who aspire to my favours. Experience has sufficiently convinced me, how difficult it is, not to say impossible, to satisfy all those who believe they ought to partake of them. In distributing them, I give the preference to the deserving; but where is the person that does not believe but he deserves them? It is sufficient that he has so good an opinion of himself, as to conceive discontent at the good I have done, and he believes this

good misplaced. Thus what does not satisfy one man becomes an injury to many, and hence may be derived that coldness in serving me; every function becomes then burthenfome and painful; zeal is only biaſſed by interest, and each perſon, reputing me the author of his troubles, cannot imagine the deſire I have for ſatisfying him, if his deſires were compatible with the public good. Can I then depend upon the love of all my ſubjects?

Can I ever flatter myſelf with the attachment of thoſe on whom I heaped many favours? They enjoy among themſelves the ſweets of a ſociety, the charms of which are enhanced by harmony and friendſhip; and what friends can I have but thoſe which intereſt procures for me?

What ſhall I ſay of the other duties annexed to my crown? In the exerciſe of juſtice, it is as dangerous for me to diſſemble as it is diſagreeable to puniſh; yet my clemency paſſes often for weakneſs, and my fixed reſolution for cruelty. In military affairs, I forget nothing for maintaining the glory and intereſt of the nation; but, if I am for making and retaining conqueſts, I am deemed ambitious, and an uſurper; if I ſeek for peace, I am thought incapable of uſing my power. In civil affairs, howſoever exact the meaſures I have taken may be, they will be ſaid to be ill concerted, if not attended with ſucceſs; and if, in the exerciſe of my legiſlative capacity, I procure the abrogating of ancient laws formerly uſeful, at preſent inconvenient, and in their room have new ones enacted,
this

this change will be considered as a stretch of prerogative, or tendency to despotism. In the finances, I may be accused of mal-administration, and yet I am sensible of the great hardships my people suffer by contributing to the necessities of the state. It is with regret that I impose taxes on them; I fancy that I wrest violently from myself what I ask of them, and I feel, with the most acute sensibility, what a melancholy thing it is to see one's self the father of a family in distress.

I am not unacquainted with the artful turns and cunning that have been introduced into politics, but herein I have been intirely influenced by good faith, under the guidance of truth and justice. If my sincerity, always the same, is not successful, I am blamed for having made use of it; and what none can help deeming a virtue, is imputed to me as a crime. Add to this, that what some detested in my enemy notwithstanding his successes, they wish I had put in practice myself, even at the hazard of reaping no advantage from it. Now think, abiding by my maxims, how much it must have cost me on certain occasions, when, by reasons of state, I have seen myself obliged to retract my word?

I have laid open to you the inmost recesses of my heart, and you see the candour of my intentions; but these candid intentions have been far from turning always to good account for me. Must it not be a vexation when justice is not done them, and an ill construction is put upon my best manner of conducting myself for the good of my people?

Yet this consolation is left, that I have nothing to reproach myself with.

The same cannot be said in regard to what I am going to tell you. By being a king I have not ceased to be a man, and I acknowledge in myself many faults. Sometimes my power and self-love might have made me deviate from the paths of justice and reason; vain-glory might have made me undertake wars, without being sufficiently sensible of their necessity, and without foreseeing that, for some doubtful advantages gained over my enemies, I exposed my people to the danger of being ruined by inevitable expences. I might have, to ill-purposes, squandered away the public treasure, or at least neglected to manage it with an exact œconomy. In council, instead of interrogating truth, and encouraging its answers, I might, bigotted to my own notions, have inflexibly maintained them. In society, I might often, through complaisance, have borne with faults worthy of reprehension; and, through the habit of receiving praises, I might have been too sensibly affected by them. It might also happen that I have been too unattentive to the conduct of my ministers; that I have often suffered them to abuse my authority; that, like them, I have been so weak as to think that to grow old in an employ was to acquire experience in it; and that, lastly, the pleasure of making persons happy costing me nothing, I have often granted to importunity what I should have only conferred on merit.

Hence

Hence it is plain that, on the throne itself, where one is constantly exposed to so many occasions of being deficient in duty, no perfect happiness can be tasted. When I do good, none have a due sense of it; and when I do evil, it is never pardoned in me.

Favourite. I have, Sir, the deepest sense of the confidence you have just now placed in me. I confess that, among those that surround you, several will always find some fault with your virtues, and several will be bold enough to applaud even your faults. It is the business of your prudence to discern both, and of your wisdom to despise all equally.

King. I would gladly follow this last advice, if, in placing myself above all censure, I could at the same time suppress the voice of my conscience and reason. The whole of my condition charms me, the detail of it fills me with horror. Thus your state and mine bear a resemblance to one another, notwithstanding their infinite distance. All men are made to fancy themselves free, though in a real bondage, because none in any station of life can call themselves perfectly happy. To be able, however, in some measure to mitigate my lot, I have only one thing to wish for, which is, that as my subjects form with me the same body politic, there may be between us a kind of democratical and inseparable union, in order to their having as much confidence in my government, as I have always had in their zeal and fidelity.

AN ENQUIRY into the EFFECTS of LOVE
on LIFE and MANNERS.

THERE is something irresistibly pleasing in the conversation of a fine woman; even though her tongue be silent, the eloquence of her eyes teaches wisdom. The mind sympathizes with the regularity of the object in view, and struck with external grace, vibrates into respondent harmony. In this agreeable disposition, I lately found myself in company with a friend and his niece. Our conversation turned upon love, which she seemed equally capable of defending and inspiring. We were each of different opinions upon this subject; the lady insisted that it was a natural and universal passion, and produced the happiness of those who cultivated it with proper precaution. My friend denied it to be the work of nature, but allowed it to have a real existence, and affirmed that it was of infinite service in refining society; while I, to keep up the dispute, affirmed it to be merely a name, first used by the cunning part of the fair sex, and admitted by the silly part of ours, therefore no way more natural than taking snuff, or chewing opium.

“How is it possible,” cried I, “that such a passion can be natural, when our opinions even of beauty, which inspires it, are entirely the result of fashion and caprice? The ancients, who pretended

“tended to be connoisseurs in the art, have praised
“narrow foreheads, red hair, and eyebrows that
“joined each other over the nose. Such were the
“charms that once captivated Catullus, Ovid, and
“Anacreon. Ladies would at present be out of
“humour, if their lovers praised them for such
“graces; and should an antique beauty now revive,
“her face would certainly be put under the disci-
“pline of the tweezer, forehead-cloth, and lead-
“comb, before it could be seen in public company.

“But the difference between the ancients and
“moderns is not so great as between the different
“countries of the present world. A lover of Gon-
“gora, for instance, sighs for thick lips; a Chinese
“lover is poetical in praise of thin. In Circassia, a
“straight nose is thought most consistent with beau-
“ty; cros but a mountain which separates it from
“the Tartars, and there flat noses, tawny skins, and
“eyes three inches asunder, are all the fashion. In
“Persia, and some other countries, a man, when he
“marries, chuses to have his bride a maid; in the
“Phillipine islands, if a bridegroom happens to per-
“ceive, on the first night, that he is put off with a
“virgin, the marriage is declared void to all intents
“and purposes, and the bride sent back with dis-
“grace. In some parts of the east, a woman of
“beauty, properly fed up for sale, often amounts
“to one hundred crowns; in the kingdom of Loan-
“go, ladies of the very best fashion are sold for a
“pig; queens, however, sell better, and sometimes
“amount to a cow. In short, turn even to Eng-

"land, don't I there see the beautiful part of the
 "sex neglected; and none now marrying, or mak-
 "ing love, but old men, and old women, that have
 "saved money? Don't I see beauty, from fifteen
 "to twenty one, rendered null and void to all in-
 "tents and purposes, and those six precious years of
 "womanhood put under a statute of virginity?
 "What! shall I call that rancid passion, love, which
 "passes between an old batchelor of fifty-six and a
 "widow lady of forty nine? Never! never! What
 "advantage is society to reap from an intercourse,
 "where the big belly is oftenest on the man's side?
 "Would any persuade me that such a passion was
 "natural, unless the human race were more fit for
 "love as they approached the decline, and, like silk
 "worms, became breeders just before they ex-
 "pired."

Whether love be natural or no, replied my friend,
 gravely, it contributes to the happiness of every
 society into which it is introduced. All our plea-
 sures are short, and can only charm at intervals:
 love is a method of protracting our greatest plea-
 sure; and surely that gamester who plays the
 greatest stake to the best advantage, will at the end
 of life rise victorious. This was the opinion of
 Vanini, who affirmed that, "every hour was lost
 "which was not spent in love." His accusers were
 unable to comprehend his meaning, and the poor
 advocate for love was burned in flames, alas! no
 way metaphorical. But whatever advantages the
 individual may reap from this passion, society will
 certain-

certainly be refined and improved by its introduction: all laws calculated to discourage it tend to embrate the species, and weaken the state. Though it cannot plant morals in the human breast, it cultivates them when there: pity, generosity, and honour receive a brighter polish from its assistance; and a single amour is sufficient entirely to brush off the clown.

But it is an exotic of the most delicate constitution; it requires the greatest art to introduce it into a state, and the smallest discouragement is sufficient to repress it again. Let us only consider with what ease it was formerly extinguished in Rome, and with what difficulty it was lately revived in Europe: it seemed to sleep for ages, and at last fought its way among us, through tilts, tournaments, dragons, and all the dreams of chivalry. The rest of the world are, and have ever been, utter strangers to its delights and advantages. In other countries, as men find themselves stronger than women, they lay a claim to a rigorous superiority; this is natural, and love, which gives up this natural advantage, must certainly be the effect of art. An art calculated to lengthen out our happier moments, and add new graces to society.

I entirely acquiesce in your sentiments, says the lady, with regard to the advantages of this passion, but cannot avoid giving it a nobler origin than you have been pleased to assign. I must think, that those countries where it is rejected, are obliged to have recourse to art to stifle so natural a production;

tion; and those nations, where it is cultivated, only make nearer advances to nature. The same efforts that are used in some places to suppress pity and other natural passions, may have been employed to extinguish love. No nation, however unpolished, is remarkable for innocence, that has not been famous for passion; it has flourished in the coldest, as well as the warmest regions. Even in the sultry wilds of southern America, the lover is not satisfied with possessing his mistress's person, without having her mind.

*In all my Enna's beauties blest,
Amidst profusion still I pine;
For tho' she gives me up her breast,
Its panting tenant is not mine.*

But the effects of love are too violent to be the result of an artificial passion. Nor is it in the power of fashion to force the constitution into those changes, which we every day observe. Several have died of it. Few lovers are unacquainted with the fate of the two Italian lovers, Da Corfin and Julia Bellamano, who, after a long separation, expired with pleasure in each others arms. Such instances are too strong confirmations of the reality of the passion, and serve to shew that suppressing it, is but opposing the natural dictates of the heart.

ON MARRIAGE.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us, that instinct is invariable, and every natural feeling has an hereditary right in the human constitution. If this be the case, to overcome these must require the most strenuous and unremitted exertions; and when we subdue them, we may be justly said to conquer ourselves. This truth has been esteemed so invariably just, that men have thought the most successful method of completing this to consist in avoiding those objects which catch our attention, enflame our imagination, and excite our passions. But whatever is included in the constitution of human nature, is to be considered as the law of heaven; and to act contrary to the unadulterated dictates of the former, is flagrantly contradicting the designs of the latter. Men were not endowed with passions that they may give a test of their obedience by a total suppression of them, and an absolute self-denial. The *extravagance* of passion is only to be avoided, its *impetuosity* alone to be restrained, and its immoderate demands alone to be retrenched or denied. When it leads us on to the acquisition of what conspires to that happiness, which virtue countenances and supports, its assistances are friendly, and its aid by no means to be despised.

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The affection between the sexes is the foundation of all those tender endearments, and social connections, regards, and interests, which, diversified in all their branches, form community itself. When, instead then of this natural principle, which includes in it something mysteriously engaging, any other intervene, whether of a compulsive power, a self-interested regard, or a detestable avarice, there is no reason to expect the happiness which can only result from mutual confidence and love, from the soft struggle who shall be the first to oblige, and the cautious fear who shall be the first to offend. When I read of blooming youth and sprightly ardor dedicated to the arms of age, I feel such a cold shiver seize me, as if hoary winter had subdued to its power and dominion the roseate spring. How could Senex complain to me the other day, that Virginia treated him with coolness and reserve; when, if she regards him at all, it must be with a kind of reverence, which would rather damp than excite her love, and when in viewing her husband, she must imagine how looked her grandfather? Numarius has no reason to complain of his wife's extravagance, and of spending her time in engagements abroad; she brought him a fortune of forty thousand pounds, married him to be rid of the restraint of a guardian, and to be her own mistress. Crastinus has no better plea for his complaint of being grossly deceived in Splendida; for he danced with her at a ball, waited of her home, made his addresses, and, without any farther attention, marries.

ries. No one can deny but Agamius has room for his suspicion and jealousy. Calista, before she was his wife, was the mistress of his friend, whose indifference had made it easy for Agamius to gain her for his own. If persons rush into marriage, either from the giddy ardor of youth, or the miserable avarice of age, or by compulsive authority of any kind whatever, they may reasonably expect misery, at least disappointment.

That connection which the wisdom of policy has made indissoluble but in some extraordinary cases, and in which our happiness is so immediately concerned, ought not to be entered into without some prospect of felicity, grounded upon judgment and reason. This contract ought to be founded upon love and friendship, since it includes obligations to participate in each other's fate, to alleviate every pain, and communicate every pleasure. Much depends in every society upon the proper abilities and agreement of their ruling members; and you may almost invariably determine what are the temper and disposition, management and conduct of those who preside, by the demeanor of those who are ruled. Some of the Spartan and Roman laws were admirably calculated to preserve that affection and regard between the husband and wife, the parent and child, as should increase their love, and strengthen their duty. And the laws, which in all wellformed states have been enacted in relation to marriage, shew of how much importance the wisest legislators esteem its regulations; and we shall always

ways find those attended with the most beneficial consequences, and answering the most valuable ends, which lay the least restraint upon natural inclination.

My mind is seldom employed long upon this important subject, before my imagination is charmed by the agreeable, though extravagant account, which Plato gives of the origin of love and marriage. He tells us, "That the human species were "not originally divided into male and female, but "that each individual was a compound being, and "that man and wife were blended in one; from "which harmonious association of nature there resulted such an invariable felicity and security, "which introduced a pride of rivalling the gods "themselves; who, to chastise their insolence, separated their conjoined frames, and made two "imperfect creatures of one originally complete. "But though this divorce has taken place, yet there "remains such a remembrance of former happiness, "and such a desire to enjoy it, that each half is constantly seeking for the other, in order by their reunion to enjoy their primæval felicity. But "whether it arises from their long separation, or "any other imperfection which has since taken "place, they are sometimes deceived, and take for "the other half, that to which originally they never "were joined. But a union in this case is impossible; they soon separate and range, till, by repeated trials, they at last find each other, and settle into their former union." Though this account

count be fanciful and wild, it differs no more from the true state of nature, than the monstrous associations which we often see take place in marriage, do from that genuine simplicity of order and affection, which ought alone to be its support.

One could almost wish that either Plato's fable were true, or that there was some other immutable and necessary law of our natures, since those already there constituted do not avail, to form a union, which, in the result, should resemble that which Plato describes. Suppose some mysterious power influencing the mind by attraction and repulsion, which, regulating our affections, should keep us in some proper sphere, as well as determine to what center we tend; then should we see Senex, not like Mercury, lost in the blaze of beauty, but at the proper distance of Saturn, being suited in his constitution for no nearer approximation. Then should we see Numarius revolving about a heap of gold, and in every revolution turning his back upon his mistress. Crastinus would be whirled, with incredible velocity, round an imaginary point, till a giddiness in his head would oblige him to desist; and when he had thus fatigued, and rested himself again, he would appear amazed at his own foolish rapidity. You would see in Agamius something like the effects of electricity; viz. varied movements, sometimes in one direction, then in another; and, after the alternate falling on and flying off, you would see him at last fixed to a point. But turn your eyes to Benevolus and Euphemia,
and

and you will see the exactest harmony in their several motions; each is to the other the center of happiness, and all the affections of their souls wait as satellites upon their own and each other's movements.

It would be very difficult, nicely to determine to whose fault we are to ascribe either the decrease of marriages, or the unhappiness which attends them. In this, as in every other cause of litigation, each party urge their complaints; and therefore the testimony of neither is to be regarded, if there be any other method of investigating the truth. It must be acknowledged, that the complaints and censures of the ladies are more frequent and heavy than those of the men. When marriage is either ridiculed or despised, they look upon it as an indignity shewn to the power of beauty; which being their property, their pride suffers in exact proportion as that appears to be disregarded. It must be pleaded, in favour of the ladies, that their peculiar delicacy of frame, and softer feelings, incline them more to the genuine passion of love, which, when it discovers itself by any indecorum in their conduct and behaviour, is always taxed with the severest comment and reproach. So that when marriage——But, in order to bring an affair to an amicable conclusion, it is not proper to shew that either party is much in the wrong: it is far the wiser way to make concessions on every side. I would therefore advise the ladies to cultivate no less the graces of the mind,
than

than the charms of their persons; to form those dispositions that will insure success, by commanding respect and esteem, as well as admiration and love; to regard marriage not as a convenient cloak for little irregularities, nor under its sanction to carry on any disguise; but to look upon it as the most happy state, which confidence, mutual love, friendship, and harmony conspire to form.—I should offer a word of advice to the other sex; but let the ladies be assured, that I look upon the power of reformation as in their own hands; and that, if they comply with the advice just given, as they will not want, so neither can they find, more powerful advocates in the cause than themselves.

On the CONTEMPT of FAME;

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

IN the chronicles of the sultans of the east it is recorded, that when Othman held the rank of viceroy under a prince of the Sassanian race, and by his faithful councils added security, lustre, and dignity to the throne, his son Abdalla displayed in his early bloom all the virtues which could endear him to the best of fathers, and render him amiable in the eyes of all beholders. Achmet, the hermit, who had been called forth from his retreat in order to attend the cultivation of his tender mind, had

taken care to season him with religion, and to inflame his young imagination with the desire of a fair and honest fame. The sage well knew that this propensity would be a strong secondary aid to the native beauty of virtue, would warm and cherish his native goodness, and invigorate the exertion of it. Accordingly Abdalla soon drew the eyes of all men upon him; his conduct was a constant emanation of benevolence, and in his bosom glowed that intense heroic ardour, which soon after distinguished him in the field of glorious danger. In a short time he arrived to the highest degree of popularity; the sultan heaped favours on him in what might be called a profusion of liberality, had not his merit daily deserved it from him. He was delegated with unlimited authority to command the armies of the sultan, and from the confines of Persia to the Indian ocean he soon reduced every thing under subjection. Though he was yet green in years, each tongue was mute in his presence, and before him every eye looked down with a kind of reverential awe; he loved the prince who raised him to this state of elevation, and by the gentleness of his manners he softened that envy which might otherwise tarnish the lustre of his glory.

While Abdalla was constantly reaping fresh laurels, and gratifying his insatiable love of fame by daily acquisitions of glory, his father at home met with a reverse of fortune. Othman possessed all those qualities, which shone forth in his son with a more striking lustre; and he vainly imagined,
that,

that, in a corrupt, degenerate court, he could be great and good with impunity. But the storm now gathered heavily in clouds around him, and the turbulent tempests of jealousy, ambition, hatred, and revenge environed him with a whirlwind more dreadful than that which tears up whole continents of sand in the deserts of Arabia. The grand apartments in his house, which were formerly filled with a band of courtiers, were now empty and forlorn; he was divested of all his honours; his trust was taken away from him, and, after a series of years spent in the service of his prince, he was stripped of every thing but his paternal estate; whither he withdrew to shelter himself from an ungrateful world.

In this retirement, Othman, what were your thoughts, what were your sensations! The sun ushered in a day void of occupation, and the night a train of restless dreams. At length his constitution received such severe strokes from a constant succession of corrosive cares, that he languished under the pressure, and his soul sickened to desperation. A gloomy vapour obscured his eyes with dim suffusion, and he beheld with joy the approaching sun-set of his days. As he lay languishing on the bed of sickness, he gave orders, that his son might be informed of his situation. Abdalla immediately quitted his high command, flew to his dying father's languid arms, and in a gush of tears embraced his agonizing body. Othman, with what little strength he had left, raised his head, and fixing his

faded eye-balls on him, "My son," said he, "hear my words: you have beheld your father in the sunshine of prosperity; you now behold him in the last extreme of misery. I am fallen a prey to the intrigues of ill-designing men;—the angel of death now hovers over his victim; then listen to my last directions;—avoid public honours;—fly from courts, as from the monsters of the desert; be not misled by a vain love of fame and an unavailing popularity;—virtue is its own reward, —then let your happiness be fixed in your own mind, independent of external objects;—despise the opinions of mankind, which are always fluctuating and uncertain as the Caspian sea when deformed with tempests.——For the remainder of your days have a contempt for fame;—it will only lead you into a series of toils for an ungrateful world.——Steal through life imperceptibly, like the path of the arrow, which leaves no trace behind it;—let your moderation shade you from envy, and look down upon the giddy."

He could no more; his lot for eternity was cast, and he expired. Abdalla wept in bitterness of anguish over the best of fathers; he treasured up his precepts in the inmost recesses of his soul, and instantly began to conform his conduct to the practice of them. His dignities and honours he resigned forthwith, and in the fullness of his soul he locked himself up from the world. His house no longer resounded with singers and with minstrels; no longer did amber and aloes administer their rich per-

perfumes; the vases of agate, which in his father's time overflowed with all the delicious liquors of the East, lay tumbled into an unregarded heap; and even the hand of charity, which was before stretched out at his gate, was now congealed and frozen up. Echo no longer repeated his praises, and scandal began to accumulate disgrace upon him. This he heard, and he despised the rumour; the many lessons given him by his tutor were now totally forgot; the seeds of virtue lay dormant in his breast, and his love of fame was now entirely extinguished; nay, the very thoughts of it were loathsome to him; insomuch that, to leave no room for a suspicion that he had any the least regard for popularity remaining, he would often say to himself, "That the world may see how much I am above any notices it may take of me, I must not be guilty of a single good action."—By imperceptible degrees this turn of mind settled into a fixed insensibility to all dignity of character, and on the contempt of fame was grafted a contempt of virtue.—Abdalla! Abdalla! you thundered at the head of armies; whole nations obeyed your voice; and now, how altered! Relaxed and enfeebled you groan in anguish, reluctant to every finer impulse of the soul, and callous to all the stimulating incentives to virtue!—

While Abdalla thus dozed away his hours ingloriously inactive, the tidings of his situation were wafted abroad by every breeze, and at length reached the ears of Achmet in his hermitage. The

venerable old man heard the story with the severest compunction; his heart was appalled within him; as if the hand of death had smote him, he sat down in his cell; but there no angel whispered to his meditation; no inspiration bore his thoughts aloft to the prime source of being; Abdalla's shame suppressed the swellings of enthusiasm, and quite extinguished the pious fervor of his soul. He was tormented with the reflection, that so noble a youth should stop short in the middle of his career, and check such excellent propensities, as he knew were lodged in his breast. At length he arose, and taking his staff in his hand, he extinguished the light which burned before him, and set out on a journey over the deserts of Arabia, and in a short time arrived at his pupil's habitation.

It was with difficulty he gained admission; but the gates were no sooner opened for him, than he went straight to his young pupil's apartment. Abdalla was reclined upon a sofa, his looks sullenly fixed on the ground, and his mind hardening into insensibility. Achmet eagerly presented himself before him. His eyes were vivid and piercing, though the quickness of their lustre was somewhat diminished by the galling effusion of tears which this unexpected shock had cost him. The winter of age had shed its snows upon his head and beard; and the lively expression of passions, which throbbed in mingled tumult about his heart, rendered him an alarming object to his pupil. A conscious blush diffused itself over his face at sight of the
hoary

hoary sage; and both their sensations being too big for utterance, their tongues were suspended, and their eyes overflowing discoursed for a while in the most eloquent pathetic silence. At length Achmet faintly uttered, "Abdalla!" and a gush of tears choaked up the rest. Abdalla at this was covered with confusion, and attempted to break from him; but the palsied nerves of the venerable hermit felt a renovation of strength from the glowing purpose of his soul; and laying fast hold of his pupil, he exclaimed, "You shall not put me from you; in me your genius now alarms you; by me it means to rouse you from your lethargy, and awaken the dying embers of that amiable fire, which formerly kindled all your spirits, in those happier days when my instructions were refreshing to your ears, as the morning dews to the verdure which cloaths the fields of Damascus. But now, how art thou fallen! Each finer principle of virtue is suppressed, and you are even deaf to the voice of fame, that sweetest music to a virtuous ear. But to redeem thee at once from the dreams of folly and over-weaning pride, in which thy soul is now sluggishly immersed, read there that mystic truth, which a genie put into my hand in an hour of inspiration, when my thoughts were swelled with sublime ideas of the dispensations of him who is in the heaven of heavens, and whose wonder-working hand launched forth the planets into the illimitable void, and still continueth to produce the harmony of the physical

“and moral world by various secrets and indirect
“causes.”

The heart of Abdalla was alarmed, and he read
as follows: “When Virtue was sent down from the
“third heaven to restrain the irregular passions of
“mankind, the dignity of her mien and beauty of
“her aspect were sufficiently attractive to make her
“admired of all beholders. But such is the deprav-
“vity of human nature, that these allurements soon
“began to lose of their influence, and Virtue short-
“ly finding herself neglected and forlorn, returned
“to her celestial mansion, in order to prefer her
“complaint against the sons of men. There she
“remonstrated, that blind mankind was not only
“insensible to her personal charms, but also deaf to
“the promise of rewards, which were to be dis-
“pensed to her votaries in a future state of existen-
“ce. Though this was a sufficient provocation of
“wrath, yet such was the supreme benevolence,
“that Virtue was again sent down upon her mis-
“sion; and the better to strengthen her interests,
“Fame was ordered to attend her, with a high
“commission to dispense temporary retributions
“even on this side of the grave. As soon as they
“reached the verge of human nature, Fame blew
“aloft her silver trumpet, and an instantaneous
“glow was kindled in all hearts. Wherever Vir-
“tue was cherished, Fame pursued her footsteps;
“and if court was any where made to her alone,
“she was sure to withhold her favours, until the
“candidates found means, by the recommendation
“of

“of Virtue, to insinuate themselves into her good
“graces. By this amiable union mankind were
“restrained within just restrictions, and were ex-
“cited to a series of meritorious actions, either by
“an attachment to the allurements of Virtue, or
“from a desire of obtaining the applause of Fame.
“But short is the duration of all sublunary things!
“Fame, in her turn, began to share the same fate
“that Virtue had met before her; the appetites of
“men were now well-nigh fated, and the music of
“applause no longer sounded grateful to the ear.
“It was observable, that wherever she met with a
“repulse, Virtue was soon known to follow her,
“and it very rarely happened, that she remained
“with above one or two in an age without her at-
“tendant Fame. In process of time, matters were
“carried to such extremity, that the celestial pair
“were tired of their pilgrimage; and, wearied out,
“at length they resolved to offer up a joint petition
“to be recalled. They therefore flew to the
“throne of him who is in the heaven of heavens,
“and humbly urged, that it was in vain for them
“to sojourn any longer upon earth, as deluded
“mankind was now entirely seduced by the spu-
“rious ornaments of the monster Vice, which had
“issued out of the regions of darkness, and set up
“in opposition to all that Virtue and fair Fame
“could inspire. In this instance again the tender
“care of heaven was eminently displayed, and these
“two radiant beings were a second time command-
“ed to return to earth, with directions, that, how-
“ever

“ever depraved the appetites of men might be,
“they should persist in an unremitted course of en-
“deavours for their service. But the more effec-
“tually to strengthen their cause, a fiend called In-
“famy was ordered to issue forth from the unhal-
“lowed cell of Vice, and to adhere close to her
“whatsoever way she should bend her course. It
“was likewise ordained, that whoever should be-
“tray a disregard for Virtue and honest Fame,
“should be branded by Infamy, and that these two
“should thus continue to wander among mankind,
“until the angel of death should walk forth by the
“command of the Almighty, and sweep the whole
“race from the face of the earth, to receive that
“retribution of rewards and punishments which
“may be due to their virtue or vice.”

Abdalla now perceived the mists of error clearing away from before his understanding; he embraced Achmet, and poured out the effusions of his gratitude for thus recalling him to the task of virtue, whose strength consists in activity. He acknowledged that the transition is easy from a contempt of fame to an equal disregard for the virtues that deserve it; and the name of Abdalla, during the remainder of the chronicles of this reign, makes a distinguished figure, and it is said that he closed a life of virtue with honour and renown.

The PASSION of VANITY humourously
exemplified.

NO passion hath so much the ascendant in the composition of human nature as vanity; indeed, I could almost venture to affirm, that there is no ingredient so equally distributed amongst us as this, not even fear, of which my lord Rochester asserts, "all men would shew it if they durst;" so I apprehend all men would shew their vanity if they durst; and that we are not distinguished from one another by the degrees of these passions, but by the power of subduing, or rather concealing them: for good sense will always teach us, that by betraying either fear or vanity, we expose both to the attack of our enemies.

This observation, perhaps, gave rise to an opinion that men were a sort of puppets, formed to entertain the gods by their ridiculous gestures; or, as Mr. Pope terms it, "made the standing jest of heaven:" for, as vanity is the true source of ridicule, it might possibly be imagined that so large and almost equal a proportion could be distributed among us for no other end. I have often thought that such wise men as conceal their vanity make a large amends to themselves, by feeding this passion with contemplation on the ridiculous appearance of it in others.

Vani-

Vanity, or the desire of excelling, to cast it in a ridiculous light, for it may be seen in one very odious, being, perhaps, at the bottom of most villany, and the cause of most human miseries, may be considered as exerting itself two ways; either as it pushes us on to attempt excelling in particulars to which we are utterly unequal, or to display excellence in qualities which are in themselves very mean and trivial.

Hence it is that, in the country, many gentlemen become excellent fox-hunters, or great adepts in horse-racing and cock-fighting; and, in the town, an admirable taste is discovered in dress and equipage; and that several persons of distinction are remarked for putting on their cloaths well, whilst others are not a little vain in shewing that, though fortune hath destined them to ride in coaches, they are nevertheless as fit to drive, or ride behind them.

I shall at present confine myself to a particular set of heroes, whom I chuse to call the knights of the trencher; an order which will confer as much honour as any other that gives no idea of any superior merit in the wearer; I mean those gentlemen who are proud of the voraciousness of their appetite, at being able to swallow several pounds of flesh more at a meal than their fellow-creatures.

I have been often entertained by a worthy of this kind, with his exploits: I have known him as vain of the entire demolition of a turkey, or successful attack on a furloin, as a general could have been

been of the storming a town, or the overthrow of an army.

Every reader must have heard of several engagements in this way. The battle of the eggs, which happened a few years since in Somersetshire, is very famous to this day. This was a drawn battle, the town wherein it was fought not being able to furnish a sufficient quantity of ammunition to try the prowess of either of the combatants.

A certain military gentleman, belonging to the trained bands, was formerly known in the city by the name of the Scourge of Ordinaries. This brave officer had, with great conduct and courage, entirely routed all the ordinaries from Charing-crofs to the Exchange. He is imagined to have died by the wound of a poisoned goose, which he received while he was charging, with most voracious gallantry, at a city feast, where he served as a volunteer. He was reckoned to have been a better man, by at least a large shoulder of mutton, than any in the kingdom; and is said to have envied no hero in history so much as the emperor Maximin, who is said to have eaten forty pounds of flesh at a meal.

I have heard of another hero, who was so excellent at his knife and fork, that he was frequently invited by several curious people, who took great delight in seeing him eat. This gentleman might have been said, in more senses than one, to have lived by eating.

Success

Success in this, as in most contentions, hath as often been owing to conduct, as to courage or strength. I remember a famous prize-eater, who had by many laxative doses reduced his body to such a habit, that his belly was little more than a vehicle to convey his meat downwards. By which means he had overcome all the celebrated eaters of his age and his house was every-where adorned with trophies of the conquests of his jaw. The weapon he chiefly delighted in, was a furloin of roast beef, at which he was never out-done but once; but this, as he afterwards told me, gave him little pain, when he discovered that his antagonist was a Roman Catholic, and was just discharged from his Lent diet. "And to shew you," said he, "that he was a pretty good man, he had in that forty days abstinence fasted away two moderate fish-ponds."

One thing remarkable among these knights of the trencher is, that the truest heroes among them are commonly the greatest boasters. They are continually entertaining company with their performances; I have, however, known some, who, to their great praise, have been pretty silent on that head: nay, I have heard a gentleman bewailing his lost appetite, and at the same time seen him devour as much as would have served half a dozen moderate people.

It is recorded of Vitellius, that he had near ten thousand dishes for supper, "of each of which," says my friend, "if he had tasted a moderate quantity

"tity only, he must have had a glorious stomach." Tacitus tells us of this knight of the trencher, that he spent upwards of seven millions in a few months; and Josephus adds, "if he had reigned much longer, he would have eat up the empire." Notwithstanding which he very modestly set forth his temperance in an oration to the people.

Besides those who place all merit in the largeness of their stomach, there are others who may claim a just right of being mentioned here, and who are as vain of the nicety of their taste. Men, whose whole business it is to consider what they shall eat. One of this sort never regards whom he is to dine with, but what he is to dine upon: he would at any time quit the better company for the better dinner; and if he purchases any rarity at his own cost, he chuses to dine alone rather than to admit any partaker therein. I have known a person so extravagantly devoted to the pleasing his palate, that he would not have refused going a long journey to have feasted on a favourite dish; and have seen the journal of a man's life, which consisted of no other articles than the several dishes which had composed his dinners and suppers.

Several writers have been very severe on these heroes. Dr. South particularly, who, in one of his sermons, attempts to strip them of their pretensions to humanity, and very boldly declares, he can see no reason, "Why he should be reckoned less a "beast, who carries his burthen in his belly, than "he who carries it at his back."

Com-

Complaints of the DEGENERACY of the
T I M E S ill grounded and trifling.

THERE is not a more favourite, or a more trite subject of declamation, than the degeneracy of the times. Each individual of society, charitably judging himself excepted from the general reproach, assumes a privilege to inveigh against the vices of the age, and the total decline from those virtues which immortalized the exalted characters of antiquity, and enabled the ancestors of the present race of Englishmen to deliver down to posterity a constitution which still renders them the envy of the world.

This splenetic humour of decrying the moderns is become so universal, that all ranks and orders of men seem more or less infected by it. The divine pathetically bewails the shameful neglect of religion. The patriot laments that venality and corruption have irretrievably extinguished the genuine spirit of liberty. The philosopher sighs, that enthusiasm and superstition should have usurped the throne of free enquiry, and debased the intellectual faculties. The fair complain, that the dissolute inclinations of the men compel them to drag out an uncomfortable life in celibacy; while the men, in their turn, pour out the most bitter invectives against the extravagance and dissipation of the other sex,

sex, which, they would have the world believe, are risen to such an excess, that the word matrimony carries with it the idea of bankruptcy and ruin. Nay, so far has the influence of this infatuation reached, that it is become very common for even stock-jobbers to assert, "that things are not now "as they have been—nothing is to be done now—"the brokerage in and out runs away with all the "profit; whereas, in king William's time, when "the government was distressed for money, and "necessitated to give six per cent, upon a loan, "great strokes were to be made."

In order therefore to shew the unreasonableness, as well as disingenuity, of this epidemic dissatisfaction with the age in which I had the happiness to be born, I shall endeavour to demonstrate, and I flatter myself I shall be able to do it beyond all possibility of doubt, that the now-existing inhabitants of Great Britain, so far from being inferior to their illustrious predecessors, do at this day surpass the ancients in all the admired virtues and qualifications which the most enthusiastic idolizer of antiquity shall be able to point out.

In the first place, Socrates, Plato, Cicero, and some few others of remote antiquity, are frequently celebrated for that amazing strength of mind, which enabled them to detect the impostures of the religion established in the country where they were born, and impowered them to break through the impediments which superstition and priestcraft had placed in the avenues to truth. But surely the

insignificant number of instances that ancient history furnishes of those truly-philosophic characters, however respectable the names may be, will little deserve our attention, when we consider how infinitely the present age eclipses their claim of superiority in this respect. Is there a gentleman at this day, any way conversant in polite life, who does not entertain the greatest contempt for the prejudices, or faith, as it is vulgarly called, in which he was educated? Are not the coffeehouses about Temple-bar, nay, even in the city, so many seminaries, where our youth discuss the most important questions of philosophy, and explode the errors imposed on mankind for so many centuries? Nor is this knowledge, as among the ancients, the result of tedious enquiry and meditation, but intirely intuitive, being most eminent in those who are almost totally void of the least acquisition in any branch of literature, and indebted to nature alone for their astonishing discoveries.

The advocate for antiquity will, perhaps, thunder out an eulogium on the exalted virtue and patriotism of Cato, Brutus, and several other illustrious Romans, who, prodigal of life, disdained to survive the liberties of their country. But certainly there can be no room to run a parallel, the advantage is so obviously on the side of the moderns. Those ingenious historians, the daily news-writers, in every page of their works afford us examples of the noblest disregard of death. The Roman voluntarily quits the world, because he could not bear to
be

be a witness of the slavery of his country; but the Englishman puts a period to his existence, because the fogs of November depress his spirits, and he scorns to be compelled to live longer than life continues agreeable. How noble is this spirit of freedom! which is not confined to people of birth and education, but extends itself to the lowest mechanics; insomuch, that my lord is not more ready to discharge a pistol through his brain than his barber. In short, the point is so extremely clear, that it would be quite superfluous to labour at the proof of it; and I may venture to assert, that no nation, of which history has preserved the least record, has any pretension to dispute the glory of suicide with England.

I am aware, that great stress may be laid upon the literary merit of the ancients, and expect to hear the names of Aristotle, Longinus, and Quintilian thrown out with an exulting air of triumph. Far be it from me to attempt to derogate from the long-established fame of those great men. Undoubtedly, they were very good critics for the times in which they lived; but with all due respect to those celebrated geniusses, we may take the liberty to suppose, that the art of criticism must be now much better understood than it possibly could be in their days, as it is much more universally studied. Attornies clerks, mercers apprentices, and merchants book-keepers, in this year of 1766, *credite posteri*, are thoroughly qualified to pronounce, in the most decisive manner, upon the

merit of all literary compositions, particularly dramatic poetry, the noblest province of polite learning; not to mention, that we have found out the absurdity, and shook off the restraint of those fetters, which the Stagyrite would rivet on us, and transferred them to our Gallic neighbours, a nation inured to and patient of slavery.

Should any discontented or disappointed politician, after poring over Livy, insinuate, that mankind are not now as they were in the times of the Roman republic, when private considerations always gave way to the public good, I would only desire such a phlegmatic murmurer to look through the kingdom, and observe what a number of gentlemen have impaired their estates, and destroyed the tranquillity and happiness of their families, in order to procure a seat in the representative-assembly of the nation; undoubtedly with no other view, but that they might be watchful over the liberties of their country.

Some mercantile cynic, dissatisfied with an unruly son who finds more charms within the regions of Covent-garden than the counting-house, will perhaps pay little regard to what I have hitherto advanced, and exclaim, "that the spirit of industry is quite lost, and people of this age regard nothing but pleasure."—But the injustice of this censure would evidently appear to this narrow-minded citizen, if, the next time he went to the pit at Drury-lane with his wife and daughters on a Saturday, he would take the trouble to make enquiry

quiry concerning the most gay and brilliant personages in the boxes. He could then be informed, that they are gentlemen, by way of eminence, distinguished by the appellation of knights of industry, who, without any visible means of subsistence, enjoy all the pleasures of this metropolis in the most elegant manner, and run into expences which few men of real fortune can support.

Let us now turn our view to the amiable sex, and enter into a comparison between the females of ancient times and the present ladies of Great Britain. In what an honourable light will our country-women appear? In vain shall the pedant, who derives his knowledge solely from books, harangue upon the conjugal attachment of Roman matrons, while we can mention numberless British wives, who at this day, with unexampled unanimity, go hand in hand with their husbands in pursuit of the grand business of life; I mean gaming; which Mr. Pope, in his usual emphatic manner, calls "the nation's last great trade." Nor should the candor and disinterestedness of the virgins of this island want that encomium, which justice cannot refuse. Plutarch informs us, that Lycurgus ordered the Spartan nymphs to appear at the public exercises in garments made with artificial openings in different parts, in order that the Lacedæmonian youth might be captivated by a seemingly accidental discovery of their charms. But our fair ones, disdaining so disingenuous a proceeding, and scorning to take advantage of the illusion of imagination,

which, inflamed by a transient glimpse, is apt to form enthusiastic ideas of hidden beauty, shew things as they really are, and by making a generous display of all their charms leave no room to their future husbands to complain, that they were deceived in their expectations.

These examples, which I have brought in support of the proposition I undertook to prove, will sufficiently evince to every impartial mind, that the pretended pre-eminence of Greece and Rome over Britain has no other foundation than prepossession and envy, and all unprejudiced readers must acquiesce in the truth of the observation, made with great insight into human nature by that elegant historian Vell. Paterculus: "We are naturally
"more ready to do justice to what we hear of than
"to what we see; contemporary merit excites our
"envy, but that of ancient times our veneration:
"we do not think ourselves eclipsed by the latter,
"but consider the former as a reproachful lesson
"to us."

The ERRORS of PHILOSOPHERS who place
Mankind in too high a Scale of Being.

MANKIND have ever been prone to expatiate in the praise of human nature. The dignity of man is a subject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity; they have declaimed with
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that ostentation, which usually accompanies such as are sure of having a partial audience; they have obtained victories, because there were none to oppose. Yet from all I have ever read or seen, men appear more apt to err by having too high than by having too despicable an opinion of their nature; and by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation, depress their real value in society.

The most ignorant nations have always been found to think most highly of themselves. The Deity has ever been thought peculiarly concerned in their glory and preservation; to have fought their battles, and inspired their teachers: their wizzards are said to be familiar with heaven; and every hero has a guard of angels as well as men to attend him. When the Portuguese first came among the wretched inhabitants of the coast of Africa, these savage nations readily allowed the strangers more skill in navigation and war; yet still considered them, at best, but as useful servants brought to their coast, by their guardian serpent, to supply them with luxuries they could have lived without. Though they could grant the Portuguese more riches, they could never allow them to have such a king as their Tottimondelem, who wore a bracelet of shells round his neck, and whose legs were covered with ivory.

In this manner, examine a savage in the history of his country and predecessors; you ever find his warriors able to conquer armies, and his sages acquainted with more than possible knowledge: hu-

man nature is to him an unknown country; he thinks it capable of great things, because he is ignorant of its boundaries; whatever can be conceived to be done he allows to be possible, and whatever is possible he conjectures must have been done. He never measures the actions and powers of others by what himself is able to perform, nor makes a proper estimate of the greatness of his fellows by bringing it to the standard of his own capacity. He is satisfied to be one of a country where mighty things have been; and imagines the fancied power of others reflects a lustre on himself. Thus, by degrees, he loses the idea of his own insignificance in a confused notion of the extraordinary powers of humanity, and is willing to grant extraordinary gifts to every pretender, because unacquainted with their claims.

This is the reason, why demi-gods and heroes have ever been erected in times or countries of ignorance and barbarity; they addressed a people who had high opinions of human nature, because they were ignorant how far it could extend; they addressed a people who were willing to allow that men should be gods, because they were yet imperfectly acquainted with God, and with man. These impostors knew, that all men are naturally fond of seeing something very great made from the little materials of humanity; that ignorant nations are not more proud of building a tower to reach heaven, or a pyramid to last for ages, than of raising up a demi-god of their own country and creation.

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The same pride that erects a colossus or a pyramid installs a god or an hero; but though the adoring savage can raise his colossus to the clouds, he can exalt the hero not one inch above the standard of humanity; incapable therefore of exalting the idol, he debases himself and falls prostrate before him.

When man has thus acquired an erroneous idea of the dignity of his species, he and the gods become perfectly intimate; men are but angels, angels are but men, nay but servants that stand in waiting to execute human commands. The Persians, for instance, thus address their prophet Haly: "I salute thee, glorious Creator, of whom the sun
"is but the shadow. Master-piece of the lord of
"human creatures, great star of justice and religion. The sea is not rich and liberal, but by the
"gifts of thy munificent hands. The angel treasurer of heaven reaps his harvest in the fertile
"gardens of the purity of thy nature. The primum mobile would never dart the ball of the
"sun through the trunk of heaven, were it not to
"serve the morning out of the extreme love she
"has for thee. The angel Gabriel, messenger of
"truth, every day kisses the groundfil of thy gate.
"Were there a place more exalted than the most
"high throne of God, I would affirm it to be thy
"place, O master of the faithful; Gabriel, with
"all his art and knowledge, is but a mere scholar
"to thee. Thus, my friend, men think proper to treat angels; but if indeed there be such an order
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of beings, with what a degree of satirical contempt must they listen to the songs of little mortals thus flattering each other! Thus to see creatures, wiser indeed than the monkey, and more active than the oyster, claiming to themselves a mastery of heaven; minims, the tenants of atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of universal nature! Sure heaven is kind that launches no thunder at those guilty heads; but it is kind, and regards their follies with pity, nor will destroy creatures that it loved into being.

But whatever success this practice of making demi-gods might have been attended with in barbarous nations, I don't know that any man became a god in a country where the inhabitants were refined. Such countries generally have too close an inspection into human weakness to think it invested with celestial power. They sometimes indeed admit the gods of strangers, or of their ancestors, which had their existence in times of obscurity; their weakness being forgotten, while nothing but their power and their miracles were remembered. The Chinese, for instance, never had a god of their own country; the idols, which the vulgar worship at this day, were brought from the barbarous nations around them. The Roman emperors, who pretended to divinity, were generally taught by a poignard that they were mortal; and Alexander, though he passed among barbarous countries for a real god, could never persuade his
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polite countrymen into a similitude of thinking. The Lacedæmonians shrewdly complied with his commands by the following sarcastic edict: Ε
 Αλεξάνδρος Βαλεται ενωα Θεος, Θεος εσω.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a Gentleman
 in PARIS.

My Lord,

I Do not know what the French may think of me, or what you will say, but I own Paris grows every day more and more tiresome to me. I cannot bring myself to admire that kind of wit which has not good sense for its foundation; nor to be satisfied with agreeable qualities, where the essential ones are wanting. Is this the polite and accomplished nation we must take for our pattern? God preserve us, my lord, from ever being like them.—Though the French manners are very insinuating and winning, yet I still think as our fathers did, that it is better to retain our faults than to exchange them for vices. That haughtiness and fierceness of which they accuse us, brings fewer inconveniences into life than their deceitfulness; though it assumes so fair an outside, your French politeness is nothing but a false modesty, a disguised pride; in a word, a troublesome mask, which is put on only with a design to impose upon others.—In France, a courtier, who is really more base and low than polite,

lite, seems intirely ignorant of what he owes himself, when in the presence of the minister or man in place; every where else he is so fond of himself, that he can hardly be persuaded that there are other men to whom he owes any thing. The care which he takes not to make you sensible of the superiority which he thinks he possesses, and which in reality he does not possess, is precisely that which he calls politeness. And would you have me obliged to him for the mere effect of a most presumptuous pride? France, you say, is the country of wit; all Frenchmen have wit. I believe it must be true, since they have persuaded other nations to believe so. But if ever any thing resembled the epidemical disease of the citizens of Abdera in ancient times, it is this wit of the modern French; men, women, all pique themselves upon it. Their books are nothing but wit; their conversation is nothing but wit; and the court governs them in this, as in every thing else. But their wit is not perhaps the most engaging thing in the world to plain English good sense; for in France men don't distinguish themselves by being more reasonable than others; nor is the country itself distinguished above others, by having more sensible men in it; but indeed by quite despising and overlooking all the sensible men it has. The women govern in this particular, and take their lessons about it from the young men, who are most commonly ignorant to a degree that should make any man of birth and distinction ashamed.

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I don't know what is become of that gallantry, which was formerly so predominant among the French; it seems to have vanished with their taste of the Grand Cyruses, and the Clelias, and other romances. Their gallantry at present is of the same stile with their modern novels, a stile of libertinism, which does not even take the trouble of disguising itself. It is now a long time since it was not fashionable for any but citizens and tradesmen to love their wives; but, at present, the laws of fine breeding are much more severe, they do not even allow a man to love his mistress. A fortunate pretty fellow would be afraid of losing his reputation, if he were once suspected of such a weakness. There are some who carry this scruple so far, that, for fear of what may happen, they make their valets write their billet-doux.—It was formerly a piece of gallantry, to wear the livery of the fair lady that was followed in the way of courtship; and it might then be done without dishonour to her, because her lover really stiled himself her slave. At present, by an indiscretion, in which both sexes have their share, many pretty fellows proclaim the lady who honours them with her favours, by the particular kind of power which they use; and many will pretend to discover the new intrigues of their acquaintances by the perfume of their dress. Such a lady, say they, is known to love Cyprus powder; such a one can endure only that *à la Marefchale*; and a third prefers that which has the scent of amber. Thus a pretty fellow,

fellow, by changing every day his favourite perfume, publishes at once the fickleness of his taste, and the rapidity of his conquests. Those places which are now so fashionable with the name of *petites maisons*, and which one would imagine, by that name, to be the hospitals of lunacy, are, on the contrary, destined to the infamy of the women. People haunt them often out of vanity rather than use. A little constraint is certainly necessary to love, at least; an excessive freedom makes it degenerate into libertinism; and such is the effect of these *petites maisons*. A woman cannot visit them without a frank avowal of her pleasures; and if her pretty fellow has a musician to entertain her, it is not so much for his music as to have a witness ready to publish his good fortune. The French blame us for not being complaisant enough to the women; but I am sure that their behaviour must be more disagreeable to the sex. With us, a woman does not think she is loved, unless she sees herself treated with respect. The French ladies are far enough from being so scrupulous.

The title of a lucky fellow is all the ambition of a *petit maitre* at present; and very frequently, the reputation of being so satisfies them. One of these animals puts to his horses to go to a pretended assignation, and within an hour after slips into his own house by the back-door, and privately eats his supper; while his equipage scandalizes all the neighbourhood, by standing at the corner of a street where a fashionable beauty lives; another goes to
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sup alone at his *petit maison*, and orders squibs and rockets to be fired, to publish the good fortune which he does not enjoy. One of these fine gentlemen fairly owned to me, that he made use of such tricks at first to establish his reputation; but that when it was once established by these means, it gained him the conquest of several women. He had formed a serious, philosophical system of gallantry, from the knowledge he had thus acquired of his fair country-women. He knew that every man here is just what he has a mind to be. If a man call himself a wit, he will certainly be thought so; with a few airs and a little impudence, he will infallibly grow a lucky fellow. This gentleman having been so dexterous as to persuade the public, that he had an affair with such and such a lady, who did not know him, very soon had real affairs with many others, who but for this kind of fame would never have known him. All the art consists in gaining two or three of the most fashionable ladies; the rest follow of their own accord: their own vanity engages them. According to the rules of gallantry, a lady, though her merit and her charms be ever so great, will rather make advances herself rather than fail of gaining a pretty fellow, at least for eight days, if other ladies have brought him into vogue. 'Tis the same among the men; it signifies nothing whether a woman be handsome or ugly, if M. le Duc such-a-one have had her; that is enough to make all young men, who know the world, pay their vows to her.—The women in
France

France are so much persuaded that this sort of gallantry does them honour, that they assume the appearance of it when they want the reality. So much justice must be done to several ladies here, as to own that their lovers are retained only for the interest of their beauty: and for this reason, they always affect, at public places, to be seen with those men who would willingly have themselves believed by the world to be happy in the lady's favour. This is so much the taste of the women here, that they even strive to gain the height of this libertine character, provided they can but cover it with the appearance of art and dexterity: for a lady, who has delivered herself from the slavery of decency, is well received everywhere upon that condition. These gallant fair ones pique themselves upon their philosophy, and unfortunately have made their abandoned licentiousness as fashionable as their dress. The consequence is, that the sexes in France have changed their vices; the men have all the effeminacy of women; the women all the insolence of men.

GRATITUDE a Mark of TRUE MAGNANIMITY;
exemplified in the History of TOPAL OSMAN.

TOPAL OSMAN, who had received his education in the seraglio, being, in the year 1698, about the age of twenty-five, was sent with the
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sultan's orders to the basha of Cairo. He travelled by land to Said; and, being afraid of the Arabs who rove about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a bloody action ensued. Topal Osman gave here the first proofs of that intrepidity by which he was so often signalized afterwards. The crew, animated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh.

Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard; but his wounds were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, whither the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous, and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the title of Topal, or Cripple.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marseilles, was commander of the port of Malta; who, as his business required, went on board the privateer so soon as she came to anchor. Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, "Can you do a generous and gallant action? Ransom me, and take my word you shall lose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered made an impression upon the Frenchman; who, turning to the captain of the privateer, asked what

he demanded for the ransom. He answered, "one thousand sequins," near five hundred pounds. Arnaud, turning to the Turk, said, "I know nothing of you, and would you have me risk one thousand sequins on your bare word?" "Each of us act in this," replied the Turk, "with consistency. I am in chains, and therefore take every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander, upon this, went to make his report to the grand master Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself, wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the captain for six hundred sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour, he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discerned, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves. He agreed

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to the propofal with a good grace, and fhewed him every other mark of generofity and friendship. Accordingly Ofman, fo foon as he was in a condition, fet out again upon his voyage.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a fhort time he reached Damietta, and failed up the Nile to Cairo. No fooner was he arrived there, than he delivered one thousand fequins to the mafter of the vefſel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with ſome rich furs; and he gave to the mafter himſelf five hundred crowns as a preſent. He executed the orders of the ſultan, his maſter, with the baſha of Cairo; and, ſetting out for Conſtantinople, was the firſt who brought the news of his ſlavery.

The favour received from Arnaud, in ſuch circumſtances, made an impreſſion upon a generous mind too deep to be eradicated. During the whole courſe of his life he did not ceaſe, by letters and other acknowledgments, to teſtify his gratitude.

In the year 1715 war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The grand vizir, who had projected the invaſion of the Morea, aſſembled the Ottoman army near the iſthmus of Corinth, the only paſs by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Ofman was charged with the command to force the paſs; which he not only executed ſucceſsfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by aſſault. For this ſervice he was rewarded by being made a baſha of two tails. The next year he ſerved as lieutenant-general under the

grand vizir at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon. Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops.

In the year 1722, he was appointed seraskier, general in chief, and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the consuls of the different nations came to pay their respects to him in this quality, he distinguished the French by peculiar marks of friendship and protection. "Inform Vincent Arnaud," says he, "that I am the fonder of my new dignity, as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship, and I will charge myself with making his fortune." Accordingly, Arnaud's son went into the Morea, and the seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages in trade, which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate.

Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a basha of three tails, and beglerbeg of Romania, one of the greatest governments in the empire, and of the greatest importance, by its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited upon him there, and were received with the greatest tenderness. Laying aside the basha and governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit upon the same sofa with himself;

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an honour but rarely bestowed by a *basha* of the first order, and hardly ever to a Christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents.

In the great revolution which happened at Constantinople, anno 1730, the grand vizir Ibrahim perished. The times were so tumultuary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive vizirs. In September 1731, Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly so. He no sooner arrived at Constantinople to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement, and that he should hasten to Constantinople while things remained in the present situation; adding, that the grand vizir seldom kept long in his station.

In the month of January 1732, Arnaud, with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with him variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery. These, by command of the vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vincent Arnaud, now seventy-two years of age, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, grand vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the grand officers of state, with the utmost marks of affection; then turning to those about him, and pointing to

the ransomed Turks: "Behold," says he, "these
 "your brethren, now enjoying the sweets of liber-
 "ty, after having groaned in slavery: this French-
 "man is their deliverer. I was myself a slave,
 "loaded with chains, streaming in blood, and co-
 "vered with wounds: this is the man who redeem-
 "ed and saved me; this is my master and benefac-
 "tor: to him I am indebted for life, liberty, for-
 "tune, and every thing I enjoy. Without know-
 "ing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me
 "away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to
 "carry me. Where is there a Mussulman capable
 "of such generosity?"

While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed upon Arnaud, who held the grand vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune, heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence, *Allah Kerim*, the providence of God is great. He made before them the distribution of the presents they had brought, the greatest part of which he sent to the sultan, the sultana mother, and the kishlar aga, chief of the black eunuchs. Upon which the two Frenchmen made their obeisance, and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the grand vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Some time before they left Constantinople, they had a conference in private with the vizir, who divested himself of
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all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears, in the eyes of many, to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest; adding, that a *basha* was lord and master in his own province, but that the grand vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself.

He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and likewise procured them payment of a debt which they had looked on as desperate. He also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a loading of corn at Salonica; which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that part had been for a long time prohibited.

As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against Christians.

The CHARACTER of a Modern Stoic PHI-
LOSOPHER.

THE stoic philosophy was by many of the ancients esteemed the height of human wisdom, the sure road to happiness, and the least finishing and apotheosis of an exalted character. Its excellence consisted, not in the due government of the passions, but in extirpating them totally from the human heart; by which means the seat of feeling, and source of every exquisite pleasure, as well as tender pain, was rendered quite callous and insensible, and suffered to move only with the flux and reflux of the blood, without being agitated with any kind of sensation whatever. Our excellent poet has given us a very picturesque description of this notable system of philosophy:

*In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost,
Contracted all retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest.*

How an absolute repugnance to the laws of nature, and the want of those feelings which are the best ingredients in our composition, can in any way constitute an exalted character, I am at a loss to determine. *Vita secundum naturam*, a life conformable to the laws of nature, is Tully's definition

tion of a moral, as well as an happy state. Certain it is, all elegance of mind, and relish for virtue, must arise from those sensations, which nature has implanted in us, as excitements to action, and inlets for due degrees of pleasure and pain. Without these, our most refined gratifications must suffer a considerable abatement; the pleasing anxieties of virtuous friendship, the grateful solicitude of love, the melancholy luxury of tender compassion, and the delights which we derive from a well-wrought scene of distress in an affecting tragedy, must all lose their influence, and the mind sink into a dull state of insensibility. For my part, I have always had a sovereign contempt for the unfeeling, pedantic wisdom of those unnatural followers of a brutal philosophy; nor could I ever admire their ridiculous ostentation of a towering superiority of soul. That this is also the sense of the greater part of mankind, is very visible from that soporific awe with which they behold personages of this cast, when interwoven into the drama; while characters of a mixed nature, in whom the passions are in a beautiful struggle between virtue and vice, are always sure to seize the affections of an audience, and interest every heart in the fortunes of the hero thus represented.

Virgil has transmitted to us a picture of the completion of that happiness, which was the exalted boast of the Stoics, where he tells us, that the person whom he describes in the possession of true felicity, is never touched with popular esteem, or
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the dazzling splendor of the regal state; that difference between brothers, conspiracies against his country, or the decline of the constitution never disturb his breast; nor is he ever made uneasy by compassion for the indigent, or envy towards the great. This is a character totally different from the amiable sketch, by his brother poet, of the man who considers the relations in which he stands to society, and feels for all mankind. The negative enjoyments above described can result from nothing but an absolute indifference to our fellow-creatures; and is so far from being commendable, that, in my opinion, it is equalled by every debauchee in town. I was lately in company with one of this class, who appeared to me to be a very great proficient in the stoic philosophy, and to have carried into his practice every branch of the foregoing system; and, as a further instance of the excellence of the stoic school, I shall here present my readers with a character of a modern stoic philosopher.

John Wildair is possessed of a fortune, which might enable him to live with splendor, or to prosecute any enterprize in the service of his country; he has also the advantages of birth to render him reputable in the eye of the world; but, like a true philosopher, he never placed any value upon these happy circumstances. With a noble contempt for riches, he squanders away his substance in a manner which shews him to be above the mean ambition of popular applause; and, instead of being arrogantly

gantly elated with the thoughts of his high birth, he has been known to associate with the lowest of mankind, so superior is he to those little sensations of pride which might be apt to play about the heart of a man of worldly vanity. Contented in his own mind, he never condescended to court the favour of his countrymen at an election for member of parliament. The *populi fasces* have never had any attraction for Jack Wildair; and so little is he touched with the splendor of majesty, that he does not care for any king in Europe. Liberty and property are to him unideal sounds; and if *Magna Charta* were burned by the common hangman, it would not occasion the least gloom in our hero's soul. He can also behold the distresses of the indigent, the corroding anxieties of poverty, most stoic-like, without a single sigh. *Nec doluit miserans inopem*; and so far from being envious of another's superiority in life, while he is easy himself, he never was yet known to compare his own situation with any man above him, though he has now and then condescended to cast a look beneath him, with no small degree of satisfaction.

Nor does the firmness of Wildair's mind rest here. He can visit all the brothels in this metropolis without feeling the least degree of uneasiness. He can behold, undisturbed by any of those tender touches which might agitate weaker breasts, an elegant form, and the most beautiful set of features, falling a prey to infamy, diseases, and prostitution; and as the antient worthies thought it a
noble

noble achievement totally to forget the man, in order to raise their philosophic fame to an higher degree of eminence, so our modern Stoic can suppress the natural affections, and in the rake he can also forget the man. Jack Wildair is a very Roman in that point; he is an excellent practitioner of Horace's golden rule, *to admire nothing*; and, if confined to the bed of sickness, to repair the waste made by folly and intemperance, he is sure to spend his time in a series of moral reflections. He wisely observes, that all pleasure is fugitive; that the reversion of pain falls to every man's lot; and that the condition of human life is frail and uncertain. When his health returns, he indulges in all the fallies of his wild imagination, to shew, that, like Aristippus, he can adapt himself to every situation. In short, Jack Wildair has, upon all occasions, a true philosophical turn; and indeed, in all occurrences of life, every thing is sure to suggest to him those reflections, which are most conducive to secure his own happiness, to prevent the ruffled state arising from conflicting passions, to preserve the even tenor of his thoughts, to reconcile him to himself, and enable him to possess his soul in ease, tranquillity, and cheerfulness.

This character of a modern town philosopher contains, in my opinion, all the branches of the much-boasted stoic system; and all the leading principles of happiness which it inculcates, are carried by our modern academic to a much greater height of wisdom and felicity, than they ever were by
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the most rigid follower of the stoic academy; inso-much as the modern hero grafts his happiness on the passions, which he plays against one another, and in that sense may be said to live *secundum naturam*; whereas the antient Stoic endeavoured to subvert the very elements of our being; and, among that sect, he was the most exalted worthy who was the most divested of humanity.

A short VIEW of the STATE of LEARNING in EUROPE, from the Ruin of the Roman Empire to the Reformation and Revival of Learning in the Sixteenth Century.

ALTHOUGH the great æra of ignorance has been fixed justly enough to those times when the northern nations, like a mighty inundation, overspread the face of Europe; yet it is no less certain that barbarism and corruption were entered into arts and sciences ere the savages had made any impression on the Roman empire. Under them indeed that darkness which had been long growing on the world, and gradually extinguishing every light of knowledge, soon became total, and threatened to be perpetual. In the eighth century, we find that the highest ambition of the clergy was to vie with one another in chanting the public service, which yet they hardly understood. This important emulation run so high between the Latin and French

French priesthood, that Charle-Magne, who was then at Rome, found it necessary to interpose, and decide the controversy in person. The monk, who relates this affair with a most circumstantial exactness, adds, that the emperor intreated Pope Adrian to procure him certain persons, who might teach his subjects the first principles of grammar and arithmetic; arts that were then utterly unknown in his dominions. This warlike monarch, though his own education had been so far neglected, that he had never learned to write, discovered, by his natural good sense, the value of knowledge, and set himself to be its promoter and patron. He even allowed a public school to be opened in the imperial palace, under the direction of our famous countryman Alcuin; on whom he chiefly relied for introducing into France some tincture of that philosophy which was still remaining in Britain. But how slow and ineffectual the progress of any learning must have been, we may guess from an edict of the council of Challons, in 813, which earnestly exhorts all monasteries to be careful in having their manuals of devotion correctly transcribed; lest, while they piously mean to ask of God one thing, some inaccurate manuscript may betray them into praying for the quite contrary.

As to Britain, if learning had still some footing in the eighth century, it was so totally exterminated from thence in the ninth, that, throughout the whole kingdom of the West-Saxons, no man could be found who was scholar enough to instruct our
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King Alfred, then a child, even in the first elements of reading: so that he was in his twelfth year before he could name the letters of the alphabet. When that renowned prince ascended the throne, he made it his study to draw his people out of the sloth and stupidity in which they lay; and became, as much by his own example as by the encouragement he gave to learned men, the great restorer of arts in his dominions. And here we are called upon to observe, that as France had been formerly obliged to England in the person of Alcuin, who planted the sciences there under Charle-Magne, our island now received the same friendly assistance from thence by Grimbold, whom King Alfred had invited hither, and made chancellor of Oxford. Such events as these are too considerable, in the literary history of the ninth age, to be passed over unobserved. The rise of a noted grammarian, the voyage of an applauded doctor, are recorded by the chroniclers of that century, with the same reverence that an antient writer would mention the appearance of a Lycurgus, or a Timoleon; of a lawgiver who new-models a state, or a hero who rescues a whole people from slavery.

But these fair appearances were of short duration. A night of thicker darkness quickly overspread the intellectual world: and in the moral, followed a revolution still more deplorable. To common sense and piety succeeded dreams and fables, visionary legends, and ridiculous penances. The clergy, now utter strangers to all good learning,

ing, instead of guiding a rude and vicious laity by the precepts of the gospel, which they no longer read, amused them with forged miracles, or overawed them by the ghostly terrors of demons, spectres, and chimeras. This was more easy, and more profitable too, than the painful example of a virtuous life. The profound depravity that was spread through all conditions of men, ecclesiastic and secular, appears in nothing more plain than in the reasons assigned for calling several councils about this time. In one, new canons were to be made, forbidding adultery, incest, and the practice of pagan superstitions: as if these things had not till then been accounted criminal. In another, it was founded necessary to declare, that a number of angels worshipped universally under certain names, were altogether unknown: and that the church could not warrant the particular invocation of more than three. Another, which the empress Irene had summoned for the reformation of discipline, ordained, that no prelate should thenceforth convert his episcopal palace into a common inn; nor, in consideration only of any sum of money given him by one man, curse and excommunicate another. A fourth and fifth censure the indecency of avowed concubinage; and enjoin that friars and nuns should no longer converse or live promiscuously in the same convent.

The see of Rome, which should have been a pattern to the rest, was of all Christian churches the most licentious: and the pontifical chair often
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filled with men who, instead of adorning their sacred character, made human nature itself detestable: a truth by many catholic writers acknowledged and lamented. Several popes were by their successors excommunicated, their acts abrogated, and the sacraments administered by them pronounced invalid. No less than six were expelled by others who usurped their seat; two were assassinated; and the infamous Theodora, infamous even in that age, by her credit in the holy city, obtained the triple crown for the most avowed of her gallants; who assumed the name of John the Tenth. Another of the same name was called to govern the Christian world at the age of twenty-one; a bastard son of Pope Sergius, who died eighteen years before. If such were the men who arrogated to themselves titles and attributes peculiar to the Deity, can we wonder at the greatest enormities among laymen? Their stupidity kept pace with the dissolution of their manners, which was extreme; they still preserved, for the very clergy we have been speaking of, a reverence they no longer had for their God. The most abandoned among them, miscreants, familiar with crimes that humanity startles at, would yet, at the hazard of their lives, defend the immunities of a church, a consecrated utensil, or a donation made to a convent. In such times as those, it were in vain to look for useful learning and philosophy. Not only the light of science, but of reason, seems to have been well-nigh extinguished.

It was not till late after the sack of Constantinople by the Turks, that the writings of Aristotle began to be universally known and studied. They were then, by certain fugitive Greeks who had escaped the fury of the Ottoman arms, brought away and dispersed through the western parts of Europe. Some particular treatises of his, it is true, had been long made public; but chiefly in translations from the Arabic, done by men who, far from rendering faithfully the author's sense, hardly understood his language. These, however, gave birth to the scholastic philosophy; that motley offspring of error and ingenuity: and, to speak freely, the features of both parents were all along equally blended in the complexion of the daughter. To trace at length the rise, progress, and variations of this philosophy would be an undertaking not only curious but instructive; as it would unfold to us all the mazes in which the force, the subtlety, the extravagance of human wit can lose themselves; till not only profane learning, but divinity itself, was, at last, by the refined frenzy of those who taught both, subtilized into mere notion and air.

Their philosophy was neither that of Aristotle entirely, nor altogether differing from his. Whatever opinions the first founders of it had been able to draw from Boëtius his Latin commentator, or from the wretched translations above-mentioned, these they methodized and illustrated, each according to his several talent and the genius of the age he lived in. But this, instead of producing one
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regular and consistent body of science, even from wrong principles, ended in a monster, made up of parts every where mishapen and dissimilar. Add to this, that they left natural knowledge wholly uncultivated, to hunt after occult qualities, abstract notions, and questions of impertinent curiosity; by which they rendered the very logic, their labours chiefly turned upon, intricate, useless, unintelligible.

Alstedius, in his chronology of the schoolmen, has divided their history into three principal periods or successions: the first beginning with Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished about the middle of the eleventh century, and ending with Albert the Great two ages later: the second, that commences from him, determining in Durand; as the third and last ended in Luther, at the Reformation. Morhoff, however, strenuously contends, that Rucelinus an Englishman, was properly the father of the schoolmen; and that to him the sect of the Nominalists owed its rise and credit. He adds, that it revived afterwards in the person of Occam, another of our countrymen, and the perpetual antagonist of Duns Scotus, who had declared for the Realists, and was reckoned their ablest champion. The learned reader needs not be told, that the scholastic doctors were all distinguished into these two sects; formidable party-names, which are now as little known or mentioned as the controversies that once occasioned them. It is sufficient to say, that, like all other parties,

they hated each other heartily; treated each other as heretics in logic, and that their disputes were often sharp and bloody; ending not only in the metaphorical destruction of common sense and language, but in the real mutilation and death of the combatants. For, to the disgrace of human reason, mankind in all their controversies, whether about a notion or a thing, a predicament or a province, have made their last appeal to brute force and violence. The titles with which these leaders were honoured by their followers, on account of the sublime reveries they taught, are at once magnificent and absurd; and prove rather the superlative ignorance of those times, than any transcendent merit in the men to whom they were applied. From this censure we ought nevertheless do except one, who was a prodigy of knowledge for the age he lived in, and is acknowledged as such by the age to which I am writing. I mean the renowned Friar Bacon, who shone forth singly through the profound darkness of those times; but rather dazzled than enlightened the weaker eyes of his contemporaries. As if the name of Bacon were auspicious to philosophy, this man, not only without assistance or encouragement, but insulted and persecuted, by the unconquerable force of his genius penetrated far into the mysteries of nature; and made so many new discoveries in astronomy and perspective, in mechanics and chymistry, that the most sober writers even now cannot mention them without some marks of emotion and wonder. It is

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Dr. Friend's observation, that he was almost the only astronomer of his age: and the reformation of the calendar, by him attempted, and in a manner perfected, is a noble proof of his skill in that science. The construction of spectacles, of telescopes, of all sorts of glasses that magnify or diminish objects, the composition of gunpowder, which Bartholdus Swartz is thought to have first hit upon almost a century later, are some of the many inventions with justice ascribed to him. For all which he was in his life-time calumniated and oppressed; and, after his death, wounded in his good name, as a magician who had dealt in arts infernal and abominable. He tells us, that there were but four persons then in Europe who had made any progress in the mathematics, and in chymistry yet fewer: that those who undertook to translate Aristotle were every way unequal to the task; and that his writings, which, rightly understood, Bacon considered as the fountain of all knowledge, had been lately condemned and burned in a synod held at Paris.

The works of that celebrated antient have, in truth, more exercised the hatred and admiration of mankind than those of all the other philosophers together. Launoy enumerates no less than thirty-seven fathers of the church who have stigmatized his name, and endeavoured to reprobate his doctrines. Morhoff has reckoned up a still greater number of his commentators, who were at the same time implicitly his disciples: and yet both

these authors are far from having a complete list either of his friends or enemies. In his life-time he was suspected of irreligion, and, by the pagan priesthood, marked out for destruction: the successors of those very men were his partizans and admirers. His works met with much the same treatment from the Christian clergy: sometimes proscribed for heretical; sometimes triumphant, and acknowledged the great bulwark of orthodoxy. Launoy has written a particular treatise on the subject, and mentioned eight different revolutions in the fortune and reputation of Aristotle's philosophy. To pass over the intermediate changes, I will just mention two, that make a full and ridiculous contrast. In the above-mentioned council held at Paris about the year 1209, the bishops there censured his writings, without discrimination, as the pestilent sources of error and heresy; condemned them to the flames, and commanded all persons, on pain of excommunication, not to read, transcribe, or keep any copies of them. They went farther, and delivered over to the secular arm no less than ten persons, who were burned alive for certain tenets, drawn, as those learned prelates had heard, from the pernicious books in question. Those very books, in the sixteenth century, were not only read with impunity, but every where taught with applause; and whoever disputed their orthodoxy, I had almost said their infallibility, was persecuted as an infidel and miscreant. Of this the sophister Ramus is a memorable instance.

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Certain animadversions of his, on the peripatetic philosophy, occasioned a general commotion in the learned world. The university of Paris took the alarm hotly, and cried out against this attempt as destructive of all good learning, and of fatal tendency to religion itself. The affair was brought before the parliament, and appeared of so much consequence to Francis the First, that he would needs take it under his own immediate cognizance. The edict is still extant, which declares Ramus insolent, impudent, and a liar. His books are thereby for ever condemned and abolished: and, what is a strain of unexampled severity, the miserable author is solemnly interdicted from transcribing, even from reading his own compositions!

We might from hence be led to imagine, that when the authority of an antient philosopher was held so sacred, philosophy itself must have been thoroughly understood, and cultivated with uncommon success. But the attachment of those doctors was to a name, not to truth or valuable science: and they have been very justly compared to the Olympic wrestlers, who abstained from necessary labours, that they might be fit for such as were not so. Under their management, it was a philosophy of words and notions, that seemed to exclude the study of nature; that, instead of enquiring into the properties of bodies, into the laws of motion, by which all effects are produced, was conversant only in logical definitions, distinctions, and abstrac-

tions utterly barren and unproductive of any advantage to mankind. The great aim of these solemn triflers was rather to perplex a dispute than to clear up any point of useful disquisition; to triumph over an enemy, than to enlarge the knowledge, or better the morals of their followers. So that this captious philosophy was a real obstacle to all advances in sound learning, human and divine. After it had been adopted into the Christian theology, far from being of use to explain and ascertain mysteries, it served only to darken and render doubtful the most necessary truths, by the chicanery of argumentation with which it supplied each sect, in defence of their peculiar and favourite illusions. To so extravagant a height did they carry their idolatry of Aristotle, that some of them discovered, or imagined they discovered, in his writings, the doctrine of the Trinity; that others published formal dissertations to prove the certainty of his salvation, though a heathen: and that a patriarch of Venice is said to have called up the devil expressly, in order to learn from him the meaning of a hard word in Aristotle's physics. But the crafty demon, who perhaps did not understand it himself, answered in a voice so low and intricate, that the good prelate knew not a word he said. This was the famous Hermalaus Barbaro. The Greek word, that occasioned his taking so extraordinary a step, is the *Entelechia* of the Peripatetics, from whence the schoolmen raised their substantial forms; and which Leibnitz, towards the
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end of the last century, attempted to revive in his Theory of Motion.

The Reformation itself, that diffused a new light over Europe, that set men upon enquiring into errors and prepossessions of every kind, served only to confirm the dominion of this philosophy: Protestants as well as Papists entrenching themselves behind the authority of Aristotle, and defending their several tenets by the weapons with which he furnished them. This unnatural alliance, of theology with the peripatetic doctrines, rendered his opinions not only venerable but sacred: they were reckoned as the landmarks of both faith and reason, which to pull or remove would be daring and impious. Innovations in philosophy, it was imagined, would gradually sap the very foundations of religion, and in the end lead to down-right atheism. If that veil of awful obscurity, which then covered the face of nature, should be once drawn, the rash curiosity of mankind would lead them to account for all appearances in the visible world, by second causes, by the powers of matter and mechanism; and thus they might come insensibly to forget or neglect the great original Cause of all. This kind of reasoning convinced the multitude, over-awed the wiser few, and effectually put a stop to the progress of useful knowledge.

Such, in general, were the dispositions of mankind when Sir Francis Bacon came into the world; whom we will now consider as the founder of a
new

new sect, but as the great asserter of human liberty against them all; as one who rescued reason and truth from the slavery in which they had been held till then by each sect alike. A plausible hypothesis, a shining theory, are more amusing to the imagination, and a shorter way to fame, than the patient and humble method of experimenting, of pursuing nature through all her labyrinths by fact and observation; no wonder, therefore, that a philosophy, built on this principle, could not, at first, make any sudden or general revolution in the learned world. But its progress, like that of time, quiet, slow, and sure, has in the end been mighty and universal. He was not, however, the first among the moderns who ventured to dissent from Aristotle. Ramus, Patricius, Bruno, Severinus, to name no more, had already attacked the authority of that tyrant in learning, who had long reigned as absolutely over the opinions, as his restless pupil had of old affected to do over the persons of men. But these writers invented little that was valuable themselves, however justly they might reprehend many things in him. And as to the real improvements made in some parts of natural knowledge before our author appeared, by Gilbert, Harvey, Copernicus, Father Paul, and some few others, they are well known, and have been deservedly celebrated. Yet there was still wanting one great and comprehensive plan, that might embrace the almost infinite varieties of science, and guide our enquiries aright in all. This Sir Francis Bacon at first

first conceived in its utmost extent; to his own lasting honour, and to the general utility of mankind. If we stand surprized at the happy imagination of such a system, our surprize redoubles upon us when we reflect, that he invented and methodized this system, perfected so much, and sketched out so much more of it, amidst the drudgery of business and the civil tumults of a court. Nature seems to have intended him peculiarly for this province, by bestowing on him, with a liberal hand, all the qualities requisite; a fancy voluble and prompt to discover the similitudes of things; a judgment steady and intent to note their subtlest differences: a love of meditation and enquiry; a patience in doubting; a slowness and diffidence in affirming; a facility of retracting; a judicious anxiety to plan and dispose. A mind of such a cast, that neither affected novelty, nor idolized antiquity, that was an enemy to all imposture, must have had a certain congeniality and natural relation to truth. These characters, which, with a noble confidence, he has applied to himself, are obvious and eminent in his Instauration of the Sciences; a work by him designed, not as a monument to his own fame, but a perpetual legacy for the common benefit of others; and which proved to be the great trunk from which, in succeeding times, all the various branches of philosophy did shoot forth and flourish.

The Effects of a SOCIAL GLASS in promoting
Happiness and Good Humour.

S I R,

IT is a common observation among good companions, "That such a one is excellent company, or "the wittiest man living, after the second bottle;" others have their recommendations commenced later, and are reckoned as "absent" persons till the fourth or fifth flask brings them into company, where they exert themselves with great sprightliness, and soon outshine the rest of the table. As one who has been kept with a severe hand from the use of a plentiful fortune, as soon as that restraint is removed runs into greater lengths of extravagance than those who have always had a sufficient share of wealth; so these sparks, who come late to the exercise of their wit, lay about them with great vigour, and squander it away more profusely than those who have been used to husband a regular competency. It is the greatest pleasure of Dick Sly to observe the motions of Ned Flasker's parts, which he takes care to quicken, by whispering his neighbour to fill about briskly; for "Ned," says he, "is coming into a vein of mirth, and don't "let us slip the opportunity of seeing him display "himself for the want of a critical bumper." The glass moves, Ned catches the first opportunity that offers,

offers, and diverts the whole company for the next two hours.

There are other toppers, whose wit partly depends upon the wine and partly upon their time of meeting. Some, what quantity soever they drink, cannot be merry till the clock is turned of twelve; and others, who have sat in a sort of lethargy all the night, are roused into an air of extreme gaiety by a thundering bounce at the tavern door, and the exhilarating voice of "past two o'clock." The morning watchman has the same effects upon the parts of these people as the liberal glass has upon others; their senses, that seem to have been fled, rally at the call of the staff, and they seldom leave the field without a complete victory. Wine is said to be a great betrayer of secrets, and in no case more apparently than in this, that you may keep company with some men of reserved tempers for the space of many years, without ever suspecting that they have "any thing in them;" and, after a hearty bottle, discover them to be wits.

Such are the obligations one sex has to the powers of this juice; and the fashion of our country does not permit us to know whether it might not have the same effect upon female understandings. However, I cannot help taking notice of an observation I lately heard in company with some ladies: they were talking very civil things, as they usually do of their absent acquaintance, when one of them said, "Lady Harriot, the other day, was mighty 'satirical after the tenth dish of tea, and that Miss
"Betty,

"Betty, whom she ever looked upon as a pretty piece of uninformed machinery, or mute puppet, "after drinking three dishes more, spoke like an angel, and rallied even lady Harriot with such a spirit and delicacy, that she was the admiration of the whole company."

When I left them I fell into a variety of reflections upon this speech; trying if I could resolve it into some natural cause of reason. I began to consider, that the animal spirits, in the softer sex, might be of a finer and more delicate texture than those in the male part of our species, and therefore did not require such spirituous liquors to exalt them as ours do; but received that brisk and lively turn, which disposes the brain to mirth and wit, from more gentle and temperate vapours. I was confirmed in my notion, by considering the different operations of wines upon different constitutions among our own sex; the "middle" part of mankind are not to be excited to their gaieties but by the strength of Port; over which a beau would languish with the head-ach; the polite and elegant are obliged to the French vineyards for all their humour; and the robust sailor scorns to be moved to his rough gallantries by any liquor that has not suffered a distillation.

But, of the tribe of wine-bibbers, none are more indebted to the grape, and none have been more grateful to their benefactor, than the poets. Horace, who was himself a great lover of his glass, insinuates, by way of excuse, that it was impossible

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to be a good poet without it, and lays it down as a maxim, that the works of a water-drinker must be as poor and spiritless as the element that inspired them, and no less subject to corruption in a small space of time; whereas, the productions of a brain moderately warmed with nobler juices, like the children of lewdness, would prove strong and vigorous, and survive all the puny offsprings of a regular sobriety.

The merry bard, in the epistle I have hinted at, seems to defend his custom by what a modern might call an hereditary right to drinking; which he thinks the poetical fraternity may claim from the father and founder of the art, though he shews a little modesty in the point, and does not support his title by saying, as some would have done, that "Homer drank himself blind;" however, like a true advocate for the cause, he proceeds; and, if it be not plain in the case of his Greek ancestor, his Latin one, Ennius, is a full and complete authority; and Horace, as a descendant from him, asserts his right to the glass as incontestable. The first he leaves as a disputable case, not without a hint that it might be proved from his favourite character of Nestor, who had a particular kindness for old wine, and old stories; or, as a modern says,

*"The sage who, warm with wine, began to praise
His fellow-warriors, and his youthful days."*

That you may see our English poets have used the same privilege with as good success, I shall present

present you with a few short memorandums of the famous Ben Johnson, which have been preserved with the greatest care.

Mem. I laid the plot of my Volpone, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack, from my very good lord F——r; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy are friends, with applause.

Mem. The first speech in my Cataline, spoken by Sylla's ghost, and writ after I parted from my boys at the Devil-tavern; I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat: I resolve to mix no more water with my wine.

Mem. Upon the 20th. of May, the king, heaven reward him, sent me one hundred pounds. I went often to the Devil about that time, and wrote my Alchymist before I had spent fifty pounds of it.

Mem. At Christmas my lord B——took me with him into the country: there was great plenty of excellent claret wine; a new character offered itself to me here, upon which I wrote my Silent Woman. My lord smiled, and made me a noble present upon reading the first act to him; ordering, at the same time, a quantity of the wine to be sent to London with me when I went; and it lasted me till my work was finished.

Mem. The Tale of a Tub, the Devil is an Ass, and some others of low comedy, were written by poor Ben Johnson. I remember that I
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“did not succeed in any one composition for a whole winter; it was that winter honest Ralph the drawer died, and when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil.”

I think that these memorandums of the immortal Ben are sufficient to justify the opinion of Horace; and I do assure your readers, that they are faithfully transcribed from the original.

AN ESSAY ON NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

AS I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals, who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of

VOL. I. G impor-

importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken fots, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughtry, and surly tyrants; but that, in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the other world. This very *learned* and *judicious remark* was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble servant; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping, by this means, to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily; not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable; so, when I am obliged
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to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him, that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy; that, perhaps, a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity. I could easily perceive, that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done, than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprized how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies. Finding that, by this modest declaration of my sentiments, I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning, and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on

the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader, at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart, than that of the philosopher, who, being asked "what countryman he was," replied, that he was "a citizen of the world." How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession? We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world: so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristic mark of a gentleman; for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his for-

tune

tune ever so large, yet, if he is not free from national and all other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find, that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural: the slender vine twists around the sturdy oak for no other reason in the world, but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alledged in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter; I answer, that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm too are the growth of religion; but who ever took it in his head to affirm, that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this heavenly plant; but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopt off, without doing any harm to the parent stock: nay, perhaps, till once they are lopt off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? That I may exert the most heroic bravery,

the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltrons? Most certainly it is; and if it were not—but what need I suppose what is absolutely impossible?—but if it were not, I must own I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, *viz.* a citizen of the world, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever. I am, &c.

The Miseries of IDLENESS and AFFLUENCE:
illustrated in the Story of PICHROMACUS.

I WAS the second son of a wealthy gentleman, who reserved the bulk of his fortune for my elder brother; so that the only provision I enjoyed was a tolerable education, and a lieutenant's commission in the army. During the late war I obtained a company by dint of service, and at the peace was reduced upon half-pay. But this reduction was no great misfortune to me, who had learned to practise œconomy in an inferior station, and was so much master of my accounts, that I could live independent even to my wish, and could save something out of the appointments of a reformed captain. My father having by this time resigned his breath, I had no parental home to which I could retire; therefore I set up my rest in a country town where I had been formerly quartered with
the

the regiment, and made some agreeable acquaintances. There I passed my time according to my heart's desire. I fished, fowled, and hunted with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who entertained me in their houses with the most cordial hospitality. I walked, I chatted, I danced, and played at cards with their wives and daughters. Delightful excursions and amusing parties of pleasure were planned and executed every day. The time stole away insensibly: I knew no care; I felt no disorder. I inherited from nature a vigorous constitution, a happy serenity of temper, and was distinguished among my friends as the best-humoured fellow in the world.

In the midst of these enjoyments my heart was touched with the amiable qualities of a young lady, who was content to unite her fate with mine, contrary to the inclination and without the consent of her father, who possessed a very large fortune, and resented her marriage with such perseverance of indignation, that he never would admit her into his presence, nor even, at his death, forgave her for the step she had taken. His displeasure, however, affected us the less as we found happiness in our mutual passion, and knew no wants; for my wife inherited from an aunt a legacy of eighteen hundred pounds, the interest of which, together with my half-pay, was sufficient to answer all our occasions.

We found great satisfaction in contriving plans for living snug upon our income, and enjoyed un-

speaking pleasure in executing the scheme to which we had given the preference. Chance presented us with an opportunity to purchase a small, though neat and convenient house, with about twenty acres of land, in an agreeable rural situation; and there our time was parcelled out in a succession of tasks, for improving a large farm that we rented, and cultivating a sweet little garden laid out on a gentle slope, the foot of which was watered by a brawling rivulet of pure, transparent water. Although heaven had not thought proper to indulge us with children, we were favoured with every other substantial blessing; and every circumstance of rural œconomy proved a source of health and satisfaction.

The labours of the field, the little domestic cares of the barn-yard, the poultry-yard, and the dairy, were productive of such delights as none of your readers will conceive, except those who are enamoured of a country life. I cannot remember those peaceful scenes of innocence and tranquillity without regret; they often haunt my imagination, like the ghosts of departed happiness. Within the bosom of this charming retreat we lived in a state of uninterrupted enjoyment, until our felicity was invaded by two unexpected events, at which, I am afraid, we shall always have cause to repine: my nephew, who had succeeded to my father's estate, died of the small-pox, and a few weeks after this incident my wife's only brother broke his neck in leaping a five-barred gate: so that we found our-

selves,

selves, all at once, in possession of a very opulent fortune, and violently transported from that element for which our tempers had been so well adapted.

In the first flutter and agitation of mind, occasioned by this unhopèd-for accession, we quitted our romantic solitude, and rushed into all the pageantry of high life. This irresistibly sucked us within the vortex of dissipation, we grew giddy in a rapid whirl of unnatural diversion: we became enamoured of tinsel liveries, equipage, and all the frippery of fashion. Instead of tranquillity, health, a continual flow of satisfaction, and a succession of rational delights, which we formerly derived from temperance, exercise, the study of nature, and the practice of benevolence, we now tasted no pleasure but what consists in the gratification of idle vanity, tossed for ever on a sea of absurd amusements, by such loud storms of riot and tumult, as drowned the voice of reason and reflection, and overwhelmed all the best faculties of the soul. We deserted nature, sentiment, and true taste, to lead a weary life of affectation, folly, and intemperance; our senses became so depraved, that our eyes were captivated with glare and glitter, and our ears with noise and clamour; while our fancy dwelt with pleasure on every gewgaw of gothic extravagance. We entertained guests whom we despised, we visited friends whom we did not love, and invited company whom we could not esteem. We drank wines that we could not relish, and ate viſuals
which

which we could not digest. We frequented concerts which we did not understand, plays that we did not like, and public diversions which we could not enjoy. Our house might have been termed the temple of uproar; card-tables were the shrines, and the votaries seemed agitated by the dæmons of envy, spite, rage, vexation, and despair. In a word, all was farce and form—all was fantasma, and a hideous dream of incoherent absurdities.

These pleasures, like brandy to a dram-drinker, have lost their effect; we have waked from the intoxication to a due sense of our miserable condition; for the vigour both of mind and body is quite impaired. With respect to each other, we find ourselves in a state of mutual disgust; and all the enjoyments of life we either taste with indifference, or reject with loathing. For my own part, I am overwhelmed with what the French call *l'Ennui*, a distemper for which there is no name in the English language; a distemper which may be understood from the following lines of the poet:

*Thee too, my Paridel, she saw thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair;
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.*

It is not a common vacancy of thought, or an ordinary languor of the nerves, that I labour under, but a confirmed imbecility of mind, and a want of relish, attended with a thousand uneasinesses, which render life almost insupportable. I sleep
without

without refreshment; I am fatigued without labour: I am scarce risen when I wish the day was done; and when night comes, I long for morning: I eat without appetite, drink without exhilaration; exercise affords no spirits, conversation no amusement, reading no entertainment, and diversion no pleasure. It is not from affectation, but an acquired insensibility, that I see Falstaff without a smile, and the Orphan without emotion. I endeavour to kill the time by shifting continually the scene of dissipation; but I am close pursued by disgust: all is disappointment, insipid, nauseous, or shocking.—My temper is grown so fretful and peevish, that I quarrel by turns with my servants and myself; even she that was once the delight of my eyes, and the joy of my heart, is now become the subject of perpetual disquiet. I harbour wishes which I dare not approve; my heart palpitates with passions which I am ashamed to avow. I am tormented by a thousand petty grievances, which rise like angry pimples from the ebullitions of a soured disposition; and those incidents that would move the mirth of other men are to me productive of choler and anxiety. Two days ago I ordered my servant to horse-whip a cobbler, who refused to leave off whistling in his stall as he sat at work, opposite to my chamber-window; and if I myself could have reached him, in all probability, I should have chastised him for presuming to be more happy than his betters.

The

The Three following ESSAYS are written by
DAVID HUME, Esq; but not inserted in
the late Edition of his Works.

ON IMPUDENCE and MODESTY.

I HAVE always been of opinion, that the complaints against Providence have been ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the causes of their good or bad fortune, more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, instances to the contrary, and pretty numerous ones too; but few in comparison of the instances we have of a right distribution of prosperity and adversity; nor indeed could it be otherwise from the common course of human affairs. To be endowed with a benevolent disposition, and to love others, will almost infallibly procure love and esteem; which is the chief circumstance of life, and facilitates every enterprize and undertaking; besides the satisfaction which immediately results from it. The case is much the same with the other virtues. Prosperity is naturally, though not necessarily, attached to virtue and merit; and adversity in like manner to vice and folly.

I must however confess, that this rule admits of an exception with regard to one moral quality; and that Modesty has a natural tendency to conceal man's talents, as Impudence displays them to the
utmost,

utmost, and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all the disadvantages of low birth and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the generality of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himself off for; and admits his overbearing airs as a proof of that merit which he assumes to himself. A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant of virtue; and few men can distinguish impudence from it; as, on the other hand, diffidence, being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon modesty, which in outward appearance so nearly resembles it.

I was lately lamenting to a friend of mine, who loves a conceit, that popular applause should be bestowed with so little judgment, and that so many empty forward coxcombs should rise up to a figure in the world: upon which he said, there was nothing surprizing in the case. "Popular fame," says he, "is nothing but breath of air: and air very naturally presses into a vacuum."

As impudence, though really a vice, has the same effects upon a man's fortune, as if it were a virtue; so we may observe, that it is almost as difficult to be attained, and is, in that respect, distinguished from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually increase upon indulgence. Many a man, being sensible that modesty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent, and to put a
bold

bold face upon the matter; but it is observable, that such people have seldom succeeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true natural genuine impudence. Its counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. In any other attempt, whatever faults a man commits and is sensible of, he is so much the nearer his end: but when he endeavours at impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of it will make him blush, and will infallibly disconcert him: after which every blush is a cause for new blushes till he be found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to impudence.

If any thing can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre, when a person is endowed with it; and supply its place, in a great measure, when it is absent. 'Tis wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves, with large possessions, give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong oppositions to these usurpations; or rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour. Their good sense and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to examine every thing with the greatest accuracy: as, on the other hand, the delicacy of their

their sentiments makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose in the practice of the world that integrity of virtue, of which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree with confidence is as difficult as to reconcile vice to modesty.

These are the reflections that have occurred to me upon this subject of impudence and modesty; and I hope the reader will not be displeased to see them wrought into the following allegory:

Jupiter in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom, and Confidence together; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence; and in that society set them upon the earth. But though he thought he had matched them with great judgment, and said, that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence, they had not gone far before dissension arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whither it led; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time; which delay was very displeasing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable; but Confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his guides and companions; and not feeling any want of their company, he never

ver enquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As Folly saw very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was increased by Diffidence, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never satisfied without his full career in whatever his inclinations led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this comptroller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whom he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being, after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companies, wandered for some time; till at last chance led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house which belonged to Wealth the Lord of the village; and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartments, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train; recommended himself very quickly to his landlord, and entered into such familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company along with Folly. They were frequent guests of
Wealth,

Wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from Poverty, one of the tenants; and entering the cottage found Wisdom and Virtue, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion of her, and Wisdom found, from her temper, that she would easily improve; so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little time somewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of Modesty. As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counsel and example, degenerated so far by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of Impudence. Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and know nothing of these mutual desertions, are led into strange mistakes by those means; and wherever they see Impudence, make account of Virtue and Wisdom, and wherever they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

AN ESSAY ON LOVE and MARRIAGE.

I KNOW not whence it proceeds, that women are so apt to take amiss every thing that is said in disparagement of the married state; and always con-

sider a satire upon matrimony as a satire upon themselves. Do they mean by this, that they are the parties principally concerned, and that if a backwardness to enter into that state should prevail in the world, they would be the greatest sufferers? or are they sensible, that the misfortunes and miscarriages of the married state are owing more to their sex than to ours? I hope they do not intend to confess either of these two particulars, or to give such an advantage to their adversaries, the men, as even to allow them to suspect it.

I have often had thoughts of complying with this humour of the fair sex, and of writing a panegyric upon marriage: but, in looking around for materials, they seemed to be of so mixed a nature, that at the conclusion of my reflections, I found I was as much disposed to write a satire, which might be placed on the opposite pages of my panegyric: and I am afraid, that as satire is, on most occasions, thought to have more truth in it than panegyric, I should have done their cause more harm than good by this expedient. To misrepresent facts is what, I know, they will not require of me. I must be more a friend to truth than even to them, where their interests are opposite.

I shall tell the women what it is our sex complains of most in the married state; and if they be disposed to satisfy us in this particular, all the other differences will be easily accommodated. If I be not mistaken, it is their love of dominion which is the ground of the quarrel; though it is very likely,

likely, that they will think it an unreasonable love of it in us, which makes us insist so much upon that point. However this may be, no passion seems to have more influence on female minds, than this for power; and there is a remarkable instance in history of its prevailing above another passion, which is the only one that can be supposed a proper counterpoise for it. We are told, that all the women in Scythia once conspired against the men, and kept the secret so well, that they executed their design before they were suspected. They surprized the men in drink, or asleep, bound them all fast in chains; and having called a solemn council of the whole sex, it was debated what expedient should be used to improve the present advantage, and prevent their falling again into slavery. To kill all the men did not seem to be the relish of any part of the assembly, notwithstanding the injuries formerly received; and they were afterwards pleased to make a great merit of this lenity of theirs. It was therefore agreed to put out the eyes of the whole male sex, and thereby resign for ever, after all, the vanity they could draw from their beauty, in order to secure their authority. We must no longer pretend to dress and show, say they; but then we shall be free from slavery. We shall hear no more tender sighs; but in return we shall hear no more imperious commands. Love must for ever leave us; but he will carry subjection along with him.

It is regarded by some as an unlucky circumstance, since the women were resolved to maim

the men, and deprive them of some of their senses, in order to render them humble and dependent, that the sense of hearing could not serve their purpose, since it is probable the females would rather have attacked that than the sight: and I think it is agreed among the learned, that, in a married state, it is not near so great an inconvenience to lose the former sense as the latter. However this may be, we are told by modern anecdotes, that some of the Scythian women did secretly spare their husbands eyes; presuming, I suppose, that they could govern them as well by means of that sense as without it. But so incorrigible and intractable were these men, that their wives were all obliged, in a few years, as their youth and beauty decayed, to imitate the example of their sisters; which it was no difficult matter to do, in a state where the female sex had once got the superiority.

I know not if the British ladies derive any thing of this humour from the Scythian females; but, I must confess, that I have often been surprized to see a woman very well pleased to take a fool for her mate, that she might govern with the less controul; and could not but think her sentiments, in this respect, still more barbarous than those of the Scythian women above mentioned, as much as the eyes of the understanding are more valuable than those of the body.

But to be just, and to lay the blame more equally, I am afraid it is the fault of our sex, if the women be so fond of rule, and that if we did not abuse

abuse our authority, they would never think it worth while to dispute it. Tyrants, we know, produce rebels; and all history informs us, that rebels, when they prevail, are apt to become tyrants in their turn. For this reason, I could wish there were no pretensions to authority on either side; but that every thing was carried on with perfect equality, as betwixt two equal members of the same body. And to induce both parties to embrace those amicable sentiments, I shall deliver to them Plato's account of the origin of Love and Marriage.

Mankind, according to that fanciful philosopher, were not, in their original, divided into male and female as at present; but each individual person was a compound of both sexes, and was in himself both husband and wife, melted down into one living creature. This union, no doubt, was very entire, and the parts very well adjusted together, since there resulted a perfect harmony betwixt the male and female, although they were obliged to be inseparable companions. And so great was the harmony and happiness flowing from it, that the Androgynes, for so Plato calls them, or Menwomen, became insolent upon their prosperity, and rebelled against the gods. To punish them for this temerity, Jupiter could contrive no better expedient, than to divorce the male part from the female, and make two imperfect beings of the compound, which was before so perfect. Hence the origin of men and women, as distinct creatures. But notwithstanding this division, so lively is our remembrance

of the happiness we enjoyed in our primæval state, that we are never at rest in this situation; but each of these halves is continually searching through the whole species to find the other half which was broken from it; and when they meet, they join again with the greatest fondness and sympathy. But it often happens, that they are mistaken in this particular; that they take for their half what no way corresponds to them; and that the parts do not meet nor join in with each other, as is usual in fractures. In this case the union is soon dissolved, and each part is set loose again to hunt for its lost half, joining itself to every one it meets by way of trial, and enjoying no rest, till its perfect sympathy with its partner shews that it has at last been successful in its endeavours.

Were I disposed to carry on this fiction of Plato, which accounts for the mutual love betwixt the sexes in so agreeable a manner, I would do it by the following allegory:

When Jupiter had separated the male from the female, and had quelled their pride and ambition by so severe an operation, he could not but repent him of the cruelty of his vengeance, and take compassion on poor mortals, who were now become incapable of any repose or tranquillity. Such cravings, such anxieties, such necessities arose as made them curse their creation, and think existence itself a punishment. In vain had they recourse to every other occupation and amusement. In vain did they seek after every pleasure of sense, and
every

every refinement of reason. Nothing could fill that void which they felt in their hearts, or supply the loss of their partner, who was so fatally separated from them. To remedy this disorder, and to bestow some comfort, at least, on human race in their forlorn situation, Jupiter sent down Love and Hymen to collect the broken halves of human kind, and piece them together in the best manner possible. These two deities found such a prompt disposition in mankind to unite again in their primitive state, that they proceeded on their work with wonderful success for some time; till at last, from many unlucky accidents, dissension arose betwixt them. The chief counsellor and favourite of Hymen was Care, who was continually filling his patron's head with prospects of futurity; a settlement, family, children, servants; so that little else was regarded in all the matches they made. On the other hand, Love had chosen Pleasure for his favourite, who was as pernicious a counsellor as the other, and would never allow Love to look beyond the present momentary gratification, or the satisfying of the prevailing inclination. These two favourites became, in a little time, irreconcilable enemies, and made it their chief business to undermine each other in all their undertakings. No sooner had Love fixed upon two halves, which he was cementing together, and forming to a close union, but Care insinuates himself, and bringing Hymen along with him, dissolves the union produced by Love, and joins each half to some other

half, which he had provided for it. To be revenged of this, Pleasure creeps in upon a pair already joined by Hymen; and calling Love to his assistance, they underhand contrive to join each half, by secret links, to halves which Hymen was wholly unacquainted with. It was not long before this quarrel was felt in its pernicious consequences; and such complaints arose before the throne of Jupiter, that he was obliged to summon the offending parties to appear before him, in order to give an account of their proceedings. After hearing the pleadings on both sides, he ordered an immediate reconciliation betwixt Love and Hymen, as the only expedient for giving happiness to mankind: and that he might be sure this reconciliation should be durable, he laid his strict injunction on them never to join any halves without consulting their favourites, Care and Pleasure, and obtaining the consent of both to the conjunction. Where this order is strictly observed, the Androgyne is perfectly restored, and human race enjoy the same happiness as in their primæval state. The seam is scarce perceived that joins the two beings together; but both of them combine to form one perfect and happy creature.

AN ESSAY ON AVARICE.

IT is easy to observe, that comic writers exaggerate every character, and draw their fop, or coward, with stronger features than are any where to be met with in nature. This moral kind of painting for the stage has been often compared to the painting for cupolas and ceilings, where the colours are overcharged, and every part is drawn excessively large, and beyond nature. The figures seem monstrous and disproportioned, when seen too nigh; but become natural and regular when set at a distance, and placed in that point of view in which they are intended to be surveyed. After the same manner, when characters are exhibited in theatrical representations, the want of reality sets the personages at a distance from us; and rendering them more cold and unentertaining, makes it necessary to compensate, by the force of colouring, what they want in substance. Thus we find in common life, that when a man once allows himself to depart from truth in his narrations, he never can keep within the bounds of probability; but adds still some new circumstance to render his stories more marvellous, and to satisfy his imagination. Two men in buckram suits became eleven to Sir John Falstaff before the end of his story.

There is only one vice, which may be found in life with as strong features, and as high a colouring,

ing, as need be employed by any satyrift or comic poet; and that is avarice. Every day we meet with men of immense fortunes, without heirs, and on the very brink of the grave, who refuse themselves the most common necessaries of life, and go on heaping possessions on possessions, under all the real pressures of the severest poverty. An old usurer, says the story, lying in his last agonies, was presented by the priest with the crucifix to worship. He opens his eyes a moment before he expires, considers the crucifix, and cries, "These jewels are not true; I can only lend ten pistoles upon such a pledge." This was probably the invention of some epigrammatist; and yet every one, from his own experience, may be able to recollect almost as strong instances of perseverance in avarice. It is commonly reported of a famous miser in this city, that finding himself near death, he sent for some of the magistrates, and gave them a bill of an hundred pounds, payable after his decease; which sum he intended should be disposed of in charitable uses; but scarce were they gone, when he orders them to be called back, and offers them ready money, if they would abate five pounds of the sum. Another noted miser in the north, intending to defraud his heirs, and leave his fortune to the building an hospital, protracted the drawing of his will from day to day; and it is thought, that if those interested in it had not paid for the drawing of it, he had died intestate. In short, none of the most furious excesses of love and ambition

bition are in any respect to be compared to the extremes of avarice.

The best excuse that can be made for avarice is, that it generally prevails in old men, or in men of cold tempers, where all the other affections are extinct, and the mind being incapable of remaining without some passion or pursuit, at last finds out this monstrous unreasonable one, which suits the coldness and inactivity of its temper. At the same time, it seems very extraordinary, that so frosty spiritless a passion should be able to carry us farther than all the warmth of youth and pleasure; but if we look more narrowly into the matter, we shall find, that this very circumstance renders the explanation of the case more easy. When the temper is warm, and full of vigour, it naturally shoots out more ways than one, and produces inferior passions to counter-balance, in some degree, its predominant inclination. It is impossible for a person of that temper, however bent on any pursuit, to be deprived of all sense of shame or regard to the sentiments of mankind. His friends must have some influence over him; and other considerations are apt to have their weight. All this serves to restrain him within some bounds. But it is no wonder, the avaricious man being, from the coldness of his temper, without regard to reputation, to friendship, or to pleasure, should be carried so far by his prevailing inclination, and should display his passion in such surprizing instances.

Accord-

Accordingly we find no vice so irreclaimable as avarice: and though there scarcely has been a moralist or philosopher, from the beginning of the world to this day, who has not levelled a stroke at it, we hardly find a single instance of any person's being cured of it. For this reason, I am more apt to approve of those who attack it with wit and humour, than of those who treat it in a serious manner. There being so little hopes of doing good to the people infected with this vice, I would have the rest of mankind, at least, diverted by our manner of exposing it: as indeed there is no kind of diversion of which they seem so willing to partake.

Among the fables of Monsieur de la Motte, there is one levelled against Avarice, which seems to be more natural and easy than most of the fables of that ingenious author. "A miser," says he, "being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demands his fare, and is surprized to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river, and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment, suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaïdes? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone? No, says Minos, none

"none of these. We must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

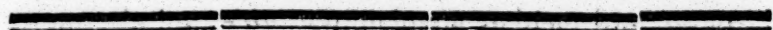
I hope it will not be interpreted as a design of setting myself in opposition to this famous author; if I proceed to deliver a fable of my own, which is intended to expose the same vice of Avarice. The hint was taken from these lines of Mr. Pope:

*Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.*

"Our old mother Earth once laid an indictment against Avarice before the courts of Heaven, for her wicked and malicious counsel and advice, in tempting, inducing, persuading, and traiterously seducing the children of the plaintiff to commit the detestable crime of parricide upon her, and mangling her body, ransack her very bowels for hidden treasure." The indictment was very long and verbose; but we must omit a great part of the repetitions and synonymous terms, not to tire our reader too much with our tale. "Avarice, being called before Jupiter to answer to this charge, had not much to say in her own defence. The injury was clearly proved upon her. The fact, indeed, was notorious, and the injury had been frequently repeated. When therefore the plaintiff demanded justice, Jupiter very readily gave sentence in her favour; and his decree was to this purpose: That since Dame Avarice, the defendant, had thus grievously injured Dame Earth,

"the

“the plaintiff, she was hereby ordered to take that
 “treasure, of which she had feloniously robbed the
 “said plaintiff, by ransacking her bosom, and in
 “the same manner, as before, opening her bosom,
 “restore it back to her, without diminution or
 “retention. From this sentence, it shall follow,
 “says Jupiter to the by-standers, that in all future
 “ages the retainers of avarice shall bury and con-
 “ceal their riches, and thereby restore to the
 “Earth what they took from her.”



The SENTIMENTS of a FRENCHMAN
 on the Temper of the ENGLISH.

NOTHING is so uncommon among the English, as that easy affability, that instant method of acquaintance, or that cheerfulness of disposition, which make in France the charm of every society; yet, in this gloomy reserve, they seem to pride themselves, and think themselves less happy, if obliged to be more social. One may assert, without wronging them, that they do not study the method of going through life with pleasure and tranquillity, like the French. Might not this be a proof that they are not so much philosophers as they imagine? Philosophy is no more than the art of making ourselves happy; that is, of seeking pleasure in regularity, and reconciling what we owe to society with what is due to ourselves.

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This cheerfulness, which is the characteristic of our nation, in the eye of an Englishman passes almost for folly. But is their gloominess a greater mark of their wisdom? and folly against folly, is not the most cheerful sort the best? if our gaiety makes them sad, they ought not to think it strange, if their seriousness makes us laugh.

As this disposition to levity is not familiar to them, and as they look on every thing as a fault which they do not find at home, the English who live among us are hurt by it. Several of their authors reproach us with it as a vice, or at least as a ridicule.

Mr. Addison styles us a comic nation. In my opinion it is not acting the philosopher on this point, to regard as a fault that quality which contributes most to the pleasure of society and happiness of life. Plato, convinced that whatever makes men happier, makes them better, advises to neglect nothing that may excite and convert to an early habit, this sense of joy in children. Seneca places it in the first rank of good things. Certain it is, at least, that gaiety may be a concomitant of all sorts of virtue, but that there are some vices with which it is incompatible.

As to him who laughs at every thing, and him who laughs at nothing, neither of them has sound judgment. All the difference I find between them is, that the last is constantly the most unhappy. Those who speak against cheerfulness, prove nothing else, but that they were born melancholic,
and

and that in their hearts they rather envy than condemn that levity they affect to despise.

The Spectator, whose constant object was the good of mankind in general, and of his own nation in particular, should, according to his own principles, place cheerfulness among the most desirable qualities; and, probably, whenever he contradicts himself in this particular, it is only to conform to the tempers of the people whom he addresses. He asserts, that gaiety is one great obstacle to the prudent conduct of women. But are those of a melancholic temper, as the English women generally are, less subject to the foibles of love? I am acquainted with some doctors of this science, to whose judgment I would more willingly refer than to his. And perhaps, in reality, persons naturally of a gay temper are too easily taken off by different objects, to give themselves up to all the excesses of this passion.

Mr. Hobbes, a celebrated philosopher of his nation, maintains, that laughing proceeds from our pride alone. This is only a paradox, if asserted of laughing in general, and only argues that misanthropical disposition for which he was remarkable.

To bring the causes he assigns for laughing under suspicion, it is sufficient to remark, that proud people are commonly those who laugh least. Gravity is the inseparable companion of pride. To say that a man is vain, because the humour of a writer, or the buffooneries of a harlequin, excite his laughter, would be advancing a great absurdity. We
should

should distinguish between laughter inspired by joy, and that which arises from mockery. The malicious sneer is improperly called laughter. It must be owned, that pride is the parent of such laughter as this; but this is in itself vicious; whereas the other sort has nothing in its principles or effects that deserves condemnation. We find this amiable in others, and is it unhappiness to see a disposition towards it in ourselves?

When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I rather see him hunting after joy than having caught it; and this is more particularly remarkable in their women whose tempers are inclined to melancholy. A laugh leaves no more traces on their countenance than a flash of lightning on the face of the heavens. The most laughing air is instantly succeeded by the most gloomy. One would be apt to think that their souls open with difficulty to joy, or at least that joy is not pleased with its habitation there.

In regard to fine raillery, it must be allowed, that it is not natural to the English, and therefore those who endeavour at it, make but an ill figure. Some of their authors have candidly confessed, that pleasantry is quite foreign to their character; but, according to the reason they give, they lose nothing by this confession. Bishop Sprat gives the following one: "The English," says he, "have too much bravery to submit to be derided, and too much virtue and honour to mock others."

A V A R I C E and G L O R Y, an History. By the King of P R U S S I A.—By the Shepherd his Majesty means himself. *Philosophe de Sans Souci.*

TH E miser, my dear d'Argens, is chiefly his own enemy; but the ambitious man is the enemy of the human race. He strides forward to vice with impunity, and even his virtues degenerate into faults. The miser and the ambitious are both equally self-interested; but while one destroys only a cottage, the other, perhaps, overturns an empire.

Avarice and Glory once made a journey together to this world, in order to try how mankind were disposed to receive them. Heroes, citizens, priests, and lords immediately lifted beneath their standards, and received their favours with gratitude and rapture. Travelling, however, into a more remote part of the country, they by accident set up at the cottage of a simple shepherd, whose whole possessions were his flock, and all his solicitude the next day's subsistence. His birth was but humble, yet his natural endowments were great. His sense was refined, his heart sensible of love and piety; and, poor as he was, he still preserved an honest ardour for liberty and repose. Here, with his favourite Sylvana, his flock, his crook, and his cottage, he
lived

lived unknown, and unknowing a world that could only instruct him in deceit and falsehood.

Our two travellers no sooner beheld him, than they were struck with his felicity: "How insupportable is it," cried Glory, "thus to be a spectator of pleasures which we have no share in producing? Shall we, who are adored here below, tamely continue spectators of a man who thus flights our favours, because as yet unexperienced in their delights? No, rather let us attempt to seduce him from his wise pursuit of tranquillity, and teach him to reverence our power." Thus saying, they both, the better to disguise themselves, assumed the dress of shepherds, and accosted the rustic in terms the most inviting: "Dear shepherd, how do I pity," cries Glory, "your poor simplicity. To see such talents buried in unambitious retirement, certainly might create even the compassion of the gods. Leave, pr'ythee leave, a solitude destined only for ignorance and stupidity; it is doubly to die, to die without applause. You have virtues, and those ought to appear, not thus lie hid with ungrateful obstinacy. Fortune calls, and Glory invites thee. I promise you a certainty of success: you have only to chuse, whether to become an author, a minister of state, or a general; in either capacity be sure of finding respect, riches, and immortality."

At so unaccustomed an invitation, the shepherd seemed incapable of determining. He hesitated for some time between ambition and content, till

at length the former prevailed, and he became, in some measure, a convert. Avarice now came in to fix him entirely; and, willing to make him completely the slave of both, thus continued the conversation: "Yes, simple swain, be convinced of your ignorance; learn from me, in what true happiness consists. You are in indigence, and you miscall your poverty temperance. What! shall a man, formed for the most important concerns, like you, exhaust a precious life only in obliging his mistress, playing upon a pipe, or shearing his sheep? While the rest of mankind, blessed with affluence, consecrate all their hours to rapture, improved with art, shall you remain in a cottage, perhaps shuddering at the winter's breeze? Alas! little dost thou know of the pleasures attending the great. What sumptuous palaces they live in; how every time they leave them seems a triumphal procession; how every word they pronounce is echoed with applause: without fortune, what is life but misery? what is virtue but fullen satisfaction?—Money, money, is the grand mover of the universe; without it, life is insipid, and talents contemptible."

The unhappy shepherd was no longer able to resist such powerful persuasions; his mistress, his flock, are at once banished from his thoughts, or contemptible in his eye. His rural retreat becomes tasteless, and ambition fills up every chasm in his breast: in vain did this faithful partner of all his pleasures and cares solicit his stay; in vain expose
the

the numberless dangers he must necessarily encounter; nothing could persuade a youthful mind bent on glory, and whose heart felt every passion in extreme. However, uncertain what course to follow, by chance he fixed upon the Muses; and he began by shewing the world some amazing instances of the sublimity of his genius. He instantly found admission among the men of wit, and he gave lessons to those who were candidates for the public favour. He published criticisms to shew, that some were not born poets, and apologies in vindication of himself. But soon satire attacked him with all its virulence; he found in every brother wit a rival, and in every rival one ready to depreciate whatever he had written. Soon, therefore, he thought proper to quit this seducing train, that offer beds of roses, but supply only a couch of thorns.

He next took the field in quality of a soldier. He was foremost in revenging the affronts of his country, and fixing his monarch on the throne; he was foremost in braving every danger, and in mounting every breach: with a few successes more, and a few limbs less, our shepherd would have equalled Cæsar himself; but soon envy began to pluck the hardened laurel from his brow. His conquests were attributed not to his superior skill, but the ignorance of his rivals: his patriotism was judged to proceed from avarice, and his fortitude from unfeeling assurance.

Again, therefore, the shepherd changes; and, in his own defence, retired to the cabinet from the

field. Here, become a thorough-bred minister of state, he copies out conventions, mends treaties, raises subsidies, levies, disposes, sells, buys, and loses his own peace in procuring the peace of Europe; he even, with the industry of a minister, adopts his vices, and becomes slow, timid, suspicious, and austere. Drunk with power, and involved in system, he sees, consults, and likes none but himself. He is no longer the simple shepherd, whose thoughts were all honest, and who spoke nothing but what he thought; he now is taught only to speak what he never intends to perform. His faults disgusted some, his few remaining virtues more; at length, however, his system fails, all his projects are blown up; what was the cause of misfortune, was attributed to corruption and ignorance; he is arraigned by the people, and scarcely escapes being condemned to suffer an ignominious death. Now, too late, he finds the folly of having attended to the voice of Avarice, or the call of Ambition; he flies back to his long-forsaken cottage, again assumes the rustic robe of innocence and simplicity; and, in the arms of his faithful Sylvia, passed the remainder of his life in innocence, happiness, and peace.

The DISTRESS of a Country PHYSICIAN.

I AM a physician, and as my case is very extraordinary, I mean to publish it for the benefit of the public. When a man lives, as I did, unmarried till he is sixty-one, he had better never marry at all. There are more ways by which a woman may torment her husband besides being jealous of him. To give you some idea of my situation, take the general outlines of my history: The earlier part of my life I spent at college in the study of physic, and, I don't know why, acquired the character of an odd learned fellow. When I arrived at the age of forty, a vacancy happened in the neighbourhood of my birth, I was invited by my uncle to take upon me the infirmities of all the folks within the circle of twenty miles. Before I set out, I ordered the college-barber to make me, what the wags called a Lion or a Pompey, literally nothing more than a good physical wig; under the shadow of which, by the assistance of a handsome cane, properly applied to the immoveable muscles of my face, and a few very significant shrugs and solemn nods, I soon acquired the reputation of an eminent physician. Fees came in apace; so that, in the course of twenty years, I had saved up more money than I really knew what to do with. Whether it was my learning, my person, or my money, I

can't say; but a lady of the neighbourhood took a vast liking to something belonging to me. I was not so blind but I saw the conquest; for she would often come and spend a week together with me: in short, I married her. I was past the years of discretion, and so I married her. O what a condescension! A lady of her family, rank, and fashion in life! As for age, indeed, she was but six years younger than myself; and for fortune, if she ever had any, she had spent it; and yet I was such a fool, as to be convinced, she was conferring the greatest obligation in the world upon me.

No sooner did she take upon her the management of my family, than adieu for ever to all order, peace, and comfort. She began with discharging poor Jonas, because he made so queer a figure in a long queue and white stockings, which she insisted upon his wearing, though the poor fellow could not but laugh at himself. The same day with Jonas, my old wig was discarded. It must be confessed it grew rather the worse for wear. From long acquaintance, it had contracted such a connection and familiarity, that it no longer kept that respectful distance from each side of my face, which had at first so much distinguished it. I had, however, still continued it in service, purely from this reflection, the older it grew the less occasion it had for combing. A new wig has been immediately put on the stocks, with a feather'd top and a forked tail; since the arrival of which I am never suffered to stir out, let the occasion be ever so pressing, before

fore it is combed and powdered. Our prig of a new footman is so long twitting, and turning, and tickling it up, that a score of patients have expired, and the fees have been lost, ere I was able to set out to receive them. My snuff-coloured suit had been reinstated every other year from a pattern that was left in the hands of an honest taylor on the neighbouring heath. He, poor fellow, was likewise forbid the house; because, according to my directions, he made my cloaths easy. A more fashionable operator was charged with preparing a new suit with gold button-holes. He made them to fit so exactly, that I dare not bring my hands to meet before me for fear of laying open my spinal bone.

My hat is not to be flapp'd any more, even tho' the sun shines full in my face.

I am no longer suffered to wash my face, according to custom; every morning at the pump in my back-yard, though nothing was more refreshing; nor any thing more handy than the towel, which revolved on a rowler at the back of the kitchen door.

On my return home the other day from visiting a patient, I found the maid had set my study to rights, as she called it; but the confusion which the regularity has occasioned is almost inconceivable. My toe-pin, my shoeing-horn, and tobacco-stopper, are lost for ever: my papers are disposed in such order, that I know not where to recur to any thing I want.

Two pair of old Manchester velvet breeches, which I left on the back of a chair, have disappeared; and instead of the easy flippers which I had made out of an old pair of shoes, by cutting the straps off, I found a new pair of red leather, adorned with white stitches round the edges, and made so neat, that I can't bear to walk in them.

My woollen night-cap is condemned, in company with my brown hose, to the vile purpose of rubbing the grates and fenders; and my wife insists that I wear one of linen, flounced on all sides, and adorned with a black ribband, which, tying together the aperture within an inch and a half of the top, carelessly flows down on the side. I took such a violent cold the first night, that it brought a defluxion of humours into my right eye, which very nearly deprived me of sight.

The stair-case and floors are all waxed; it saves the expence of mops, indeed; but I have such falls that I have almost dislocated every joint about me.

My neck is stretched out in such a manner, that I am apprehensive of having my throat cut with the pasteboard.

When I remonstrate on any of these articles, she stops my mouth by a kiss, and says—"My dear angel—we must have some little regard to appearances."

She is, as I told you, but six years younger than myself; yet she dresses, dances, and drives about, as if she was but five-and-twenty.

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This however, and much more, I could bear; I deserve it—I am contented she shall consume six-and-thirty yards more than my old maid Hester in the spinnings of her gown—she may play a shilling a fish at quadrille; she may do, aye, she may do what she pleases, let me have but my study to myself; let my night-cap and my slippers be restored, and I will submit to wear the new coat and the wig every Sunday.

P. S. I long to take poor Jonas again, he used always to ride before me, and, drunk or sober, he knew the shortest way all over the country. What signifies whether one's footman wears a wig or his own hair? 'Tis true he never blacked either my boots or his own.

An ESSAY on the ANIMAL WORLD. By
an eminent Hand.

WHEN we turn our eyes to that variety of beings endued with life, which share with us the globe we inhabit, we shall find that quadrupedes demand the foremost place. The similitude between the structure of their bodies and our own, those instincts which they seem to enjoy in a superior degree to the other classes that live in air or water, their constant services to man, or the unceasing enmity they bear him, all render them the
fore-

foremost objects of his curiosity, the most interesting part of animated nature.

In the first ages of the world it is probable, that all living creatures were nearer an equality than at present. Man, while yet savage himself, was but ill qualified to civilize the forest. While yet naked, unarmed, and without shelter, every wild beast was a formidable rival, and the destruction of such was the first employment of heroes. But when he began to multiply, and arts to accumulate, he soon cleared the plains of its brute inhabitants; he soon established an empire over all the orders of animated nature; a part was taken under his protection and care, while the rest found a precarious refuge in the burning desert of the howling wilderness.

The most obvious and simple division therefore of quadrupedes is into the domestic and savage; by domestic, I mean such as man has taken into friendship, or reduced to obedience; by the savage, those who still preserve their natural independence and ferocity; who either oppose force by force, or find safety in swiftness or cunning.

The savage animal preserves at once his liberty and instinct; but man seems to have changed the very nature of domestic animals by cultivation and care. A domestic animal is a slave, which has few other desires but those which man is willing to grant it. Humble, patient, resigned, and attentive, it fills up the duties assigned, ready for labour, and content with subsistence.

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But not only its native liberty, but its very figure, is changed by the arts and industry of man: what an immense variety in the ordinary race of dogs, or horses! what a difference between the large English mastiff and the small Spanish lapdog! yet the whole has been effected by the nature of the climate and food, seconded by the industry of men, in continuing the species without mixture.

As in external figure they bear evident marks of human cultivation, so there is also some difference in the internal structure of their bodies. The stomach of the domestic animal is not usually so large; for such receiving food at certain and expected intervals, and that, but by little at a time, this intestine seems to contract to its contents, and fits the animal for the life it is obliged to lead.

Thus we, in some measure, see nature under a continual restraint in those creatures we have taught to live about us; but it is otherwise when we come to examine the savage tenants of the forest or the wilderness; there every species preserves its characteristic form, and is strongly impressed with the instincts and appetites of nature. The more remote from the tyranny of mankind, the greater seems their sagacity: the beavers, in those distant solitudes where men have rarely passed, exert all the arts of architects and citizens; they build neater habitations than even the rational inhabitants of those countries can shew, and obey a more regular discipline than ever man could boast; but as soon as man intrudes upon their society, their
spirit

spirit of industry and wisdom ceases; they no longer exert their social arts, but become patient and dull, as if to fit them for a state of servitude.

But not only their industry, but their courage also is repressed by the vicinity of man: the lion of the deserts of Nubia, that has been only taught to measure his strength with weaker animals, and accustomed to conquer, is possessed of amazing courage; instead of avoiding man, as other animals are found to do, he attacks whole caravans crossing the desert, and, when overpowered, retires still facing the enemy. But the lion of Morocco, which is a more populous country, seems to acknowledge a superiority, and is even scared away by the cries of women and children.

Wherever man approaches, the savage beasts retire; and it is thought, not without some share of reason, that many species of animals had once birth which are now totally extinct. The elk, for instance, which we are certain was once a native of Europe, is now no longer, except in Canada: those monstrous bones of the mahmout, as the Siberians call an animal, which must have been at least four times as big as the elephant, which are dug up in that country, and which by no means belong to the whale, as has been falsely imagined, may serve to convince us, that there were once animals existing which have been totally extirpated. The histories of Aristotle and Pliny serve to confirm us in this opinion; for in them we find descriptions which have not their archetypes in the present state of nature.

It

It is in the forest therefore, and remote from man, that we must expect to find those varieties, instincts, and amazing instances of courage and cunning, which quadrupedes exert in a very high degree. Their various methods of procuring subsistence may well attract our admiration; and their peculiar conformation for the life in which they find greatest pleasure is not less surprizing. The rapacious animal is in every respect formed for war; yet the various kinds make their incursions in very different ways. The lion and tyger pursue their prey by the view alone, and for this purpose they have a most piercing sight; others hunt by scent, while some lie in wait and seize whatever comes near them, or they are able to overpower.

The teeth of carnivorous animals differ in every respect from those which feed upon vegetables. In the latter they seem entirely designed for gathering and comminuting their simple food; but in the rapacious kinds, for holding and tearing their prey. In the one, the teeth serve as grindstones; in the other, as weapons of offence. In both, however, the surfaces of the grinding teeth are unequal, with cavities and risings, which fit each other when the jaws are brought into contact. These inequalities serve the better to grind and comminute their food; but they grow smoother with age, which is the reason why old animals take a longer time to chew their food than those in the vigour of life.

The

The legs and feet of quadrupedes are admirably suited to the motion and exercises of each animal. In some they are made for strength only, and to support a vast unwieldy body, as in the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the sea-horse, whose feet in some measure resemble pillars. Deer, hares, and other creatures that are remarkable for swiftness, have theirs slender, yet nervous. The feet of some serve for swimming, as the otter and beaver; the toes of these animals are joined together with membranes like those of geese and ducks; which is a sufficient demonstration that they are designed to live in water as well as on land: though the toes of the fore feet of the beaver are not thus united, because they use them as hands. The feet of some are made for walking and digging, of which the mole is a remarkable instance; and others for walking and flying, as the bat. The legs of some are weak, and of others stiff and strong, that they may traverse the ice with less danger. The common goat, whose natural habitation is on the rocks and mountains, has legs of this kind, and the hoof is hollow underneath, with sharp edges, so that when become domestic, it will walk as securely on the top of a house as on level ground. Many are shod with rough and hard hoofs, of which some are whole, and others are cloven; some again have only a callous skin, and these are composed of toes which supply the place of hands, as in all of the monkey kind. Many have only short nails, for their more ready and safe running or walking; while

while others have sharp and strong talons, as the lion, and most ravenous beasts, to destroy their prey.

The heads of quadrupedes also differ greatly from each other; for in some they are square and large, suitable to their slow motion, food, and abode: in others slender and sharp, the better to fit them for turning up the earth, of which a hog is an instance. Some quadrupedes have long necks, and not very strong, serving chiefly to carry their mouths to the ground in order to feed; in others they are shorter, brawny, and strong, as in moles and hogs, thereby the better to turn up its surface; while, in general, the quadrupedes that feed upon grass are enabled to hold down their heads, by a strong tendinous ligament, that runs from the head to the middle of their back; by the help of which the head, though heavy, may be held down a long while, without any labour, pain, or uneasiness to the muscles of the neck.

The stomach is generally proportioned to the quality of the animal's food: those who live upon flesh, and such nourishing substances, have it small and glandular, affording such juices as are best adapted to digest and macerate its contents. On the contrary, ruminating animals, or such as chew the cud, who feed entirely upon vegetables, have four stomachs, all which serve as so many laboratories to prepare and turn their simple food into proper nutriment. In Africa, however, where the plants afford greater nourishment than in our temperate climate, several animals, which with us have

four, are there found to have but two. But in all, the difference in the manner of living seems to arise from the internal conformation; and each animal lives upon food more or less nourishing in proportion to the size of its intestines which are to digest it.

In general, whatever be the food, nature seems finely to have fitted the creature for procuring it, tho' never without a proper exertion of its strength or industry. Large animals of the forest, such as the elephant and lion, want swiftness, and a distinguishing scent for catching their prey, but have strength to overcome it; others, who want strength, such as the wolf and the fox, make it up by their cunning; and those to whom nature has denied both strength and speed, as the hound and the jackall, follow by the smell, and at last overtake their prey by perseverance. Thus each species seems only possessed of one talent in perfection, so that the power of destruction in one class may not be greater than the power to escape in another.

Few wild animals seek their prey in the daytime, but about night the whole forest echoes with a variety of different howlings: that of the lion resembles distant thunder; the tyger and leopard's notes are something more shrill, but yet more hideous; while the jackall, pursuing by his scent, barks somewhat like a dog, and hunts in a pack in the same manner. Nor is it uncommon for the strongest animals to follow where they hear this cry begun; and when the jackall has hunted down the prey,
to

to come in and monopolize the spoil. It is this which has given rise to the report of that little animal's being the lion's provider; but in fact, the jackall hunts for himself alone, and the lion is an unwelcome intruder upon the fruits of his industry.

This is a common method with larger animals, yet their most usual way is to hide and crouch near some path frequented by their prey, or some water where cattle come to drink, and, with a bound, seize them instantly. The lion is said to leap twenty feet at a spring; and, if we can credit father Tachard, the tyger goes still farther. However, notwithstanding this surprizing force, it would often happen that they might perish for want of food, had not nature endowed them with an amazing power of sustaining hunger for a long time; for as their subsistence is precarious, their appetites are complying. When once they have seized their prey, they devour it in the most voracious manner, often bones and all, and then retire to their retreats continuing inactive till the calls of hunger again excite their courage and industry. But as all their methods of pursuit are counteracted by their prey, with all the arts of evasion, in this manner they often continue to range without success, supporting a life of famine and fatigue for eight or ten days successively. Beasts of prey seldom devour each other; nor can any thing, but the greatest degree of hunger, induce them to it. But, in such extremities, and when hunger makes them less delicate, the weakest affords its antagonist a disa-

greeable repast. What they chiefly seek after is the deer, or the ox, those harmless creatures, which seem made to embellish nature; of which, when caught, they first suck the blood, and then devour the carcass. Between such there is cause of enmity; yet there are antipathies among the rapacious kinds, which render them enemies to each other, even though no ways instigated to it by hunger. The elephant and the tyger, the dog and the wolf, are mortal foes, and never meet without certain death to the weaker side.

When at Siam, says father Tachard, I had an opportunity of seeing a combat between three elephants and a tyger. The place of engagement was in a sort of railed amphitheatre, and the elephants were defended by a kind of armour which covered their heads, and a part of their trunk; but as if this were not sufficient, the tyger was also restrained by cords from making the first onset. When one of the elephants approached, he began the combat by giving his enemy three terrible blows with his trunk on the back, which stunned the other so much, that he continued for some time as if insensible; but the instant he was let loose, he flew at the elephant with a hideous howl, and attempted to seize him by the trunk; this the elephant artfully evaded then by wrinkling his trunk, and receiving his antagonist upon his armour, he in the most dexterous manner flung him up into the air. This served entirely to intimidate the tyger, who durst no longer face him, but made
many

many efforts to escape; now and then trying to fly up at the spectators, but the three elephants now beginning to press him, struck him such terrible blows, that they would soon have dispatched him, had not the signal been given for finishing the combat.

But to have a more distinct idea of the life of a beast of prey, let us turn to one among the number; the wolf, for instance, and view him in his native deserts; with the most insatiable appetite for animal food, nature seems to have granted him the most various means of satisfying it. Possessed of strength, agility, and cunning, he seems fitted for finding, overcoming, and devouring his prey; yet, for all this, the wolf often dies of hunger, for he is the declared enemy of man. Being thus proscribed, he is obliged to frequent the most solitary part of the forest, where his prey too often escapes him, either by swiftness or cunning, so that he is most frequently indebted to hazard alone for subsistence. He remains lurking whole days in those places where the lesser animals most frequently pass, till at last becoming desperate through want, and courageous through necessity, he ventures forth to attack such animals as have taken refuge under the protection of man; he therefore falls in among the fold, destroys all he meets, kills merely from a pleasure in slaughter; and, if this succeeds, he returns again, till being wounded, or frightened by dogs or men, he ventures out only by night, ranges the fields, and destroys whatever he has strength

to conquer. He has been often seen, when those fallies have proved unsuccessful, to return back to the woods and pursue the wild animals; not so much with the hope of overtaking them himself, as in expectation of their falling a prey to some other of his own species, with whom he may come in to divide the spoil. In short, when driven to the last extremity, he attacks even man himself, and grown quite furious, encounters inevitable destruction.

Such are the beasts of the forest, which are formed for a life of hostility; and, as we see, possessed of various methods to seize, conquer, and destroy. Nor are such as are their destined prey less sagacious in their efforts to escape destruction. Some find protection in holes, in which nature has directed them to bury themselves; others seek safety by their swiftness; and such as are possessed of neither of these advantages generally herd together, and endeavour to repel invasion with united force. The very sheep, which seems the most defenceless animal of all, will yet make resistance, the females falling into the center, and the males with their horns forming a ring round them. Some animals that feed upon fruits, which are to be only found at one time of the year, have the sagacity to provide against winter; thus the badger, the hedgehog, and mole, fill their holes with several sorts of plants, which enable them to lie concealed during the hard frosts of the winter, contented with their prison which affords them safety. These holes are constructed

structed with so much art, that the builders seem endowed with an instinct almost approaching reason. In general there are two apertures, one by which to escape, when an enemy is in possession of the other. The doublings of the hare, and the various tricks of the fox to escape the hounds, are not less surprizing. Many creatures, which herd together, place a centinel upon the watch to give notice of an approaching enemy, and take this duty by turns. These are the efforts of instinct for safety, and they are in general sufficient to repel the hostilities of instinct only, but no arts the wretched animal can use are sufficient to repress the invasions of man. Wherever he has spread his dominion, terror seems to follow; there is then no longer society among the inferior tenants of the plain; all their cunning ceases; all their industry is at an end; the whole is then only subsistence; and human art, instead of improving human sagacity, only bounds, contracts, and constrains it.

The wild animal is subject to few alterations, till he comes under the dominion of man. In their native solitudes they live still in the same manner; they are not seen to wander from climate to climate; the forest where they have been bred seems to bound and satisfy their desires, they seldom leave it, and when they do, it is only because it can no longer afford security. Nor is it their fellow-brutes, but man, they in such cases seem to avoid. From the former their apprehensions are less, because their means of escape are greater. In

their fellow-brutes they have an enemy to whom their powers are equal; they can oppose fraud to their force, and swiftness to their sagacity; but what can be done against such an enemy as man, who finds them out though unseen, and though remote destroys them.

We have observed, that among animals of the same kind there is little variety, except what is produced by the art of man; but we would have this observation extend only to animals of the same climate. As in the human species many alterations arise from the heat or cold, and other peculiarities of the region they inhabit, so among brute animals the climate marks them with its influence, and in a few successions they entirely conform to the nature of their situation. In general it may be remarked, that the colder the country the longer and warmer is the fur of each animal, to defend it from the inclemency of the season. Thus the fox and the wolf, which, in temperate climates, have but short hair, yet have it much longer in the frozen regions near the north pole. Those dogs, which with us have long hair, when carried into the hot tropical climates, in a few years cast their thick covering, and assume one more fitted to the place. The elephant and rhinoceros, which live in the hottest countries, have no hair at all; while the beaver and the ermine, which are found in great plenty in cold regions, are remarkable for the warmth and the fineness of their furs. There is one exception to this general rule in the quadrupedes

pedes of Syria, which, though an hot country, are remarkable for the length and fineness of their hair; the Syrian cat, sheep, and other animals, affording sufficient quantity to be manufactured into that stuff called camblet, so common over all Europe.

The quantity of food in any country, or its nutriment adapted to each peculiar species, serves also to make a variety in the size of the respective animal. Thus, the beasts which feed in the valley are much larger than those which glean a scanty subsistence on the mountains; such as live in those hot countries, where the plants are much larger and more succulent than with us, are equally remarkable for their bulk. If Africa has been remarked to a proverb, by antiquity, for its monstrous serpents, it is no less remarkable for its lions, its elephants, and leopards also. Their dispositions too seem to partake of the rigours of the climate; and, being bred in the extreme of heat or cold, they shew a peculiar ferocity that neither the force of man can conquer, nor his adulations allay.

The physical causes, which have rendered the men of those wretched climates barbarous and unsocial, seem to extend their influence even to brutes. For ever where the men are most savage, the brutes are most fierce, the reasoning powers on one hand being less, while the active powers on the other being greater, the forces on both sides seem almost levelled to an equality, and in those regions brutes and men seem to struggle for divided dominion.

nion. All the attempts which have hitherto been made to tame the savage animals brought home from the pole or the equator have proved ineffectual; while young, the lion, and even the leopard, are harmless and gentle; but they acquire all their natural ferocity with age; catch at the hand that feeds them, and as they grow up become more dangerous and more cruel. A person who shewed wild beasts about the country, some years ago, had confined a young mastiff and a wolf cub from Senegal in the same room. While young they played together, and seemed much delighted with each other's company; but as the wolf grew older he began to acquire new fierceness, and they often had slight quarrels about their food, which was given them together: it always began upon the wolf's side, who, though there was much more than both he and the mastiff could possibly consume, yet still kept the mastiff away, and watched over the remainder. This illmatched society therefore every day became more turbulent and bloody, till it ended in the death of the dog, whom the wolf caught in an unguarded moment, and tore in pieces.

Thus we find, that, even among carnivorous animals, there are different dispositions; some generous and valiant, others cruel and cowardly: some animals are rapacious, merely to satisfy their hunger; but the tyger, hyæna, and the panther destroy whatever they meet, slay without distinction, and are cruel without necessity.

What.

Whatever be the natural disposition of animals at other times, they all acquire new courage and fierceness in defence of their young; even the mildest, if wild, will then resist and threaten the invader; but such as have force, and subsist by rapine, are at such times terrible indeed. The lioness seems more hardy than even the lion himself; she attacks men and beasts indiscriminately, and, when she has overcome, carries them reeking to her young, whom she accustoms betimes to slaughter. We are told by some travellers, but with what truth I will not take upon me to determine, that the hunters who find her cubs and carry them off, have no other method to escape her pursuit but by dropping one at some distance from the den, which finding, she takes care to carry back before she attempts to rescue the rest, and so the hunter escapes with a part.

The first aliment of all quadrupedes is milk, which is a liquor at once both nourishing and easily digested; this being in carnivorous animals in much less quantity than others, the female often carries home her prey alive, that its blood may supply the deficiencies of nature in herself.

But their care in the protection of their young is not greater than their sagacity in chusing such months for bringing forth, as afford the greatest quantity of provision, suitable to the age and appetite of each peculiar kind. In general they couple at such times as that the female shall bring forth in the mildest seasons, such as the latter end
of

of spring, or the beginning of autumn. This provisional care in every species of quadrupedes, of bringing forth at the fittest seasons, may well excite human admiration; in man the business of procreation is not marked by seasons, but brutes seem to decline indeterminate copulation, as if conducted less by appetite than the future subsistence of their offspring.

Their choice of situations too may be remarked; for in most of the rapacious kind the female takes the utmost precautions to hide the place of her retreat from the male; who, when pressed with hunger, would be apt to devour her cubs. She seldom therefore strays far from the den, and never returns while the male is in view, nor visits him again till her young are out of danger, or capable of resistance. Such animals as are of tender constitutions take the utmost care to provide the warmest lodging for their young; those, on the contrary, that are hardy, and are found to subsist in northern climates, are not so cautious in this particular. The rapacious kinds bring forth in the thickest woods; the ruminant, with the various species of lesser creatures, chuse some hiding place in the neighbourhood of man; some chuse the hollow of a tree, and all the amphibious kinds bring up their young by the water, and accustom them betimes to either element.

The generation of animals has excited curiosity in all ages, and the philosophers of every age have undertaken to explain the difficulty: but each different

ferent hypothesis is embarrassed with unsurmountable objections, and only serves to shew that too minute a pursuit of nature leads to uncertainty; in such cases, every last opinion serves to overturn the preceding, while itself only waits to be overturned by some succeeding speculation more pleasing because more new. Happily for mankind, the most intricate enquiries are generally the most useless. Modest nature has concealed her secret operations from rash presumption; it may suffice man to be certain, that she always acts with uniformity and success. Though we cannot discover how animals are generated, we know that every species is still transmitted down without mixture, and that the same characteristic marks, which distinguished them in the times of Aristotle and Pliny, divide them to this day. Creatures of different kinds may be brought to produce between them indeed an animal partaking something of each yet different from either; but here the confusion ends; for this new being, this monster of nature, is incapable of continuing the breed, and is marked with perpetual sterility. Nor does this arise from the figure, for there is more difference between the mastiff and lap-dog, with respect to external shape, than between the horse and the ass, yet the animal produced between the two former is prolific, while the mule, which is begotten by the latter, continues unalterably barren.

But though nature has provided that every species of animals should be thus kept distinct, yet we have
many

many reasons to believe, as has been observed before, that she has not been so solicitous for the preservation of them all. We have already taken notice of the Mahmout, which is computed to have been at least four times as big as the elephant; and if so, might consequently require the produce of an immense tract for its subsistence. How so huge a body, therefore, could be supported upon earth, or if the bones once belonged to an inhabitant of the deep, how they came buried at such an immense distance as they are found from the sea, are questions that ignorance may ask, but sagacity never resolve; the use, and not the cause of things, is all allowed us here. It is sufficient for us, that every thing we see is good, and that all those good things have been granted for our enjoyment. A mind, willing to employ itself in vain conjectures, can never want subjects upon which to expatiate; thus, for instance, whether brutes have souls? whether they have reason? whether they have memory? or are only mere machines; these are topics that may employ the speculative, but that can never recompense the enquiry. They are questions concerning which we may form doubts, and ask questions, but can never have them resolved till brutes themselves find language to inform us, and farther enlighten our philosophy.

ESSAY on FLATTERY.

SIR,

I HAVE the vanity to think myself a proficient in the art of *tickling*: by tickling I mean, in plain English, *flattery*.—I here send you a sketch of my history, which, if you are inclined to be lazy, or——; in short, if you think proper, you are at liberty to publish: if you do not like it, you are at liberty to make it a present, either to the husband of Venus, or to the venerable goddess Cloacina.—

The first impressions, I have been told, are the deepest.—I find it true by experience—the impressions I received at three years old are not effaced at forty.—How the distant scene rises to my retrospective view! Not to be tedious—my nurse first taught me to flatter. The poor old woman never attempted to wash my face, or to comb my hair, without the soothing expression of, “There’s a dear—let me wash its *pretty* face—there’s a sweet “creature;” and numberless other endearing phrases to the like purpose.—When I grew a little older, I still perceived that I never was ordered to do any thing without a little bit of flattery tacked to the command.—My school-mistress bid me say, A by itself A, and always added, “There’s a good boy.”—My father, my mother, my relations, all addressed me in the same style.—My aged grandfather too,
how

how well I remember the hoary sage! whilst I was innocently asking him why he shook his head always, would often put his hand in his pockets and give me a penny, because I was a *brave boy*.—These praises, though they were only words of course, as I since learned, then gave me great pleasure; and I found myself always disposed to love the person that bestowed them on me.—I was artful—I thought I might rule others by the same means by which others ruled me—nor was I deceived by the sequel—however, I had not then many opportunities to try the experiment.

I had an aunt, whose ill fortune it was not to be able to get a husband; and therefore, as is usual, she was called an *old maid*, before time had made her an *old woman*.—Old maids seldom despair till they have arrived at their grand climacteric—hence we often see ladies of fifty in the garb of sixteen—My aunt was one of these.—It happened one day, while I was playing near her toilette, and she was repairing the depredations which nature had made in her face, by the help of art, that I, unmeaningly, it certainly must have been unmeaningly, cried out, "*Law, aunty, what a pretty nose you have got! your hand is whiter than mine.*"—I had no sooner uttered these words than she snatched me up in her arms, and almost stifled me with kisses.—Every day, after that lucky moment, she continued to shew me new marks of her affection; spoke well of me; was continually saying, that I made sensible remarks, much above
my

my years.—I was astonished at this alteration—she always before had looked on me with indifference and hatred—and indeed, few old maids, I have since observed, are remarkably fond of children—. However, as I did not want penetration, I soon discovered that it was my flattery which had gained her favour—and now it was that I resolved to make *flattery* the ruling principle of my conduct in future life.

When my father thought me of a proper age to go to school, he put me to one of those schools in which *youth are qualified* for—in short, every thing you can mention.—A school I should not call it—the refined ideas of the master looked upon this as too gross an appellation; and therefore, to prevent mistakes, he had inscribed over the portal of his mansion, in large golden letters, "*The Academy.*"—To return from the digression: at my academy I soon found that the art of *tickling* was not unknown to my teachers.—Whenever my cousin Tom, or my good aunt Deborah, came to see me, and to inquire, as the way is, how I went on, they were sure to hear, in the most extravagant terms, of all my good qualities.—The usher observed, that "Master Billy was the finest young youth that ever he set his eyes on."—My mistress chucked me under the chin, and said, "It has got a pretty face of its own, bless it." My master, patting me on the head, and looking earnestly at me, used to cry, "It really is surprizing—such a proficiency in so short a time! But nature has been partial—and

“to be sure, I take a great deal of pains with him, “that I do, and the child takes vastly to his book.” These and many other encomiums were given to me whenever my friends paid me a visit.—But, alas! after the vast ideas I had been taught to form of myself, my friends were no sooner gone, than lo! I sunk to the condition of another boy—notwithstanding my great talents, my beauty, and all the praises which had been lavished upon me, poor I underwent the correction of the rod, and was called dunce from morning till night.—I comforted myself as well as I could—nor indeed had I much reason to grieve, since my friends were pleased, though deceived, and I got half a crown, when otherwise I should have got but six pence, and perhaps only a kiss and a farewell.

My master’s flattery succeeded so well, that I was confirmed in the principle which I had been led into by my aunt, my nurse, &c. I therefore resolved to try my skill among my school-fellows.—I soon found my schemes succeed to admiration; but then I was obliged to use a great deal of address in conducting them.—My way was to discover their ruling passions and inclinations—I never commended the surly boy for his good-nature; but I commended him for that which he took pride in, his *gravity* and *austerity*.—I never praised the idle fellow for his diligence and learning; no: those he despised; but I praised him for his vivacity and gaiety.—In a word, I always *tickled* the place which was most *ticklish*.—Whereever I found
vanity

vanity, I fed her plenteously—the advantages I enjoyed by this conduct were innumerable.—Each individual looked upon me as his particular friend.—Indeed I had endeavoured by my flatteries to make him look upon me as such—consequently in all disputes, both parties readily consented to refer the points in controversy to my arbitration, each imagining I had a particular bias to himself.—Thus I enjoyed a superiority over all my fellows, which gratified my pride not a little.—I was beloved and caressed by all—no tales were told of me.—I must own that I learned a great deal of wisdom at school not from my book; there, to my shame be it spoken, I was a dunce.—My wisdom was not the wisdom of the speculative philosopher, but that of the worldly-wise man.

I always considered a school as the copy of the world.—All the vices and follies of the great original are there painted in miniature—though the picture is small, the characters are drawn to the life.—I was now at the eve of launching into the great ocean of the world; and I pleased myself with the thoughts of being possessed of a secret that would steer my little bark clear of every rock.—I had been told from my cradle that I should be a foldier.—Escaped from school, I thought the happy time was arrived at length—how transported was I with the thoughts of wearing a sword and a red coat!—But besides these, I had more substantial allurements—I thought the military profession would open to me the most ample field for the exer-

tion of that genius for adventure which I perceived within me.—In the midst of anticipated bliss, O grief of griefs! my father bound me apprentice to a tradesman in Cheapside.—After some time, however, I acquiesced in my condition—but how fallen was I! all the schemes which I had formed for the conduct of my life, and even my golden art of *tickling*, now seemed to vanish.—I had nothing now to do, I imagined, but plod behind the counter.—I found myself wrong in these reflexions—flattery was grown natural to me, and nature will not be entirely stifled.—Our customers consisted chiefly of females—this circumstance gave me some hope.—Downright flattery from one, in my station, I knew would favour too much of familiarity; I was therefore obliged to act with great circumspection.—While I was handing down a drawer or a box, I used to observe, in a faltering tone of voice, “That such a pattern or colour would be very pretty for a lady who wanted to set off a bad skin—but you, madam, are—How do you like this, madam?”—This never failed; the lady was *tickled*, turned towards the glass, adjusted her cap, stuck a pin, and bought the pattern on the strength of my recommendation. By such methods, I fixed fugitive customers, pleased constant ones, increased my master’s trade, and did no harm to any body.

Seven years passed away in this manner.—I forbear to relate every particular in my history during that space of time—suffice it to say, that the

old

old trick never failed.—Just after the expiration of my apprenticeship my aunt Deborah died, and left me a very pretty legacy, sufficient to set me up in trade—thanks to my divine art!—I had almost forgot to tell you, that she died an old maid, notwithstanding her *pretty nose* and *white hands*.

I took a shop and furnished it—one piece of furniture was still wanting, without which, as the saying is, one is never rightly settled—in truth, I wanted a wife; and a wife I was resolved to have.—In my amours, I must confess, that I offered up incense to the shrine of Plutus as well as that of Cupid.—After some time, I got scent of a good wealthy widow—she was somewhat advanced in life.—As for the lady's person, that was the least recommendation.—However, I perceived, after a very slight acquaintance with her, that she was one of those who did not give a most implicit credit to looking-glasses.—I knew how to proceed accordingly—I swore that her eyes were irresistible—that her cheeks were more blooming than the rose.—I swore—but to avoid prolixity, after a short courtship, I won the lady and ten thousand pounds.—I lived happily in my new state—but cruel fate denies a long continuance of bliss—my wife died—peace to her shade! I am married again, and to this day enjoy the company of my dear partner. I won my present deary's heart by praising her eyes—the conquest cost me my sincerity—but let that be a secret.

I pass over a million of adventures in which I exerted my adulatory talent with success; to hasten

to the last, and to me the most interesting: in the course of my trade, I scraped an acquaintance with an old square-toes, who was one of those rich men, who accumulate immense sums, nobody knows how.—I resolved to sound the breast of this new friend—there was no need of searching deep to discover that avarice had long swallowed up every other vice, passion, and appetite.—This discovery gave me my cue—I raked up all the remarks which I had heard, in sermons and in conversations with my brother-tradesmen, on the subject of frugality and temperance—on these I declaimed on every occasion—I talked of the exorbitant price of every necessary of life, and complained of the luxury and extravagance of the age.—One day, as I was running on at this rate he got up from his chair, and with a vehemence not common to men of that frigid disposition which it is necessary to have, in order to be a miser, slapped me on the shoulders, and swore, “I was the honestest, prudentest, sensiblest fellow he ever met with.”—In a few weeks the old huncks died, and bequeathed his fortune to me.

Thus, Sir, I have acquired an ample fortune—thus I have passed my life free from those animosities which an envious and contentious disposition never fails to foment—thus I have gained the love and esteem of all I knew.—My art of *tickling* has made *me* happy, and, I flatter myself, it has made *others* so.—I have increased the happiness of all who have fallen within the circle of my acquaintance,
by

by gratifying their vanity.—Whereever I was able, I have thrown an ingredient into the bitter cup of life, which never fails to sweeten it, namely, *self-applause*.—Yet, I confess, I have often done this at the expence of truth—I confess—confession is a sign of repentance, and repentance claims forgiveness.—Being now above dependance, to expiate my crime, I have taken the resolution to give the tribute of praise only where it is due.—As a specimen of the justness of my commendations, I assure you, that I entirely approve of your design, and that none wishes success to it more ardently than

Your humble servant,

TICKLER.

The FOLLY of SELF-TORMENTING.]

MR. Addison says, that when people complain of weariness or indisposition in good company, they should immediately be presented with a night-cap, as a hint that it would be best for them to retire. I own, I am one of those that have no idea of carrying either my cares or my infirmities out of my own habitation, except in such instances as I am sensible they can receive relief or mitigation.—Why should I unnecessarily wound the good-nature of my friend, or make myself contemptible to my enemies?—if the communication of grievances

really interrupts the satisfaction of those amongst whom I am cast, I have hurt them without benefiting myself; and, on the contrary, if they only dissemble with me, it is a species of ridicule which my mind is not calculated to sustain—but you will allow me to observe, that I confine myself on this occasion to the valetudinarian, and the magnifier of trifles into calamities—for to deny the severely attacked, whether mentally or corporally, the relief of complaining, would be to strike at the root of humanity, and forfeit the characteristics of our nature.

To come, however, more immediately to the point, I must tell you, that I have perhaps the most curious set of relations you ever heard of.—My mother, poor woman, her affections are sanctified by their poignancy and sincerity—the loss of the man she loved, and a consequential decay of constitution—but then I have an aunt that is evermore upon the rack of her own imagination; not a change of weather, or a change of situation, that does not produce some present or prospective agony. If the day is fine, her corns inform her, that we shall have rain to-morrow—if the sun is tolerably powerful she expires with heat, or if temperate she anticipates the inconveniences of approaching winter—if she perceives a cloud, she is for running into an obscure corner to preserve her eyes from lightning—and when she beholds a clear horizon, trembles for the consequences of a drought. Not a melancholy intimation is dropped in her hearing,
but

but she instantly recollects a thousand dreadful disasters she has either experienced or escaped; and when she is told of any extraordinary piece of good-fortune's reaching people unexpectedly, she repines at the ungraciousness of her stars, that withholds every such blessing from falling to her share.

A brother of this lady's, consequently an uncle of mine, who had met with a cruel disappointment in love, at a very early period of his life, was so morose as to insist upon it, that women were universally unworthy, and universally unfaithful—tell a story to their advantage, and he was petulant; mention them with severity, and you apparently tear open his old wounds—if he was treated respectfully by them, they were deceitful, and if they behaved coolly, he complained of being despised—when the younger part of his relations were disposed to be merry, his head ached, and when they were serious, they treated him as if he was a bugbear—when he was consulted what he would chuse for dinner, he was teased, and when unconsulted he was neglected.—But to sum up all—after years of assiduity and attention, on the part of all his relations, excepting your humble servant, whose independent spirit frequently incited him to raillery, he died and left me every shilling of his fortune as a reward for my sincerity.

A young fellow, who stands in the relationship of cousin-german to me, is what may justly be intitled a constitutional self-tormentor—for he was so from his infancy. When a school-boy, what-
ever

ever was in another's possession, was always considered by him as much better than his own—his top never spun so well, nor his marbles rolled so dexterously as those of his companions—his task was always harder than any body's else, and his repetition of it listened to with prejudiced ears by our master.

On entering into life, this strange humour increased upon him; he conceived every dinner he was not a partaker of much more excellent than the one he participated.—Every taylor, if he changed a dozen times in a month, was smarter than those he employed, and every estate he heard of happier situated, and better improved than his own, though the rents were absolutely inferior to what he was in the receipt of. He attached himself to a fine accomplished girl, but soon found out that her sister was much more charming. The sister had a young friend, who had as much the advantage of her, and that friend a relation that surpassed them all.—His strange humour and inconsistency soon marked him for an object of contempt; and however, out of respect to his family, he is to this day received in some few houses, he is tolerated not approved, pitied not honoured, notwithstanding his birth, education, and estate.

I have a sister, which is the last oddity I introduce to you at this period, that is evermore labouring under some imaginary disease.—She sits down to table without an appetite, it is true—but then she has been eating all the morning—her complexion
is

is extremely fine—but the bloom of nature is called a hectic—her voice, that is naturally sweet, is changed into an affective whine, and her nerves are so delicate, that one of my honest laughs is sufficient to throw her into hysterics.—I have taken great pains to convince her of her folly; but if I attempt to rally she bursts into tears, and I am hurried out of the room as the greatest of all barbarians. I make daily resolutions to renounce all connexion with so ridiculous a groupe of wretches; my resolutions, nevertheless, barbarian as I am, are dissolved by their applications to return to them, though the infallible consequence of our re-union is an abrupt separation.

Is it not astonishing, Sir, that people in no degree deficient in understanding, and blessed with affluence, should be such enemies to their repose, that instead of attending to the distresses of others, which they have the power so amply to relieve, they thus defeat all the gracious purposes of Providence, where their own happiness is concerned, and neglect all the opportunities of doing good that lie before them?

Your humble servant,

GEORGE GOOD-FELLOW.

A LETTER from a PHYSICIAN on the EFFECTS
of IMAGINATION in pregnant Women.

MADAM,

YOU remember how much I astonished you, the other day, by calling in question the wonderful effects of the imagination in pregnant women. You told me, you had not supposed, till then, there was a man living, who doubted so notorious a fact. You thought it had never been denied, that a fright, a longing, and various other passions of the mother, would affect the embryo in such a manner as to produce a deformity, or preternatural appearance, in some one part of its body. At the same time you declared, how happy it would make you, and many other women, could I explode this prejudice, if it were a prejudice, for that you was almost afraid to stir abroad, lest some strange object should injure your offspring; and, in short, that the whole term of your pregnancy was, on this account, a state of uneasiness and apprehension. In order, therefore, to remove this anxiety, I shall endeavour to demonstrate, that, notwithstanding the almost universality of the opinion, it is one of the superstitions of antient times, and has no better authority for its support than prescription.

The histories of monstrous births, where the imperfection or deformity is ascribed to some affection of the mother, are numberless; and indeed

so

so authenticated, that an advocate for the power of imagination will triumphantly tell you, Facts are stubborn things, and that all reasoning is sophistry when opposed to facts: but the answer to this kind of argument is, that experience shews it is difficult to ascertain a fact; and that, when we coolly and carefully examine the truth of reputed facts, they are often discovered to have been advanced through hastiness and credulity, and to have been perpetuated through ignorance and servility.—It is entirely owing to the fashion of scrutinizing into facts, that the arts and sciences have made a greater progress within these last two centuries than they had done within the last two thousand years. Upon this principle, therefore, I shall enquire into the credibility of those histories; and, if I can demonstrate, that they are incredible, you will then grant that these boasted facts are either innocent delusions, or downright impostures.

The productions of nature, in the several classes both of living and inanimate things, are not all equally perfect: we see in birds, beasts, and plants, every now and then, an irregular or preternatural formation; but when the accident happens to the human species, an opinion has been adopted, that a fright, or some other affection of the mother, in the course of her pregnancy, has wrought the change. They mean, if they mean any thing, that at the instant the mother received the impression the child was of the natural form, but, by the power of her imagination, the structure of the parts was that moment

ment altered, and assumed the appearance, either suddenly or gradually, with which the child was born. They must conceive, that the infant who is born with a large discoloration on any part of its skin, had, before the discoloration took place, a fair skin: that the child who is born with six toes, had originally but five; and again, that the child who is born with one leg, or one arm, had originally two; and so of every other preternatural appearance, whether it be an increase or defect of the parts of the body.

Now, Madam, to shorten my letter as much as possible, I shall single out a case from the many narratives published in favour of that opinion; and, by exposing the absurdity of this one example, you will infer, that all the other wonderful stories of the same kind are equally absurd. It has been alledged, that a lady advanced five or six months in her pregnancy, has been so terrified by a beggar's thrusting suddenly the stump of an amputated arm into her coach, that the child, of which she was afterwards brought to bed, was born with a stump of an arm, resembling that of the beggar.

Be so good to pause here a while, and consider what an operation must be performed to work this effect. A child at the term of five or six months is of a considerable bulk, and the arm itself not small. This arm must drop off by the power of imagination; there must be no blood lost to endanger the life of the child; and the wound must be healed before the birth. Does not the mere stating this proposition

position expose its ridiculousness? I am almost ashamed to urge any other reasons to demonstrate the folly of it; but shall observe, for argument's sake, that, admitting a limb could drop off by the force of fancy, it still would remain with the mother till the delivery; the bones, at least, would not putrefy and waste away, though the flesh should: but it was never pretended, in cases of this nature, that any part of the limb was found by the midwife; and, what is also worthy of observing, the stumps of all such imperfect limbs have a smooth skin, which plainly evinces they were, from their first formation, of the same figure; for had there been a wound there would have been a scar, and scars are very distinguishable from sound skin.

Perhaps you will reply, that, in the instance I have quoted, they committed a mistake who ascribed such an event to such a cause; but that, probably, though the power of imagination cannot work on the large limbs such great effects, still it may on the lesser. In answer to this supposition, I must inform you, that the histories of this kind stand upon the same foundation, and are equally well attested with any of the others which may appear less marvellous; and if the evidence of the one be given up, the evidence for the rest will fall to the ground. Besides, Madam, a philosopher will instruct you, that what seems in your eyes little and simple, is as wonderful in its organization as things of a larger scale: that, to add a sixth finger, or a sixth toe, to a child, is as great an instan-

ce of a miraculous power, as to add two or three legs, or two or three arms: therefore you may be assured, all the metamorphoses said to be wrought during pregnancy, are equally practicable, and equally true.

I believe there is no defect more frequent than that of the hare lip; and it seldom happens that a woman who has a child with that deformity, does not endeavour to recollect she either longed for hare, or was frightened by a hare, or saw somebody with a hare-lip, no matter which. A woman, already prepossessed there must have been some such cause, is not long at a loss; her memory, or her prejudice, soon furnishes her with a fact, and the instance of this child is added to the long catalogue of forgeries and false facts.

Discolorations, or spots on the skin, another very common appearance, are fondly resembled, by some people, to certain fruits. I do not mean to enter particularly into the consideration of this article; and should not have mentioned it, but to expose the great propensity there is in the world, to uphold one piece of superstition by another. You have heard, how much it is believed, that these spots grow vivid, as the respective fruits they are said to resemble ripen; and afterwards fade away during the winter season: now, though the assertion be false, and the fallshood very palpable, yet credulity has hitherto prevailed over truth, at least amongst the vulgar.

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The preternatural configuration of the parts of the body is a much more frequent phenomenon than the generality of mankind imagine: the deviations on the external parts only are the objects of their contemplation; but anatomists know, that the internal parts are likewise subject to the same disorders. To take one example out of a hundred: it has been observed in the dissection of a body, that instead of two kidneys nature has only bestowed one, which she has enlarged and placed upon the middle of the back-bone. In this instance, where the variation was imperceptible, till the death of the subject, I will be bold to say, that the mother never suggested any frights or longings as the cause of that effect; and yet the case was as extraordinary as where that plea is advanced. Again, it happens that these preternatural productions occur equally amongst all ranks of people, and in every part of the world, as much amongst those who have never pretended to assign a cause, as amongst the credulous, who never want one. If then we grant it to be sometimes an event of nature, why should we doubt that it is not always so? Do we not smile, when Sir Roger de Coverly seriously tells the spectators, that he does not believe Moll White had any hand in the high wind which blew down one end of his barn? Storms, we know, are events that must and do arise in the ordinary course of nature; and therefore we laugh when weak people suppose they are sometimes raised by witches and conjurers. Give me leave to say, that it is equally unphiloso-

phical to admit, that irregularities in the formation of a child, are sometimes events in the ordinary course of nature, and at other times are brought about by a cause so very disproportionate to the effect: I may justly say disproportionate, since a knife and a saw, or a hammer and chissel, seem requisite for the operation, in some of the instances I have alluded to.

I have before hinted, that not only in the animal, but in the vegetable world, there is a variety of preternatural productions; which circumstance alone should teach us, that whatever be the appearance, that appearance took its rise in the very moment of its formation; since it cannot be presumed, that plants are actuated by any perception or fancy as women are said to be: but lest you should tell me, this is an unfair parallel, and that you do not understand the analogy betwixt vegetables and animals, I shall beg leave to illustrate what I have laid down by another consideration.

Those who have been attentive to their poultry, will inform you, that chickens are as liable to a preternatural structure of their organs as children: this proposition being granted, let us proceed a little farther into the enquiry. The egg, in order to be hatched, is placed under the hen, the heat of whose body gives motion to the fluids which nourish the chick, till it becomes sufficiently strong to break the shell, when it is produced with a claw extraordinary, or any preternatural appearance, to which chickens are liable. Now, in this case, the
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extraordinary claw, if we take this instance for our argument, must either have been formed in the moment of conception, or been added at some period afterwards, when we suppose the hen to have been under the influence of some powerful imagination. Which supposition then do you admit? If you grant that the chick was originally framed in this shape, it follows, from the rules of analogy, that all preternatural births have the same cause; if it was not, the fancy of the hen must have operated through the shell to work the effect. I flatter myself, however, that, prone as we are to delight and believe in the marvellous, this is too marvellous and absurd a notion to gain much credit from a woman of your good sense. But, Madam, an anatomist will tell you, that, considering the nature of the communication betwixt the mother and the embryo, it seems equally incomprehensible to him, that an embryo should receive an impression from the fancy of the mother, through such a labyrinth of vessels, as that a chick should through the pores of the egg-shell.

If after what I have here said upon the subject of the hen and the egg, you have still a secret persuasion, that the hen may, in some wonderful manner, you don't know how, whilst she is sitting, affect the chick in the egg, so as to alter its frame, know, for a certainty, that eggs hatched in dung-hills, stoves, and ovens, produce as many monstrous births as those which are hatched by hens; which, I should imagine, proves irrefragably, that

the chick is produced in the very shape in which it was formed.

I hope, from the light in which I have placed this popular piece of superstition, you are now convinced it has not the least foundation in truth. It is not more than a century since some men of learning gave credit to the efficacy of sympathetic medicines; they believed that sympathetic medicines, like other charms, communicated their virtues to patients at a distance. Learning and good sense have at length utterly banished this visionary conceit; and I do not doubt but, in another century, the prejudice I have been here combating will meet with the same contempt. Men of letters do even now embrace the doctrine I inculcate; and it is to be hoped, that in a short time it will be the opinion of the common people.

I am, Madam, &c.

Of the AUGUSTAN AGE in ENGLAND.

THE history of the rise of language and learning is calculated to gratify curiosity, rather than to satisfy the understanding. An account of that period only, when language and learning arrived at its highest perfection, is the most conducive to real improvement, since it at once raises emulation, and directs to the proper objects. The age of Leo X. in Italy is confessed to be the Augustan age with them.

them. The French writers seem agreed to give the same appellation to that of Lewis XIV. but the English are yet undetermined with respect to themselves.

Some have looked upon the writers in the times of queen Elizabeth as the true standard for future imitation; others have descended to the reign of James I. and others still lower, to that of Charles II. Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject, I should readily give my vote for the reign of queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius, and, as before, our writers, charmed with their strength of thinking, knew that then they were sure to please with their strength and grace united. In that period of British glory, though no writer attracts our attention singly, yet, like stars lost in each others brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived, that their minutest transactions will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness than the most important occurrences of even empires, which have been transacted in greater obscurity.

At that period there seemed to be a just balance between patronage and the press: before it, men were little esteemed, whose only merit was genius; and since, men who can prudently be content to catch the public, are certain of living without dependence. But the writers of the period of which I am speaking were sufficiently esteemed by the great, and not rewarded enough by booksellers to

set them above independence. Fame consequently then was the truest road to happiness: a sedulous attention to the mechanical business of the day makes the present never failing resource.

The age of Charles II. which our countrymen term the age of wit and immortality, produced some writers that at once served to improve our language and corrupt our hearts. The king himself had a large share of knowledge, and some wit; and his courtiers were generally men who had been bred up in the school of affliction and experience. For this reason, when the sun-shine of their fortune returned, they gave too great a loose to pleasure, and language was by them cultivated only as a mode of elegance; hence it became more enervated, and was dashed with quaintnesses which gave the public writings of those times a very illiberal air.

L'Estrange, who was by no means so bad a writer as some have represented him, was sunk in party faction; and having generally the worst side of the argument, often had recourse to scolding, pertness, and, consequently, a vulgarity that discovers itself even in his more liberal compositions. He was the first writer who regularly enlisted himself under the banners of a party for pay, and fought for it, through right and wrong, for upwards of forty literary campaigns. This intrepidity gained him the esteem of Cromwell himself; and the papers he wrote, even just before the Revolution, almost with the rope about his neck, have his usual characters of impudence and perseverance.

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That he was a standard-writer cannot be disowned, because a great many very eminent authors formed their stile by his. But his standard was far from being a just one; though, when party considerations are set aside, he certainly was possessed of elegance, ease, and perspicuity.

Dryden, though a great and undisputed genius, had the same cast as L'Estrange. Even his plays discover him to be a party-man, and the same principle infects his stile in subjects of the lightest nature; but the English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addisons, who succeeded him; and had it not been for Dryden, we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. But Dryden's excellencies, as a writer, were not confined to poetry alone. There is in his prose writings an ease and elegance that have never yet been so well united in works of taste or criticism.

The English language owes very little to Otway, though, next to Shakespeare, the greatest genius England ever produced in tragedy. His excellencies lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion just as it rises from the soul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no critical knowledge, and to have lived in great distress. When he died, which he did in an obscure house

near the Minories, he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which it seems he had sold for a trifle to Bentley the bookseller. I have seen an advertisement at the end of one of L'Esrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop. What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost, by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in!

Lee had a great command of language, and vast force of expression, both which the best of our succeeding dramatic poets thought proper to take for their models. Rowe in particular seems to have caught that manner, though in all other respects inferior. The other poets of that reign contributed but little towards improving the English tongue, and it is not certain whether they did not injure rather than improve it. Immorality has its cant as well as party; and many shocking expressions now crept into the language, and became the transient fashion of the day. The upper galleries, by the prevalence of party-spirit, were courted with great assiduity, and a horselaugh, following ribaldry, was the highest instance of applause; the chastity as well as energy of diction being overlooked or neglected.

Virtuous sentiment was recovered, but energy of style never was. This, though disregarded in plays and party-writings, still prevailed amongst men of character and business. The dispatches of Sir Richard Fanshawe, Sir William Godolphin, Lord Arlington, and many other ministers of state, are
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all of them, with respect to diction, manly, bold, and nervous. Sir William Temple, though a man of no learning, had great knowledge and experience. He wrote always like a man of sense and a gentleman, and his style is the model by which the best prose-writers, in the reign of queen Anne, formed theirs. The beauties of Mr. Locke's style, though not so much celebrated, are as striking as that of his understanding. He never says more nor less than he ought, and never makes use of a word that he could have changed for a better. The same observation holds good of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

Mr. Locke was a philosopher; his antagonist Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, was a man of learning, and therefore the contest between them was unequal. The clearness of Mr. Locke's head renders his language perspicuous, the learning of Stillingfleet's clouds his. This is an instance of the superiority of good sense over learning, towards the improvement of every language.

There is nothing peculiar to the language of archbishop Tillotson, but his manner of writing is inimitable; for one who reads him wonders why he himself did not think and speak in that very manner. The turn of his periods is agreeable, though artless, and every thing he says seems to flow spontaneously from inward conviction. Barrow, though greatly his superior in learning, falls short of him in other respects.

The time seems to be at hand when justice will be done to Mr. Cowley's prose as well as poetical writings:

writings: and though his friend Dr. Sprat, bishop of Rochester, in his diction falls far short of the abilities for which he has been celebrated, yet there is sometimes an happy flow in his periods, and something that looks like eloquence. The stile of his successor Atterbury has been much commended by his friends, which always happens when a man distinguishes himself in party; but there is nothing extraordinary in it. Even the speech which he made for himself at the bar of the house of lords, before he was sent into exile, is void of eloquence, though it has been cried up by his friends to such a degree, that his enemies have suffered it to pass uncensured.

The philosophical manner of lord Shaftesbury's writing is nearer to that of Cicero than any English author has yet arrived at; but perhaps, had Cicero wrote in English, his composition would have greatly exceeded that of our countryman. The diction of the latter is beautiful; but such beauty as, upon nearer inspection, carries with it evident symptoms of affectation. This has been attended with very disagreeable consequences. Nothing is so easy to copy as affectation, and his lordship's rank and fame have procured him more imitators in Britain than any writer I know; all faithfully preserving his blemishes, but unhappily not one of his beauties.

Mr. Trenchard and Dr. Davenant were political writers of great abilities in diction, and their pamphlets are now standards in that way of writing. They were followed by Dean Swift, who, though
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in other respects far their superior, never could arise to that manliness and clearness of diction in political writings, for which they were so justly famous.

They were all of them exceeded by the late lord Bolingbroke, whose strength lay in that province; for, as a philosopher and a critic, he was ill qualified; being destitute of virtue for the one, and of learning for the other. His writings against Sir Robert Walpole are incomparably the best part of his works. The personal and perpetual antipathy he had for that family, to whose places he thought his own abilities had a right, gave a glow to his stile, and an edge to his manner, that never has yet been equalled in political writing. His misfortunes and disappointments gave his mind a turn which his friends mistook for philosophy, and at one time of his life he had the art to impose the same belief upon some of his enemies. His idea of a patriot king, which I reckon, as indeed it was, amongst his writings against Sir Robert Walpole, is a master-piece of diction. Even in his other works his stile is excellent; but where a man either does not or will not understand the subject he writes on, there must always be a deficiency. In politics he was generally master of what he undertook; in morals, never.

Mr. Addison, for a happy and natural stile, will be always an honour to British literature. His diction indeed wants strength, but it is equal to all the subjects he undertakes to handle, as he never,
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at least in his finished works, attempts any thing either in the argumentative or demonstrative way.

Though Sir Richard Steele's reputation, as a public writer, was owing to his connections with Mr. Addison, yet, after their intimacy was formed, Steele sunk in his merit as an author. This was not owing so much to the evident superiority on the part of Addison, as to the unnatural efforts which Steele made to equal or eclipse him. This emulation destroyed that genuine flow of diction which is discoverable in all his former compositions.

Whilst their writings engaged attention, and the favour of the public, reiterated but unsuccessful endeavours were made towards forming a grammar of the English language. The authors of those efforts went upon wrong principles; instead of endeavouring to retrench the absurdities of our language, and bringing it to a certain criterion, their grammars were no other than a collection of rules attempting to naturalize those absurdities, and bring them under a regular system.

Somewhat effectual, however, might have been done towards fixing the standard of the English language, had it not been for the spirit of party. For both whigs and tories being ambitious to stand at the head of so great a design, the queen's death happened before any plan of an academy could be resolved on.

Mean while the necessity of such an institution became every day more apparent. The periodical
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and political writers, which then swarmed, adopted the very worst manner of L'Estrange, till not only all decency, but all propriety of language was lost in the nation. Lessly, a pert writer, with some wit and learning, insulted the government every week with the grossest abuse. His stile and manner, both of which were illiberal, was imitated by Ridpath, De Foe, Dunton, and others of the opposite party; and Toland pleaded the cause of atheism and immorality in much the same strain; his subject seemed to debase his diction, and he ever failed most in one, when he grew most licentious in the other.

Towards the end of queen Anne's reign, some of the greatest men in England devoted all their time to party, and then a much better manner obtained in political writing. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Addison, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Steele, and many members of both houses of parliament, drew their pens for the whigs; but they seem to have been over-matched, though not in argument, yet in writing, by Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the other friends of the opposite party. They who oppose a ministry have always a better field for ridicule and reproof than they who defend it.

Since that period our writers have either been encouraged above their merits or below them. Some, who were possessed of the meanest abilities, acquired the highest preferments; while others, who seemed born to reflect a lustre upon their age, perished by want and neglect. Moore, Savage, and
Amherst,

Amherst, were possessed of great abilities, yet they were suffered to feel all the miseries that usually attend the ingenious and the imprudent, that attend men of strong passions, and no phlegmatic reserve in their command.

At present, were a man to attempt to improve his fortune, or increase his friendship, by poetry, he would soon feel the anxiety of disappointment. The press lies open, and is a benefactor to every sort of literature but that alone.

I am at a loss whether to ascribe this falling off of the public to a vicious taste in the poet, or in them; perhaps both are to be reprehended. The poet, either drily didactic, gives us rules which might appear abstruse even in a system of ethics; or, triflingly volatile, writes upon the most unworthy subjects. Content, if he can give music instead of sense; content, if he can paint to the imagination, without any desires or endeavours to affect; the public therefore with justice discards such empty sound, which has nothing but jingle, or, what is worse, the unmusical flow of blank verse, to recommend it. The late method also that our news-papers have fallen into, of giving an epitome of every new publication, must greatly damp the writer's genius. He finds himself, in this case, at the mercy of men who have neither abilities nor learning to distinguish his merit. He finds his own compositions mixed with the sordid trash of every daily scribbler. There is a sufficient specimen given of his work to abate curiosity, and yet so mutilated

ed as to render him contemptible. His first, and perhaps his second work, by this means sinks, among the crudities of the age, into oblivion. Fame, he finds, begins to turn her back; he therefore flies to profit, which invites him, and he inrolls himself in the lists of dulness and of avarice, for life.

Yet there are still among us men of the greatest abilities, and who, in some parts of learning, have surpassed their predecessors. Justice and friendship might here impel me to speak of names which will shine out to all posterity; but prudence restrains me from what I should otherwise eagerly embrace. Envy might rise against every honoured name I should mention, since scarce one of them has not those who are his enemies, or those who despise him, &c.

ACCOUNT of a CANVASS for a LECTURESHIP,
in a LETTER to a BISHOP.

YOUR Lordship, I believe, may remember the time when my poor uncle died, which obliged me to quit the university, and seek my fortune in town, where I had not been above three weeks before I strolled one Sunday afternoon into a church in the city, and after service heard the clerk, by order of the vestry, declare the lectureship of the parish vacant, and invite the clergy, however dignified or distinguished, to be candidates for it, and to give
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in their names by the ensuing Sunday. No sooner did I hear this *church serjeant* thus beating up for recruits, than I immediately resolved to inlist; and accordingly the next day waited on the worshipful Stentor above-mentioned, who took down my name and place of abode: on my desiring him at the same time to acquaint me with the best method of proceeding, which I was an utter stranger to, he advised me as a friend, to apply as speedily as possible to Mr.—, a cheesemonger in —lane, who was then first churchwarden, a leading man in the vestry, and a person, he assured me, on whom the election would in a great measure depend. I took honest Amen's advice, and by nine the next morning, not I must own without some reluctance, dressed myself as well as I could, and waited on Mr. Churchwarden. As soon as he saw me enter the shop in my canonicals, for I had hired an excellent new gown and cassock behind St. Clement's on the occasion, he made me a very low bow, gave me the title of doctor, and imagining, no doubt, that I was come to bespeak cheeses for the country, begged to know my honour's commands; to which I replied in an humble tone, and looking extremely disconcerted, that I came to wait on him on account of the lectureship of the parish, and begged the favour of his vote and interest, &c. Your Lordship, I am sure, would have smiled to see the sudden alteration of his features and behaviour: he dropped all the tradesman's obsequiousness, and in a moment assumed the magisterial air

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and dignity of a churchwarden; turned aside to a woman who was just then asking for a pound of Cheshire, and without addressing himself to me, cried out, "This is the fourth parson I have had with me to-day on the same errand:" then, staring me full in the face; "Well, young man, says he, you intend to be a candidate for this same lecture: you are all to mount the rostrum, I suppose, and merit will carry it: for my part I promise nobody; but remember I tell you beforehand I am for voice and action, so mind your hits." When he had said this, he immediately turned upon his heel, and went into the counting-house. I took my leave in an awkward manner, as you may suppose, being not a little shagrin'd at his insolence; and as I went out of the shop, overheard his lady observing from behind the counter, that I was a pretty sprig of divinity, but looked a little sheepish, and had not half the courage of the gentleman that had been recommended to her husband by Mr. Squintum.

The instant I quitted the sign of the Cheshire-cheese, I laid aside all thoughts of further solicitation, and resolv'd to return to college, and live on making fellow-commoners exercises, rather than subject myself any more to such mortifying indignities. Good God! thought I to myself, is this the fruit of my studies, this the reward of all my toil and labour in the university? to have the important point whether I shall eat or starve, at last determin'd by a cheesemonger, who declares for voice and action!

In spite, not withstanding, of this resolution, for resolutions, your Lordship knows, are much easier made than kept, I was obliged in less than six months, having during that time taken it into my head to fall in love and marry, to repair once more to the great city, and put into the ecclesiastical lottery; where by the bye, as in most other lotteries, you buy so dear, meet with so few prizes, and run so much hazard, that none but desperado's ought to venture in them: there, my Lord, I renewed my solicitations, and experienced all the miseries and misfortunes, all the insults and indignities, which the pride and insolence of the rich, both laity and clergy, inflict on their dependent brethren: the difficulties which I met with in search of a lectureship, for that was my *summum bonum*, are inconceivable; and I can assure your Lordship, that, trifling as the emoluments are of this preferment, all the perfections of human nature united are scarce sufficient to a man, without personal interest, to insure his success. The variety of distresses which I encountered from the different tempers and dispositions of the gentlemen and ladies, for so I was obliged to call them, who had votes in the parish, the mean and abject flattery which I was forced to make use of, with the many frequent affronts and disappointments I underwent, would swell half a melancholy volume. Without enumerating the necessary accomplishments generally expected on these occasions of drinking hard with the husbands, and saying soft things to their wives; in more parishes than

than one, my Lord, where I have been a candidate, to smoke your half dozen of pipes, and drink two bottles at a sitting, are infinitely more necessary perfections than any which you could bring with you from the university; and it is a maxim with many good citizens, that unless you are what they call a d——d honest fellow, you can never be a good preacher, or an orthodox divine; in short, my Lord, and to be serious, unless a poor clergyman is every thing that he ought not to be, he can never be what is every man's wish, independent.

[To this we shall add the author's thoughts on the manner in which lectureships are paid.]

I know a little too much of the world, my Lord, to expect that a parson should be paid like a first-rate player, a pimp, or a lord of the treasury, whose incomes I believe are pretty near equal; but at the same time cannot help thinking, that a labourer in the vineyard is as well worthy of his hire as a journeyman carpenter, mason, &c. and has as good a right to two pound on a Sunday, as he has on a Saturday night; and yet not one in a hundred of us is paid in that proportion.

The lecturer's box generally goes about, with the rest of the parish beggars, a little after Christmas; and every body throws in their charity, for it is always considered in that light, as they think proper. Were I to tell your Lordship how many paltry excuses are made to evade this little annual tribute by the mean and sordid, how very little is given even by the most generous, and to what an

inconsiderable sum the whole generally amounts, the recital would not afford you much entertainment, and for aught I know, might even give you some small concern.

You cannot imagine, my Lord, with what an envious eye we poor lecturers have often looked over a waiter's book at a coffee-house, where I have seen such a collection of guineas and half guineas as made my mouth water: to give less than a crown would be to the last degree ungenteel, for the immense trouble of handing a dish of coffee, or a newspaper; whilst the poor divine, who has toiled in the ministry for a twelve-month and half, worn out a pair of excellent lungs in the unprofitable service, shall think himself well rewarded with the noble donation of *half a crown*.

But to illustrate my subject, I will give your Lordship another story: there is nothing like painting from life on these occasions: suppose yourself then, my Lord, an eye-witness of the following scene, which passed not long since in a certain part of this metropolis.

Enter the churchwarden and overseer into the shop of Mr. Prim the Mercer.—Well, Mr. Twist, what are your commands with me?—We are come to wait on your honour with the lecturer's-book, Sir,—a voluntary subscription of the inhabitants of the parish of St.—for the support of —Well, well, you need not read any further: what is it?—Whatever you please, Sir.—Aye, here's another load, another burden: dy'e think I am
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made of gold? there's the poors rate, the doctor's rate, the window rate, the devil's in the rates I think:—however, I cant refuse you; but I'll not give another year—here, Buckram, reach me half a crown out of the till—Your servant, Madam.—

[A lady comes out of a back parlour, walks through the shop and gets into a chair.]

Aye, there's another tax—a guinea for two box tickets, as sure as the benefit comes round, for my wife and daughter, besides chair hire.

[I wist shakes his head.]

O Master Prim! Master Prim! had not you better now have given us a guinea for the doctor and his four children, and reserved your half-crown for the lady, who, If I may judge from her garb and equipage, does not want it half so much as the poor parson; but you will be in the fashion, so give us your mite; set down Mr. Prim two and six-pence.—Sir, good-morrow to you—Gentlemen, your servant.—

Such, my Lord, you see, is the force of fashion, and such the influence of example, that a constant church-goer, and one perhaps who fancies himself a very good Christian, shall throw away one-pound-one, with all the pleasure imaginable, for an evening's entertainment at the theatre, and at the same time grudge *half-a-crown* for two-and-fifty discourses from the pulpit, which, if he turns to his arithmetic book, he will see amounts to about—three farthings a sermon—and a sober citizen too, as lady Townly says, fye! fye!

Translation of a Letter from a FRENCH Gentleman at BATH, describing the pleasures and Customs of that Place of fashionable Resort.

S I R,

A FRENCH gentleman, who was lodged in the same house with me, and who lately set out on his return to Paris, happened to leave behind him a letter from a countryman of his at Bath, which, falling into my hands, I have attempted to translate, as I think his account of that city, its modes and amusements, may entertain your readers. I am well aware of the difficulty to keep up to the original spirit of the author, who, warmed by his feelings on the subject, must certainly express himself in a more animating manner than the translator can be supposed to do, and therefore trust to the candour of the public, whom I wish to amuse, for a mild animadversion. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Parliament-street,

BENEVOLUS.

Feb. 17.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now spent a season here, and am therefore better able to fulfil my promise to you of giving you some idea of this city, the great circle of hurry and amusement.

Bath

Bath is situated in the bottom of high hills, which almost surround it, open to the west by a pleasant valley, through which runs the river Avon. The Bath stone with which they build here, like that quarried in the neighbourhood of Paris, gives an elegant appearance to the houses; but, like every other beauty, feels the effect of time. This place owes its present consequence to the medicinal waters; the fame of their virtues had first the attractive power, which seems now to yield rather to that of amusement; for it is not disputed, that, for one person led here to repair a constitution, there are twenty who never bathe or taste of the waters. There are two large rooms here, where the company used to meet every evening, Sunday not excepted. Here people of all ages, quality, and fortune promiscuously assembled; but I learn that Bath is no more what it was; for instead of meeting, as was formerly the custom, the rooms are now deserted, except on ball-nights; and the company, for the greater part, form themselves into private parties, which are called routs. If you were to see the two rooms, which are here destined for the company's assembling, you would be surprized how these routs could possibly supersede every convenience which they offer; or that whim and caprice should so far prevail as to bring together a crowd into little confined apartments, where people are squeezed together without air or motion. Whether this be the effect of singularity, or whether it be for the emolument of the servant,

who has a profit by the sale of the cards, as in the public rooms, is hard to determine; but this ridiculous custom is gaining ground every day; inso-much that, even on ball-nights, which are here twice a week, there shall be eight or ten of these routs, where the lady of the house settles all the parties of play, and acquits herself with great cleverness in the office of groom-porter. This manner of spending the evening, so very opposite to the spirit and intention of this place, has been introduced by the Irish, who compose a very great part of the company which assemble here. Whether this proceeds from a jealousy which they conceive of the English, who are rather of a shy diffident disposition, and seem to consider themselves with a consciousness of superiority, very incompatible with the ease and freedom of public society, I cannot say; but certain it is, that the two nations do not blend much together. I am a very impartial observer, and am of no party; and I must therefore say, that the English enter more into the real spirit and meaning of this place than the Irish. They meet their friends in the rooms, where they play at cards, and converse promiscuously, and where it may be said they have elbow-room; whilst the latter are crowded together, like the prisoners at Calcutta; and where, from the contracted space of the apartments, it is impossible to retreat from the heat of the fire. The Irish, I learn, are naturally a good kind of people, but have early imbibed certain prejudices of education, which cause them
to

to deviate from that ease in society, which is one of the constituent principles that renders it agreeable: they seem to think there can be no real hospitality without a kind of repletion, very inconvenient to the constitution, and very opposite to the design of this place, which appears rather calculated to relieve them from the heavy weight which the manners of their country lays them under: but habit has ever been, and ever will be powerful; and they do not seem inclined to correct it here, tho' the natural mode of the place would exempt them from the censure of an injudicious frugality, or the charge of singularity.

When Mr. Nash held the scepter here, he permitted not the use of a card-table in any private house, except to indulge some old lady of quality who happened to be bed-ridden; but the laurels of power, so luxuriant in his long reign, withered in the hands of his successors. The empire of Bath, like that of Poland, being elective, party and faction do of course interfere; whereas absolute monarchy would be the true rule of government for this constitution, which sickens under aristocracy or democracy. The present monarch seems to have many amiable qualities; he wishes to act well, and to please his people; but he is not fully and effectually supported; and some wounds have been given to his prerogative, which are sensibly affecting to his government, in the support of which the interest of the people will be found to be invariably included; and unless his power is, by the general voice,

voice, so strengthened as that he can issue his edicts to suppress the fashions introduced by the Irish, of private parties and unmeaning insipid routs, the spirit of his government will be much enervated, and the public places of resort will be but half filled; while true policy seems to direct a more free intercourse and harmony between the two nations; whose humours blended together would, in my judgment, produce something more pleasing and engaging than from their now acting separately.

There is a fashion here, which in our country would appear extremely ridiculous. We hold it a duty to treat all ladies with an indiscriminate politeness; but here gentlemen invite their acquaintances only to tea. The apparatus of this ceremony appeared to me at first to be very singular. After two or three country-dances are over, the waiters come, in a very boisterous manner, and lay a number of tables in the very room where the ladies have been dancing. This done, they write with chalk the name of the gentleman on the several tables; whether this be done to proclaim his munificence, or as an instruction to these waiters for the due collection of their money, I cannot say. When the tea is brought, the ladies, who happen not to be included in the splendid regale, chuse to make their retreat into another room, rather than act the simple part of uninterested spectators in a matter of this consequence. Now, with us, we should hold it to be the indispensable rule of politeness for every lady to share, without distinction, in every thing
that

that can render the entertainment agreeable to her; and in this particular nothing could be more easily effected; for I am told, that a compliment of tea to half a dozen ladies can be made for the paltry sum of three or four livres of our money. Would you not think then that this trifling regale should be general to the ladies, without confinement to party, or to particular time, and that every lady might call for tea when she chose to do so? The expence of which might be easily settled by a moderate tax on the gentlemen subscribers. This, amongst other things, would be a proper object of the sovereign's care. It would seem right too, that the sovereign should extend some share of his paternal affection to a part of the company, who ought to be, but are not, so much the object of his attention; I mean those, whose dancing days being over, now chuse to enter into the more rational amusements of cards. I should think, as every thing moves, or ought to move, under his direction, that he should see that proper parties are settled in the now so very material a part of the occupation and entertainment of society. The public rooms are as immediately under his protection and direction as that of a lady at her rout; where indisputably she arranges the parties most admirably, and acquits herself with great dexterity and propriety in the arduous undertaking.

Here is a very pretty theatre. I will not venture to speak of the company, as I am not so competent a master of the language; besides, they are
so

so severely curried every week in a Gazette printed here, that it would be a species of cruelty, though I thought them reprehensible, to add to this weight which is periodically laid on them.

I will not give you any strictures of the maladies to which the waters and baths here are supposed an antidote. At first I imagined lameness to have been the epidemical disorder, as I saw most of the ladies make use of walking-sticks; and I was the more confirmed in this when I considered that there was no city better calculated for walking without a prop, the greater part being flagged.

There broke out here some time ago a disorder which affected old and young, but more particularly the latter, and on which the water had no power. This was a sort of craving of the stomach, which seized on ladies particularly, about eleven or twelve o'clock, an hour or two after breakfast. The learned were consulted upon it without success; but at last it was found that one doctor Gill prepared a decoction of beef or peas, which effectually did the business; and, as every thing is found to be resolved into fashion, this honest doctor is as much sought after as doctor Hill, or any other of those eminent protracters of human life; and nothing is now more common than to invite a number of young ladies to doctor Gill's to regale themselves with his decoction.

I would now give you some account of the various modes of religion here, but that it would carry me too far, and that I have already been, I
fear,

fear, prolix. I shall barely hint to you, that every one here may chuse his own road to heaven; and many avail themselves of that liberty. These things vary however like the weather. On the hill they are saved by faith alone; while we in the vale are taught, that faith, without works, will never do the business; but here is a jolly fat priest, who preaches from his heart, for he uses no book, who tells us so; and gives such strong reasons for what he says, that I am much inclined to believe him. Farewel, my dear friend; we shall soon meet at Paris.

Your's, &c.

ESSAY on GOOD-HUMOUR.

—Qui vitæ servaret munia recto

More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,

Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis,

Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ. H O R.

OF all the qualifications of the mind, which are not positive virtues, I do not know any that is more desirable than good-humour. No quality renders the possessor more easy and happy in himself, or recommends him more forcibly to other people. Virtue itself receives additional lustre, abates the rigid severity of its character, and takes its most ravishing graces and embellishments from such a disposition; a disposition so amiable in its nature,
that

that even a man of loose principles, when of so agreeable a turn, often conciliates to himself many friends and well wishers. The men at least allow that he is a pleasant fellow, court his company, and account him no body's enemy but his own; while the women call him a dear agreeable creature, and declare that though, to be sure, he is a wild devil, it is quite impossible to be angry with him.

It is hardly saying too much in favour of this quality, to assert, that it is one of the first requisites in society; for though strict honour and integrity are of more essential value in the grand purposes of human life; yet good-humour, like small money, is of more immediate use in the common commerce of the world. There is no situation in life, no engagement in business, or party of pleasure, wherein it will not contribute to mitigate disappointment, or heighten enjoyment. A husband, friend, acquaintance, master, or even servant, however faithful or affectionate, will occasion many miserable hours to himself, as well as to those with whom he is connected, if his virtues are not seasoned with good-humour; and whether he is a partner for life, or a partner in the country-dance, an associate in great and mighty undertakings, or a companion in a postchaise, he should, on every occasion, cherish and keep alive this agreeable disposition.

Some persons may almost be said to be of a good-humoured complexion, and seem to be constitutionally

tionally endued with this amiable turn of mind; a blessing, for which they may thank heaven with the same kind of gratitude that he ought to feel, who experiences the comforts of being born in a delightful and temperate climate. My fellow-countrymen, I think, are many of them deficient in that airy pleasantness, and cheerful temper, that distinguishes this quality; and as our climate, while it answers all the purposes of use and plenty, yet seldom affords us blue skies, or tempets us to cool grots and purling streams, to lie down on the damp grass, or to those other rural delights so often mentioned by the poets; so the English themselves, though overflowing with humanity and benevolence, suffer clouds of gloomy thoughts to come over their minds, and, however they must be allowed to be good-natured, are seldom remarkable for being good-humoured. Yet this half-virtue is worth cultivation, as it bestows new charms on that real one. Good-humour is the fair weather of the soul, that calms the turbulent gusts of passion, and diffuses a perpetual gladness and serenity over the heart; and he that finds his temper naturally inclined to break out into sudden bursts of fretfulness and ill-humour, should be as much upon his guard to repress the storm, that is for ever beating in his mind, as to fence against the inclemencies of the season. We are naturally attached even to animals that betray a softness of disposition. We are pleased with the awkward fondness and fidelity of a dog. Montaigne could discover agreeable
music

music in the good-humoured purring of his cat; and though our modern grooms and jockies bestow all their attention on make, colour, eyes, and feet, yet the best writers on horsemanship consider a good temper as one of the best qualities in a horse.

We should be the more attentive to encourage and preserve this pleasing quality, because many people lose it by little and little in the progress of their lives. The thoughts of interest frequently prove a growing rust and canker in the mind; and the many troubles and embarrassments attending worldly pursuits often sour the temper, and entirely destroy the spirit of cheerfulness and good-humour that prevailed in the artless and undesigned season of our youth. I do not know a more disagreeable companion, than a man, who having set out in life with vast and vain hopes of advancement, together with a mighty consciousness of his own merit, has not been able to sustain the shock of disappointment, but has permitted his misfortunes to embitter his disposition. Such a man overflows with gall on every occasion, and discharges the spleen that rises within him on all his fellow-creatures: he disturbs the peace of the family to which he belongs, and poisons the happiness of every company to which he is admitted. But the disquiet that he brings with him, wherever he comes, is nothing but an evidence of his own misery and weakness of soul. How much more is he to be imitated, who meets the strokes of fortune with an even temper, who suffers neither reproach nor distress

distress to ruffle his good-humour, and is, as Hamlet describes his friend, "As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing!" Life is like a game of backgammon; and if an unlucky throw comes, we must make the best of it, and play on without grumbling at our ill luck; but who would venture to sit down to the table with a man who could not bear an adverse cast, without turning over the board in a fury, and throwing the dice-box at the head of his companion? The character of Sir Thomas Moore, though peculiarly illustrious for unshaken integrity, was in no instance more winning and amiable than in true pleasantry and good-humour. His cheerful behaviour on the scaffold, and in every particular relating to his death, is familiar to all; but there is no circumstance in which the evenness of his mind is more truly delineated than in his behaviour to his family on his resignation of the chancellorship. The way in which he discovered it to his wife bespoke the most genuine good-humour. When he went out of church, it was always usual for some of his officers to go to his lady, and acquaint her of his departure; but, the Sunday after his resignation, he went himself up to her pew, and, bowing, gravely said, "Madam, my lord is gone." She, who was accustomed to the facetiousness of his manner, did not immediately comprehend his meaning; but on his explaining the matter to her, as they went home, she began to upbraid him for his shameful inattention to his interest; upon which, without being at all discon-

certed by this conjugal lecture, he took occasion to turn the discourse, by finding fault with some part of her dress. This absolute command of temper, and pleasant vein, is surely to be envied; and he who sees the goods of fortune fall from him, not only without losing his fortitude, but also without abating the gaiety of his heart, may fairly be said to possess an uncommon share of good-humour.

Surly is a man of an easy fortune, humane and benevolent in his nature, and, as Dogberry says, honest as the skin between his brows; but he has contracted a kind of habitual peevishness, and every common occasion of life affords him matter of offence. The instant he rises in the morning, he is disquieted with the appearance of the weather, and pours forth execrations on the climate; and when he sits down to breakfast, the water is smoaked, the butter rank, the bread heavy, the news-papers dull and insipid, and his servants sulky or impertinent; yet all the while he has no malice in his mind, and means no harm to any creature in the world. He has a thousand good qualities, which the quickness of his temper converts into petulance and ill-humour. He is a great lover of wit, but cannot bear the least piece of pleasantry on himself; and the most innocent jest touches him to the quick. He will bestow twenty pounds in an act of charity, or do the kindest office to serve an acquaintance in distress, and the next moment quarrel with his friend for disturbing his reflection by humming an opera-tune. Thus Surly lives much esteemed and little beloved;

beloved; and, though every body thinks well of him, there are very few that care to cultivate his acquaintance.

But if the want of good-humour is so conspicuous in a man, of how many charms does it deprive one of the other sex! Softness is their distinguished characteristick; but though, like milk, they are naturally smooth, yet, like milk, they create particular disgust when they turn sour. No female character is more offensive than a shrew, and the impolite spirit of the English law has provided very rough treatment for termagants, and prepared the severest discipline for the cure of a scold. The greatest reproach of an old maid, that character so much dreaded and ridiculed in the female world, is her ill-humour; and crossness is the worst part of a prude. On the contrary, good-humour, like the cestus, encircles the fair one with new beauties, and is an antidote to the ravages of age and the small-box. It is the best part of the portion with a virtuous wife, and a most amiable feature in the face of a queen.

Among our own sex, there is no race of men more apt to indulge a spirit of acrimony, and to remit their natural good-humour, than authors. They come abroad, indeed, with a consummate self-satisfaction and delight; but the least shock given to their vanity taints the mind, and converts all their pleasantry to rancour. The flame of emulation often kindles into envy; and these metal-some gentlemen press so furiously onward to the

goal of fame, that they are sometimes driven to the necessity of jostling one another in the course. For my part, I would rather chuse to consider myself on a journey than in a race; and surely it is better and pleasanter to jog on in an easy trot, regardless who is left behind, or who is gone before, than to whip and spur a jaded genius; and, in the heat of furious spleen and blind rage, to be carried perhaps on the wrong side of the post.

Good-humour is the happiest state of mind for a writer, as well as for every other man. Why should an author suffer every hornet of the press to ruffle his temper, or dip his pen in gall, and prepare worm-wood draughts to sweeten the ill blood of a cotemporary? He that causelessly and malignantly traduces another, writes a libel on himself; as the highwayman, who makes an attack upon the road, is in fact a greater enemy to himself than to the harmless traveller: such a poor wretch, we know, as well as the rest of the gang, will be brought to justice sooner or later; but nobody cares to have their deaths lie at his own door. As for the genius, though he ventures to become a censor, he will never descend to the office of executioner. Even the muse of satire should possess her graces; and her productions, like the sweet-brier, should delight and refresh the senses by their fragrance, while they are armed for our annoyance. If we cannot exercise the instruments of wit, we can at least lay by the weapons of offence and ill-nature; and the candour of the British public will always countenance

nance the faintest efforts to rally the reigning vices and foibles of the age with cheerfulness, pleasantry, and good-humour.

AN ESSAY ON ORATORY; with a humorous
I N S T A N C E of its P O W E R.

WHEN I was young, I remember, among many other follies, I was very vain and tenacious of my own way of thinking. I was particularly delighted with the notion I then had of eloquence; and made no manner of dispute, I was, myself, a wonderful proficient in it. I was ravished with the flowing swell of a long-winded period. I had formed my taste of stile upon Cicero; and treated the Commentaries of Cæsar with an extraordinary air of contempt, when I compared them with the most frothy flourishes of that ever-abounding orator.

I had not learnt to consider, that there is a difference in the effect of the same words, when they are spoke, and when they are written. When we see and hear a powerful orator, our reason is betrayed, and dazzled, by the interposition of our senses. The grace and majesty of his person; the never-resting variety of his motion; the aptness of his looks and gesture; the rise and fall of his voice, insinuating, softening, accusing, repeating, urging, impressing, and enforcing, with a gradation of the strongest passions, all these combine to

charm and cheat us into admiration. But, when divested of these prejudices, we come to read with a steady judgment, what we heard with so much emotion, the cold and languid oratory, depending now on sense, and wanting all its aid of emphasis and utterance, lies tasteless on our understanding; and repetition, and change of lights, are found to fill up the place of richness, and variety in the conception.

One of the first who made me bold enough to break out of my Roman bondage, and resolve, for the future, to think all words which give a discourse no progress in its meaning, rather burdens, than embroiders, was Montaigne, where he is speaking of authors.

“As to Cicero, says this free-spirited Frenchman, to confess the truth frankly, his way of writing appears to me very tedious. His prefaces, definitions, divisions, and etymologies take up the greatest part of his work. There is life indeed, and noble life! but it is smothered in the dressing. When I have spent an hour in reading him, I recollect what substance I have gathered from him; and find for the most part, I have got nothing but wind: he is not yet come far enough to be entered upon his reasons. Now, for me, who only desire to be wise, not eloquent, I would read nothing but what is to the purpose. I know well enough, without being told, what is meant by death and pleasure; why then do they give themselves the trouble of anatomising them? I am for reason
and

and argument, at the first dash, and would be instructed how to withstand, rather than talk quaintly of my passions. I am for charging at once into the heart of the doubt, and not approaching it, by way of siege, with logical lines and trenches. The subjects of Cicero languish by his delaying our expectation. His way was very well for the bar; or might do, perhaps, for the pulpit; and since it is so common to nod at a sermon, men, in this case, might have leisure to take a nap, and wake a quarter of an hour after, time enough to find the thread of discourse. Men may speak in this manner to children, or to ignorant people; but I can never be made attentive by an author's elocution, where his matter is too weak to hold me."

Before I had the good fortune to meet with this censure, which carries with it no more boldness than reason, I had ventured to appear in print, and sent some treatises into the world, which I have never thought of, from that time forward, without blushing at my conscious weakness, in the affectation of a style so wordy, that it moves my own indignation very strongly against myself, for what I have formerly considered as no small part of my merit.

If my own works were of importance enough, I would light them up, as a beacon, to warn others of the danger; but since that honour is more than they deserve, I disclaim it with due modesty; and will borrow an example, of like nature, from an author of more dignity.

The gentleman, I mean, is a reverend and learned professor; in whose preface to an excellent translation of Virgil, we are told, after, at least, as much instruction as could reasonably have been expected, that he has not yet done with us; for something more still remains behind.

Now, though much may be said for this gentleman's generosity, from the profusion of his desire to satisfy us; yet a less degree of praise will be sufficient for his discretion: since it was not kind enough to whisper in his ear, that he, who tells us the same thing six times over, will rather provoke us to indignation than to gratitude; because it argues an opinion in him, that he is talking to persons who have a deafness in their understanding. When he had assured us he had not yet done, there could be no reason in the world, but the ever obliging liberality of his rhetorick, to take the trouble of adding, that there was something more; much less, that there was something more still: but when he goes on with so unhop'd, so unexpected a flow of bounty as to add, that there was something more still that remained, the obligation was enforced to so surprizing a height, that it must have been judged impossible to raise it more, if we had not found, immediately after, that not only something more still remained, but; that it remained behind also.

I could wish to see it established as a rule among writers, that every word should be a fault, which being taken out of a discourse, left no void in the sense: for, to what end should we use expressions,
which

which may be cut off, without maiming, or let stand, without beauty?

When the pen of one who attempts to write history, happens to be thus dropfically disposed, he never fails to drown his facts in a deluge of affectation. We have then long speeches of great generals made to their armies, in line of battle, and just on the point of engagement; in which the monstrous absurdity of supposing such a time fit for formal harangues, or that they could be audible to the hundredth part of the numbers they are addressed to, is not sufficient to deter these orators from displaying all their tropes with so much fullness and variety, that when the armies come to charge, the historian has not spirits enough left him, after the fatigue of his war of eloquence, to observe or explain to us, how the battle itself was formed and fought; or by what conduct on one side, or mistake on the other, the fortune of the day declared in favour of the victorious.

Tacitus, of all historians, was least guilty of using wordiness, or circumlocution, in his relations. On the contrary, when he errs, it is in the much nobler extreme, of too rich and delicate an excess of sense. He refines not on words, but on things; he speaks less for his great persons, than they spoke for themselves; but he thinks for them much more delicately than it is probable they ever thought. When Galgacus, at the head of his Britons, is about to charge the Roman army, what number of eloquent pages could have inspired his followers with reflections,

tions, more apt to inflame them with heroic sentiments, than what he flashed upon their imaginations, in this comprehensive encouragement. "Fall on, my friends, and, in the shock, think of your ancestors, and your posterity."

Antiquity can scarce produce an instance of more persuasive eloquence than this oration, in a single sentence: but I have the pleasure to see before me the speech of a modern leader, which, as it had an end very different, so its influence was much more powerful. Cæsar, and many generals before and after him, inspired faint-hearted followers with courage: but this is the only instance I have ever met with, of a commander who had rhetoric enough to talk brave fellows into cowardice.

The hero of our story, which is sincerely a true one, was at his studies, in one of the universities of a neighbouring nation when the late rebellion broke out, and alarmed the care of the government. He was young and designed for a pillar of his mother kirk. Grace and sanctity had therefore been more in his thoughts than arms and slaughter: but some of his friends, who claimed a power in raising and disposing the militia, took a fancy to dignify the young kirkman with the command of a company, and gave him orders to march them to a rendezvous that was appointed a few days after.

The new captain, as he tells the story himself with a great deal of humour and frankness, thought safety more his business than valour; yet was ashamed to appear fearful, when every body round him

him looked as big as Bajazet. He resolved therefore to have recourse to his oratory, and try, if it was possible, under pretence of encouraging his men, to frighten them into desertion. In pursuance of this hope, he drew them, on the morning appointed for the march, into a ring at the foot of a little mount; and placing himself on the top of it, addressed them in the following oration; which he gave me in his own hand-writing.

Friends! Brethren! Countrymen!

“We are marching against enemies who are marching against God: for they fight against our king, and our king protects our kirk, and our kirk is the care of God. So our enemies are God’s enemies, and our cause must prevail against them.

“As an officer of command, and a leader who knows no fear, it is my duty to speak to you in a stile that may inflame your courage. But, as I am a Christian, as well as a foldier, a man of humanity as well as mettle, I dare not conceal from you that there is a danger which I myself am afraid of; I, who to speak in the world’s notion of fear, am so resolved that I can fear nothing. I mean, my fellow soldiers, the danger which some of your dear souls may be in of rushing head-long upon damnation.

“In all probability, there will be an immediate engagement; I am confident we shall, I mean all who survive the battle, succeed in the event. But, alas! which of us knows, whose lot it will be to fall in the field of slaughter? and, since there is
odds

odds against your lives, are ye prepared for the approaching death? It is, indeed, an unseasonable, but ah! my friends! it is a necessary question. Are ye prepared, I say, to die? Have you assurance of salvation?

"I acknowledge, that your piety, your loyalty, and your bravery, may intitle you to hopes of glory; but, if you want the inward token, the assurance, the testimony! If you are not positive, my friends, ye are doubters; and he who doubteth, says Holy Writ, is damned. Mark that, brethren! He, who doubteth is damned!

"Ah! weigh this important question before I lead you a step farther. Knock at your bosoms: ask your consciences, if ye are debtors? And, if ye find ye are upright and stedfast, if ye have clear and unquestionable evidence, if your lives have been pure, and your bodies undefiled, your credentials for heaven are good, and ye may follow me undauntedly: for

Nil desperandum est Teucro duce, & auspice Teucro,
That is, being interpreted, King GEORGE for ever. Amen,

"But, if ye doubt, if ye faint, if your inward man is not strong, I desire none of your fruitless aid. I shall be more triumphant without ye. Neither would I have your blood upon my head; since, if ye die, you will be damned. But, my christian concern for your souls hath made me forget that ye are soldiers. I came down to put myself before you, and let you see by my example,
in

in the horrid bloodinesses of this day, what an assurance there is in the accepted, when they fight against the doubtful. I leave the rest to your consciences. They who doubt not will follow me."

N. B. *They ran away to a man, from behind their commander. What an instance was here of the powerful effect of Oratory!*

A LETTER from a Gentleman on his Travels in SWEDEN; containing a Sketch of the Natives, and many Particulars relating to CHARLES XII. not generally known.

S I R,

Stockholm, May 1768.

I CANNOT resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a people, and from them it is that I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes in general appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked, or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, the same influence upon them, as they are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe, that in Sweden highway robberies are
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not so much as heard of? For my part I have not in the whole country seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to be the privy counsellors of providence, who, on their part, turn this credulity to their own advantage, and manage their parishioners as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Harkened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of eternal rewards and punishments, they readily influence their hearers into justice, and make them practical philosophers without the pains of study.

As to their persons they are perfectly well made, and the men particularly have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys which I saw in the country had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair, nor such even complexions, and their features are much less delicate, which is a circumstance different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an instance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my surprize when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disagreeable distemper!

distemper! The careless manner in which she exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object, sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no very extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks, which probably you may think trifling enough, I have made in my journey to Stockholm, which, to take it altogether, is a large, beautiful, and even populous city.

The arsenal appears to me one of its greatest curiosities; it is an handsome spacious building, but, however, ill stored with the implements of war. To recompence this defect, they have almost filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was at least enough to suffice half a dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted. I saw besides some very rich furniture, and some of the crown jewels of great value; but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholly, were the bloody, yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the north ever produced. What I mean are the cloaths in which the great Gustavus Adolphus, and the intrepid Charles XII. died, by a fate not usual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff waistcoat, made after an antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt
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of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword have nothing in them remarkable; the meanest soldier was in this respect no way inferior to his gallant monarch. I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious king, companion, and master.

Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen, perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations; but all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer,
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who attended at table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, whom he knew intended no injury.

At another time, when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed; and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he intreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow? "A blow!" replied Charles, "I don't remember any thing of it; I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow which brought him to the ground."

What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction! Charles, with proper instruction, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age. Happy those princes, who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction; who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their royal pupils the real value of fame; who are ever shewing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty; that a peasant, who does his duty, is a nobler character than a king of even middling reputation: happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them; but those to whom such an education

is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or increase their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

But not to moralize, when I only intend a story; what is related of the journies of this prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus consequently rode the greatest part of these journies quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses he underwent an adventure singular enough: riding thus post one-day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man; but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and, thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which by good fortune was not far off: entering the stable, he here found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without farther ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and
housing

housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprized of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the king, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse? Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one; "for you see," continued he, "if I have none, I should be obliged to carry the saddle myself." This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the king was not much behind hand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural to see arms in the hand of a subject against his king. Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprized than they at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who, taking him by the hand, assured him he was a brave fellow, and himself would take care he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled; and I have been assured the king made him a captain.

I am, Sir, &c.

The COMPLAINT of AFTER-WIT.

YOU must know I am one of those inconsistent fellows, who can reason very wisely on an indiscretion after it is over, but could never attain wisdom or firmness enough to guard against the like mischiefs for the future. I call myself to account very gravely, give myself the fairest warnings possible, resolve like a hero, and then forget all like a fool.

But though I state my case thus freely and impartially, and condemn myself thus rigorously, there are certain alleviations, which I think necessary to lay before you: I said above, that I sometimes reasoned, but then that very reason serves only to reproach, or betray me: in the critical moment, when it ought to give me the strongest support, it either deludes or deserts me utterly. I am either incapable of thinking at all, or else see things in a quite different light from what they appear upon cooler reflection. When heated with wine, frolic with good-humour, and stimulated with gay conversation, pleasure presents herself before me in so desirable a shape, that I cannot help giving way to her temptations: she persuades me, that the present moment is all that I can call my own; that time, unenjoyed, is wasted; that I am to live for myself only; that all considerations beside are the shackles of priests and politicians; that what I leave
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behind me I lose; and that when I make my exit the whole play is over. Now where is reason at this time? Why truly gone over to the adversary's side, or seeming to have done so, which is all one; so that I do not fall into a snare, but think, for the time being, what I do is right. It is true, appetite never fails to throw in his casting voice, and persuades me, that nothing would be so impertinent as to be undeceived.

But when the scene shifts, when all these enchantments vanish, and I find myself to count my gains, what, passing, seemed so delicious, passed, makes me wonder how I could be enamoured of a phantom, that rather affords disgust than enjoyment; and I am forced to compare the bewitchments I had been so fond of, to the evening clouds, gay, while gilded, but, when enveloped with darkness, rather horrid than pleasing.

Thus I appear to myself, and my friends, in two distinct characters; at once, the most mortified and licentious creature in the world: circumstances that represent me in so ludicrous a light to my acquaintance, that they laugh as much at my wisdom as my folly.

Nor are they contented to laugh only, but the rogues are eternally setting snares to seduce me into a relapse, as often as I vow a reformation; if I make myself a recluse, they are indefatigable in finding me out, and are so overjoyed, and so affectionate, that I cannot find in my heart to refuse them any thing.

Thus, with as little sincerity as Shakespeare has bestowed on his Falstaff, I am to the full as frail a convert; and my acquaintances are never so well pleased as when I seem most earnest to take up, as having then experience on their side, to witness that I am on the point of affording them as much sport as ever.

Not long since, which is the immediate occasion of this letter, having observed, that my resolutions to reform served only as a hint for them to take me in the more effectually, I set about it without giving any signal at all; withdrew myself from company by degrees; and applauded my own sagacity much for finding so happy an expedient. But before I brought things to bear to my wish, whether by chance or design I am yet wholly ignorant, one of the knot invites me, after the play, to spend a serious hour at the *coffee-house*; *to keep ourselves out of harm's way*, added he. I readily agreed, as being what was perfectly consistent with my new scheme; and coffee-houses, hitherto, having been sacred to dullness and politics.

Well, to one we went, read the evening papers, talked of nothing but of news and weather, and that in little more than monosyllables, for half an hour, when dropped in, first one friend, then another; after them a third, a fourth, and so on, till we had almost the whole set.—Such an agreeable interview, so much by chance, in so unwonted a place, put us all into high spirits. Wine was first called for, but over-ruled in favour of arrack-

arrack-punch, to which were presently added jellies and champaign. Still I suspected nothing, and rather helped on the frolic than opposed it. It was but *once* more I thought—it would look morose to thwart so happy a vein. I was now sufficiently on my guard, and could take my leave if things came to extremity.

With these qualifying reflections I gave a loose to mirth and gaiety, and, in a few moments, lost all sight of my former resolutions: wit flowed, or seemed to flow, for criticism is ridiculous, where men only aim to be happy, not to be wise; every one indulged his genius, no man assumed a superiority, all had their turns to shine, and laughter made up the general chorus. By degrees pleasantry gave way to extravagance; all were alike inflamed, and none wise or courageous enough to put a stop to the growing licentiousness. In that nice crisis women appeared; women, as Milton divinely says, *practis'd to troll the tongue, and roll the eye*. These were received in a manner agreeable to their own wishes, as they came so opportunely to ours: the expence immediately doubled ten-fold; intemperance had its full swing, and the evening ended no body knows how; for when I recovered my senses, I found I was in a strange house, with strange company; and had a long bill to pay, without a farthing in my pockets to do it with.

I am now come again to myself, I mean to my better self, and have avoided my loose companions ever since: happy if I can at last get the better of

this absurd pliancy, and no longer have reason to reproach myself, that my principles are a satire on my practice, and my practice on my principles!

AFTER-WIT.

The CASE of AUTHORS, by PROFESSION
of TRADE. By the late JAMES RALPH, Esq.

WIT and money have been always at war, and always treated one another with reciprocal contempt. Perhaps for this only reason, That the man of money could acquire every thing but ideas; and the man of wit's ideas could never acquire him money. But whatever the cause may be, such is the fact; and as if the bulk of mankind derived some kind of gratification from the quarrel, they have each in his way contributed all they could to render it perpetual.

Thus a man may plead for money, prescribe or quack for money, preach and pray for money, marry for money, fight for money, do any thing within the law for money, provided the expedient answers, without any the least imputation.

But if he writes like one inspired from heaven, and writes for money, the man of Touch, in the right of Midas, his great ancestor, enters his caveat against him as a man of taste; declares the two provinces to be incompatible; and he who aims at
praise

praise ought to be starved; and that there ought to be so much draw-back upon character for every acquisition in coin.

And yet the art of writing is as much an art as the art of painting, or the art of war. The pen, as a tool, is of as much importance, at least, as the pencil; and as a weapon, offensive or defensive, has its power, and can do some sort of execution as well as a sword.

We call the sciences liberal, it is true; but it is as true, there is not one liberal amongst them: all are carried to market; and some not only a very good price in ready money, but are farther rewarded with titles, dignities, employments, and revenues.

And the thing speaks for itself: a poetical canto—a demonstration worthy of Euclid—an historical section—a tract on government—a discourse on morals—persuasive to holiness, &c. till converted into money, will not furnish any one accommodation; and in a country of riches and luxury like this, where both pleasure and importance are measured by expence, money enough must be had to furnish vanities as well as necessaries. The more we abound in vanities, the more considerable we are esteemed; and where any necessary is wanting, apparently through necessity, all the douceurs of life arising from observance and respect will be wanting too.

If, for illustration, we had a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Newton now existing among us, who should come into what is called good company in dirty linen,

linen, for want of clean—And a Chartres, a Lascelles, a Lowther, a Wallers, or a Craſtein, out of fordidneſs did the ſame, merely to ſave the charge of waſhing, the latter would be courted and careſſed, and the former would hardly be acknowledged:—the moſt notorious abuſe of wealth not being able to render the abuſer contemptible, or talents the moſt ſublime to render poverty otherwiſe.

Even the poor lord, poor hero, poor ſaint among us, if we had any of the two latter claſſes among us, could no more preſerve themſelves from contempt, than the poor poet, hiſtorian, philoſopher, or divine.

And this we ought in charity to ſuppoſe is the cauſe, that neither God or the King is ever ſerved in employments the moſt honourable and venerable, even by perſons of the firſt families, and moſt unblemiſhed ſanctity, for nought.

Politically ſpeaking, however, I am of opinion, that wealth ſhould be intitled to ſome degree of reſpect; and on the contrary, that want ſhould be ſubject to ſome degree of diſgrace. The reaſon this: wealth is the object of commerce; commerce is one great ſource of our national efficiency; and when political and philoſophical maxims claſh, prudence requires the latter ſhould give way to the former.

But then wealth may be valued too high, as it is ſaid, gold may be bought too dear. Or if there is no ſuch worth, indeed, as money's worth, we ſhould be conſiſtent in our deciſions at leaſt; in
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which case it would follow, that, instead of censuring an author for taking money for his works, we ought to esteem those most who get most money by them. And then Pope, and Voltaire after his example, would deserve to be considered more for what they made of their works, than for the works themselves.

The writer has three provinces. To write for booksellers. To write for the stage. To write for a faction in the name of the community.

To write for a faction in the name of the community is the most flattering of all these provinces, because the writer who fills it is expected to do that without doors, which his confederates in a superior station find impracticable to do within; because he finds himself consulted and caressed by them on this account; and because of the assurances given him, that, in the division of the promised land, a lot shall be reserved for him.

While, therefore, these occasional connections hold, while he is useful in collecting the materials of opposition, and in working up the whole mass to a head, hope sweetens all his labours, all his difficulties, all his discouragements, and he at least enjoys the dream of growing serviceable to himself and his country together.

At last the time of projection comes. The country is brought to groan for a change. The strongest faction in the c——t takes advantage of the cry to displace the weaker, and to grow themselves stronger by slipping in a sure man or two of their own.

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All-sufficient patriots become insignificant ministers. Opposition is at an end. The pen is no longer of any use; and he that held it is left, in the language of Shakespeare, "like an unregarded bulrush on the stream to rot itself with motion."

Poor Amhurst! * after having been the drudge of his party for the best part of twenty years together, was so much forgot in the famous compromise of 1742, as if he had never been born! And when he died of what is called a broken heart, which happened within a few months afterwards, became indebted to the charity of his very bookseller for a grave. A grave not to be traced now, because then no otherwise to be distinguished than by the freshness of the turf, borrowed from the next common to cover it!

There is no need for me to infer; every considerate reader, as well as every author, will do it for me.

I do not however desire to carry this accusation one step higher than it ought to go; nor am I at all pleased with the opportunity thrown in my way of making any such accusation at all.

There have been times when the talents of a good writer were esteemed a sufficient qualification for almost any employment whatsoever, and when room was left or made for their admission.

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* Mr.——, his fellow-labourer in another excellent paper called *Common Sense*, by marrying a woman of fortune, was put into a condition of laughing at the ingratitude he also experienced on the same occasion.

I do not rank Burnet in the first class of authors, and yet it was not his divinity which made him bishop of Salisbury.

Somers, it is true, was lawyer, orator, and statesman; and yet he was more obliged to his pen than his pleadings, with an exception to that, on the abdication, for those distinctions, which gradually led him to the highest in the power of the crown to bestow on him.

Mr. Locke had tried his hand in the service of the *Excluders* for the sake of mankind, if not for his own; and though it must be allowed he was more a philosopher than a politician, it was not in the former of those capacities that he was honoured with a seat at the board of trade.

Davenant was not eminent in his own walk of civil law, at least as a pleader; nor was he ever promoted in it: and yet, in acknowledgment of his powers as a political writer, we find the place of inspector-general of the customs created purposely for his gratifications; because the establishment, it seems, was, even in those days, so full, that no room could be made for him else-where.

Prior not only found friends to applaud his abilities, but also reward to them: Sunderland was the Erle Robert he addressed his Mice to; so that we are not to wonder, that he had a seat in parliament, there was then no qualification-act,—that he was secretary to the embassy at Ryswick, and to that of Lord Jersey in France; that, even when Lord Manchester was ambassador resident there, in
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the room of Lord Jersey, he was sent thither with a special commission, independent on him; and that he was a lord of trade, long before he was a minister-plenipotentiary from Great Britain to Lewis XIV.

Swift had a natural claim to all that Sir William Temple could do for him; had been personally known to King William; and was introduced to Lord Godolphin by the elder Craggs, as a man worth any price or preferment, without deriving any material advantage from his surpassing genius: but having commenced advocate for Lord Oxford, was rewarded with the deanery of Patrick's; and the times taking a new turn soon after, he preferred the free exercise of his wit to every lucrative consideration.

Addison and his advancement hardly need be mentioned, the instance is so notorious; but every body may not so readily recollect, that his party-services contributed more to it than all his laudable efforts to refine our manners and perfect our taste.

Nor was Steele, his subordinate, absolutely forgot; as his share in the play-house patent serves to bear witness: and I believe, were we to inspect the records of the treasury, we should find proofs of his being farther considered in a more silent way.

Even the great Walpole himself, like the great Montagu, Lord Halifax, whom he succeeded, did not disdain to make his approaches to power by writing as well as speaking; and several of his pieces

pieces are still extant in the collections of persons curious in these matters.

And I will not specify the many, many dignified names in all capacities, of persons now living, who have either obtained those dignities, or added signal emoluments to them, by the exercise of the pen; for fear of shocking that delicacy which renders them content with the fruits of their former labours, and desirous the labours themselves should be forgot.

But Thomas Gordon is dead—And with his, as the* last of the lucky names on this roll worth remembering, I shall close my list.

Gordon then, I have reason to think, was not much richer, better recommended, or better allied, when fortune first led him from Scotland to London, than many of his cotemporaries: and what degree of consideration he obtained from the public, till he had Trenchard and Collins for his supporters, is hardly worth ascertaining.—But from that happy period all went well with him: the parts and learning of the whole junto were placed to his account.—As reputed author of the *Independent Whig*, a fortune not inconsiderable was left him by a country physician; being the only retribution of the kind, perhaps, that ever any British authormet with!—From *Cato's Letters*, *London Journals*, *Anti-South-*

* Mr. Wood, so much to his honour distinguished by Mr. Secretary Pitt, is a writer by accident, not by profession; and was already secured against any reverse of fortune by the gratitude and generosity of former friends.

South-Sea pamphlets, he derived the character of a writing-politician. And what completed his importance, Trenchard dying, was not fashionably ashamed to own him in his will, but left him his books, together with a handsome legacy; on which recommendation, Sir Robert Walpole not only took him and his *Tacitus* at once into his protection, but also found means to put him on the establishment as a commissioner of the wine licences; in the possession of which place he died.

Did all merit center in or die with Gordon? It cannot be affirmed, or even supposed. Arnal, once his friend, though afterwards his enemy, was acknowledged to have quicker parts, and a more pliant pen.—And yet, though prodigally rewarded for critical services, he could never obtain a stated provision—So that, had he lived a few years longer, he might have lived himself into all the wretchedness, which Amhurst his antagonist sunk under.

What is stranger still, he had not only the minister but the M——ch too for his patron; who condescended, more than once, to express a gracious sense of his merits and services, and some impatience to have him suitably and permanently rewarded. So that we are bound to believe, that neither M——ch nor minister, though seemingly all-sufficient, had any longer power, separately or conjunctively, to do what they wished to do for him.—The heat of opposition had, by this time, not only increased the price of service, but so enlarged the number of claimants, that all was too
little

little to satisfy their cravings and demands.—*Hinc illa lachrymæ.*—

“ Authors at large, says Lord Shaftesbury, are in “ a manner professed masters of understanding to the age.” And in *Churchill's Collection of Voyages*, an Italian traveller, one Gemelli, gives all Europe to understand, that he could find nothing amongst us but our writings to distinguish us from the worst of barbarians. Instead of reproaching authors, therefore, for living by their labours, we ought to reproach ourselves for allowing them no other means to live.

By the statute of modern uniformity, luxury is the idol that all worship—there is a luxury of the mind as well as the senses.—Of those who administer to the latter, authors stand the foremost.—And ought we to reproach them for the exercise of those talents which we are so much obliged to for enlarging the bounds of our happiness?

The times, as we have seen, were favourable to Prior, Addison, &c. though all found occasion to complaint before they were served, because the link of patronage which held the great and the learned together was then in full force; and yet they did not commence writers in virtue of any such foresight, but because it was the impulse of their genius; and all the good that beset them upon it, was as much the gift of fortune as the result of merit.

The next race of writers had their recent example for authority; and so far, could better justify themselves for taking to the pen and the press, on

a principle of discretion, than in this country any other set of writers ever could.

We of the present day, indeed, having nothing but phantoms before our eyes, are only the dupes of our own delusions *.—— But then, alas! we *are* writers; consequently incapable of taking up any other trade: and consequently, instead of examples, can only bequeath our advices and warnings to others.

And if advice had any power to convince, or warnings to deter, the glut of writing which has cloyed the present age, should be followed, like Pharaoh's years of abundance, with a dearth as durable.

Were only the *Journals, Chronicles, Magazines*, and other periodical, as well as occasional productions, which, at present, contribute so much to the amusement and chit-chat of the day, to be discontinued all at once, how doubly loaded with all the horrors of vacancy would every hour limp off; and how little would the common run of society be worth?

Knowledge is the light of the world: authors have been the dispensers of it; and have been suffered to consume themselves in the operation.

Let those that now write, therefore be the last! and those that delight in darkness have it!

On

* This was in some measure the case when Mr. Ralph wrote. More encouragement has been given to letters in the present reign.

On the COUNTRY MANNERS of the present AGE.

Ergo ubi me in montes et in arcem ex urbe remouui,

Quid prius illustrem? —

H O R.

AT this season of annual migration, as a great writer solemnly stiles it, when the noble lord and the knight of the shire go down to their several seats, to support their interest in the country: when the lawyer takes his circuit; when the right reverend diocesan appoints his visitation; and when the humble out-rider, astride his saddle-bags, goes his rounds for fresh orders, to dealers and chapmen in the country;—in a word, when business or pleasure carry thousands out of town, it is no wonder that one or the other should have transported the Genius almost two hundred miles beyond the limits of the bills of mortality. I could oblige the reader with a curious detail of my journey and adventures: I could tell him, that my publisher furnished me with one horse, and my printer with another, together with his devil in livery, for an attendant; but these and many other curious particulars must be deferred to some future opportunity, that in the mean time I may have leisure to communicate some few observations made *en passant* on my fellow-subjects resident in the country.

Notwithstanding the encomiums on a rural life, sown so thick in the writings of poets and philosophers, we do not, in this degenerate age, think ourselves sure to breathe the pure air of innocence and ancient simplicity, the minute we have got out of the smoke of London; we do not perceive a gradual declension of vice at every milestone, or discover morality upon every hay-cock. The clown who works at plough and cart, nay even the tender of sheep, for whom we have so much respect in pastoral and romance, excite our veneration little more than a link-boy or a hackney-coachman. The very milk-maid with her pail on her head engages our esteem no more than her fellow-labourers, who carry the yoke about our streets: and so little do we expect to find the manners of the golden age prevail among our rustics, that we see, without remorse or surprize, some bumkin Phillis condemned to the gallows for the murder of her bastard child, or a refractory Damon committed to the house of correction, set in the stocks or sent abroad for a foldier.

But though we have surmounted these prejudices, perhaps we still retain some antiquated ideas of the manners of the country, scarce less remote from those which at present reign there, than even the manners of Arcadia. We are apt to take it for granted, that there yet remains among them a strong leaven of that roughness and rusticity, which was so long considered as their distinguished characteristic. It is scarce half a century ago, since the inhabitants

habitants of the distant counties were regarded as a species almost as different from those of the metropolis, as the natives of the Cape of Good Hope. Their manners as well as dialect were entirely provincial; and their dress no more resembling the habit of the town, than the Turkish or Chinese. But time which has inclosed commons, and ploughed up heaths, has likewise cultivated the minds and improved the behaviour of the ladies and gentlemen of the country. We are no longer encountered with hearty slaps on the back, or pressed to make a breakfast on cold meat and strong beer; and in the course of a tour of Great Britain you will not meet with a high crowned hat, or a pair of red stockings. Politeness and taste seem to have driven away the horrid spectres of rudeness and barbarity, that haunted the old mansion-house and its purlieus, and to have established their seats in the country.

It is certainly to the intercourse between the town and country, of late so much more frequent, that this extraordinary change must be imputed. Every traveller, that goes down to Cumberland, or Cornwall, carries in some sort the town along with him, and inevitably leaves some tincture of it behind him: and every visit, which an honest rustic pays to London, insensibly files off some of the rust of the country. Formerly, indeed, when *that the roads were dark, and the ways were mire*, as Milton expresseth it in one of his sonnets, a journey into the country was considered almost as great an undertaking as a voyage to the Indies. The old fa-

mily-coach was sure to be stowed, according to Vanbrugh's admirable description of it, with all sorts of luggage and provisions; and perhaps in the course of the journey, a whole village, together with their teams, were called in aid to dig the heavy vehicle out of the clay, and to drag it to the next place of wretched accommodation which the road afforded. Thus they travelled, like the caravan over the deserts of Arabia, with every disagreeable circumstance of tediousness and inconvenience. But now, the amendments of the roads, with the many other improvements of travelling, have, in a manner, opened a new communication between the several parts of our island. The people venture forth, and find themselves enabled to traverse the country with ease and expedition. Stage-coaches, machines, flys, and postchaises are ready to transport passengers to and fro, between the metropolis and the most distant parts of the kingdom. The lover now can almost literally *annihilate time and space*, and he with his mistress before she dreams of his arrival. Even a troop of geese and turkies may be driven from the country to town in a shorter time, than a nobleman and his family could have taken the journey heretofore; and the gamester offers to bet, that he can go from London to Edinburgh in twelve hours. In short, the manners, fashions, amusements, vices, and follies of the metropolis, now make their way to the remotest corners of the land, as readily and speedily, along the turnpike-road, as, of old, Milton's

Sin

Sin and Death, by means of their marvellous bridge over the *Chaos*, from the infernal regions to our world.

The effects of this easy communication have almost daily grown more and more visible. The several great cities, and we might add many poor country towns, seem to be universally inspired with an ambition of becoming the little *Londons* of the part of the kingdom wherein they are situated: the notions of splendour, luxury, and amusement, that prevail in town, are eagerly adopted; the various changes of the fashion exactly copied; and the whole manner of life studiously imitated. The country ladies are as much devoted to the card-table, as the rest of the sex in London; and being equally tired of making puddings and tarts, or working screens and carpets, they too have their routs, and crowd as many of their neighbours as they can get together into their apartments: they too have their balls and concerts by subscription: their theatres, their mall, and sometimes their rural *Ranelagh*, or *Vauxhall*. The reading female hires her novels from some country circulating library, which consists of about an hundred volumes; and the merchant or obulent hardware-man has his villa three or four miles distant from the great town where he carries on his business. The nobleman and country 'squire no longer affect an old-fashioned hospitality, or suffer the locust of the country to eat them up, while they keep open-house, and dispense victuals and horns

of beer like the ancient convents, to all comers; but more fashionably display the elegance of their taste by making genteel entertainments: the same French cooks are employed, the same wines are drunk, the same gaming practised, the same hours kept, and the same course of life pursued in the country as in town. The force of this illustrious example influences the whole country; and every male and female wishes to think and speak, to eat and drink, and dress and live, after the manner of people of quality in London.

There is no popular subject of satire, on which the modern common places of wit and ridicule have been exhausted with more success, than on that of a mere cockney affecting the pleasures of the country. The dusty house close to the road side, the half acre of garden, the canal no bigger than a wash-hand-bason, &c. have all been marked out with much humour and justice; but after all, it is not unnatural for a tradesman, who is continually pent up in the close streets and alleys of a populous city, to wish for fresh air, or to attempt to indulge a leisure hour in some rural occupation: and he who prevails on himself to give up the enjoyments which nature has thrown into our laps in the country, for a poor imitation of the follies of the town, is infinitely more ridiculous. Lycurgus passed a law in Sparta to prevent the importation of foreign vanities, and not only expressly forbid the continuance of strangers in the city, for fear of their corrupting the people, but for the same reasons

reasons would not permit his own people to travel. Frequent intercourse will undoubtedly produce similarity of manners; but the present communication between the various quarters of our islands are so far from being to be lamented, that it is only to be wished and recommended, that they may produce real refinements and improvements of a valuable nature. At the same time let it be considered by our country gentlemen and ladies, that no benefit can arise from changing one set of follies for another; and that the vices of the town never appear so truly ridiculous or so thoroughly contemptible, as when they are awkwardly practised in the country.

On the predominant PASSION in WOMEN;
an ESSAY.

To the EDITOR.

— *Varium et mutabile semper*

Foemina. — — — VIRG. *Æn.* IV.

Foemineo spoliolum ardebat amore. *Æn.* IX.

AS I am one of those useless insects called a gentleman, and, though possessed of an active mind, have no vocation to exercise it upon; that I may, in some measure, be assistant to society, and at the same time prevent myself from falling into those inconveniencies that people of my disposition are frequently

frequently led into by indolence, I employ my talents, which are pretty much calculated for speculation, in observing the various motions of the human soul; and I am seldom satisfied if I see any extraordinary effect proceed from its workings, till I have traced the reasons of it through its numerous labyrinths to the source of action. In order to become as far master of this knowledge as is possible, I not only read all the moral philosophers, both ancient and modern, but mix with all ranks and conditions of men; and by habit have gained such a convenient flexibility, that in the same hour I can frown with the morose, and smile with the easy-tempered; I can be gay with the young, and serious with the old; and,ameleon-like, can assume any colour but that of injustice, falsehood, or active immorality. I am become so far an adept in this science already, that I am seldom at a loss to assign the cause of most events among my own sex, but must ingenuously confess that I am frequently confounded in my enquiries concerning the other. Whether this difficulty arises from the superior art that women have to conceal their designs, or whether they often do things without any design at all, I cannot as yet determine; but it is certain the instability of that sex has been so unaccountable in all ages, that the ancient Egyptians, the inventors of hieroglyphics, emblemized their disposition by a weather-cock; intimating, I suppose, that they were not actuated by reason so much as the casual turn of elementary causes. However,

this

this inconvenience is in some measure alleviated, as one passion seems to be predominant in their constitution over the rest, and where that fixes, my philosophy has a guide and becomes of use. The reader will immediately guess I mean the love of conquest by their beauty; and whoever has made any observations among the ladies will agree with me, that the admiration of their persons is the surest key, except one, to their bosoms; and those who profess to wear their chains the most, easily become, instead of slaves, absolute masters. There are many other things, no doubt, that female ambition aims at, but this is the principal end of their endeavours. Anacreon very justly calls beauty the armour of the fair; and our countryman Milton, who by woe-ful experience was thoroughly versed in their sentiments, makes the serpent, ere he tempted Eve to sin, prepare her heart for it in the following manner:

Fairest resemblance of thy maker fair!

Thee all things living gaze on and adore,

With ravishment beheld! there best beheld

Where universally admir'd: but here

In this inclosure wild, the beasts among,

(Beholders rude, and shallow to discern

Half what in thee is fair) one man except,

Who sees thee? and what is one, who should'st
be seen

A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd

By angels numberless thy daily train?

So glaz'd the temper, and his poem tun'd:

Into the heart of Eve his words made way.

PAR. LOST. B. IX.

I never

I never met a woman in my life so old or deformed, that had not a relish for this kind of flattery; and I appeal to the hearts of my fair readers, let their public declarations be what they will, if they have not more joy in being admired for the lustre of an eye, than for the brilliant turn of a sensible thought. I have been very much surprized for this reason, how the madrigal-writers can be so dull to compliment Cloe, Stella, or Sylvia on the excellence of their understanding, without taking a word of notice of the ivory neck, lips that exceed the rose, and breasts the lilly, &c. &c. nay frequently to decry those external features, making them a foil to the beauty of the mind. Well, what is the consequence of this? the nymph receives the sonnet, frowns on her philosophical Strephon, and tells him, she is sorry the acuteness of his wit has taken away the use of his eyes.—This unconquerable, almost innate desire of being admired is so universal, that frequently even women, very near as chaste and cold as the feigned followers of Diana, have been imperceptibly led into the snares of love, by endeavouring to extend their sway over those who have seemingly been above their power; and the jealousy of another's making the conquest has affected what the warmest solicitation had sued for in vain: so strong is the love of Idalian empire!

I have almost copied the following story, concerning a remarkable instance of this kind, from the ingenious Mons. Bruyere. "There lived at Avignon a beautiful young lady named Castalia,
"who

“who was less known for her beauty than the severity of her manners; and above all for the cold indifference she shewed to men, with whom she boasted to converse without any danger of love, and without feeling any other emotions from their conversation, than those she daily had among her female acquaintance and her brothers. She never would believe any stories they related of the force of love in all ages, for friendship was the only passion she was acquainted with. A young and agreeable companion, whom she had been brought up with from her infancy, was the only object of her thoughts; and all her study was to make their reciprocal amity lasting. She was always talking of Calista, for that was the name of her faithful friend; whilst most of her own sex, and all the other were entirely disregarded. However she still continued to be the admiration of the men, and the more offers she rejected, the more her suitors increased. An old count in the neighbourhood, of a rich and noble family, persisted the longest in his addresses; but at length, tired with the fruitless pursuit, and reflecting on his own age and that of Castalia's, reason prevailed over his passion, and he declared he would trouble her no more on the subject of love, provided he might freely visit her as he did before the declaration of it. One day when the count came to make his usual visit, he brought with him his son Hilario, a young man of an agreeable person, an engaging address, and a lively wit. Castalia, after the
“first

"first introductory salutations, beheld him with a
 "particular regard; but as he was silent in the pre-
 "sence of his father, she imagined he was deficient
 "in understanding; and so that she was void of all
 "apprehension of falling a victim to this new lover,
 "as she imagined he would be. As soon as the old
 "man was gone, Hilario gave her by his discourse
 "a more advantageous idea of his wit; but as he
 "did not admire her as others had done, and spoke
 "nothing of her beauty, she began to be surprized
 "and angry that so accomplished a youth, who seem-
 "ed to have the finest taste for all other things,
 "should be so blind to her perfections. When the
 "first interview was over, she immediately went
 "to her friend, and communicated this new uneasi-
 "ness. Calista was seized with a desire of seeing
 "this indifferent stranger. Accordingly some few
 "days after they all three met by appointment.
 "Hilario, after they had taken two or three turns
 "in the public walks, began to compliment, and
 "say a hundred little amorous things to Calista;
 "this was the first time Castalia had not been ido-
 "lized above all her sex; her rage and pride grew
 "so great at this loss of empire, that, for fear of
 "being discovered, she pretended sudden illness
 "and left the company. From hence she began to
 "look cool upon her friend, but appointed a second
 "meeting in order to clear up her doubts. The
 "second appointment shewed her what she feared
 "to see, and turned her too well-grounded suspi-
 "cion into certainty. Stung with jealousy she
 "leaves

“leaves Calista, loses the taste for her conversation,
“and totally forgets the merit that had formerly
“charmed her; which change was too convincing
“a proof that love had supplanted friendship in her
“heart. In the mean time Hilario and Calista were
“married, the news was spread through the whole
“city, and every one congratulated them. Castalia
“hears of the marriage, feels her love and despair
“re-kindled, and seeks again the acquaintance of
“Calista, only for the pleasure of seeing Hilario;
“but matrimony had no effect upon the young bride-
“groom, he still was the lover, though a husband,
“still viewed the mistress in the wife, and never
“shewed any more esteem for Castalia, than for the
“friend of a person who was most dear to him.
“This unfortunate maid became at length, through
“excess of passion, distracted. She would mistake
“her own brothers for Hilario, and speak to them
“in the language of love; then find out the mistake,
“and blush at the disappointment. She would rave
“whole days and nights without resting, and the
“few intervals of reason only served to weep the
“recovery of it.”

PHILARETES.

A succinct

A succinct ACCOUNT of the PERSON, the
WAY of LIVING, and of the COURT of
the KING of PRUSSIA.

THE King of Prussia is about forty-seven years of age, in stature about five feet six inches, extremely well made, but somewhat remarkable in his deportment, yet very polite; his countenance is agreeable and sprightly; his voice musical and fine, even when he swears, which he rarely does, except when in a passion. He is better versed in the French language, and speaks it more fluent and correctly, than the German, and never makes use of the latter, but to those whom he knows to be ignorant of the former. His hair is of a dark fine chesnut colour, and always in queue; he takes a pleasure in dressing it himself, and never wears night-cap, night-gown, or slippers, but only puts on a linen cloak when he dresses his hair. Three times in the year he has a new suit of the uniform of the first battalion of his guards, which is a blue cloth faced with red and silver Brandenburgs, after the Spanish manner; his waistcoat is plain yellow, a point d'espagne hat, and white feather. He wears boots, and never appears in shoes, even at his public court days; this trifle gives him an air very constrained and particular to his foreign courtiers.

He always rises about five, and is busy till three quarters after six: at seven he dresses, and then
receives

receives letters, petitions, and memorials, and directs answers: and having dispatched these, at nine his ministers, or rather his domestics, attend him till eleven, at which time precisely he relieves his guards, and sees them perform their exercises; is very exact in correcting any mistake, and giving the word of command himself, unless he is indisposed; it is not therefore to be wondered, that most of the generals of other princes endeavour to imitate the Prussian exercise and discipline, as they are the best now in Europe: after this is done, he returns and continues in the great hall of his palace, and grants public audience to any of his subjects, and permits them to present their own petitions; and so desirous is he to do justice, and relieve all injuries and oppressions, that he strictly commands his executive officers to hear, determine, and adjudge all disputes without delay. Having dispatched his public affairs, he returns to his closet; and though only his own domestics are present, he has so habituated himself in bending his body in a bowing posture, that he always retires bowing in the most courtly manner. As soon as he enters his closet, he resumes his business alone, or finishes with his ministers, if any thing remains undone before his going to the parade, which frequently is the case; for let the business be never so important, he is punctual in relieving his guards at the stroke of eleven.

He sits down to dinner at half an hour after twelve in general, accompanied with his own mi-

nisters, and those of foreign princes who are at Potzdam, and the officers of his first battalion of guards. His table consists of twenty-four covers, though it frequently exceeds that number. He is very elegant and particular in his deserts of fruit. The dinner-time does not exceed an hour: after dinner he walks about a quarter of an hour, conversing with some of the company, and then retires to his closet, bowing in his usual manner as he goes out.

He continues in private till five o'clock, when his reader comes to him, and reads till seven, and his reading is succeeded by a concert, which lasts till nine. He takes great delight in, and understands music extremely well, and few can equal him upon the flute. His daily concert consists chiefly of wind-instruments, and vocal music, which are the best in Europe; namely, three eunuchs, a counter-tenor voice, and Mademoiselle Astru, an Italian. These singers cannot be equalled, for he will admit of none that are not superlatively excellent.

At nine, some of the Voltaires, Algarottis, Maupertuis, and the other wits, never exceeding eight, including the king, and one or two of the king's favourites, who usually sup with him, meet in an apartment for that purpose; and supper is served up at half an hour after nine, which never consists of more than eight dishes, all introduced at the same time: from the time of supper wit flies about very freely till twelve, during which time the king lays
aside

aside his majesty, and is only distinguished from the rest of the company by his superior wit and bons mots: at the stroke of twelve the king withdraws to bed, and is so exact, that the most entertaining subjects never make him exceed the time above five or ten minutes. In this manner the twenty-four hours are spent throughout the whole year, particularly during the nine months which the king spends at Potsdam; unless something extraordinary intervene, such as the present, when his thoughts are diverted from his private pleasures and amusements, and directed to the business of war.—He has an utter aversion to all sorts of gaming, and in general to most rural amusements.

The daily expence of his table for the kitchen is fixed at 33 German crowns, or five guineas and a half English money. For this sum he has 24 dishes, 16 for dinner, and 8 for supper; the former consists of 24 covers, and the latter of 8; if there be more than 24 covers, he pays the overplus to the purveyor of the kitchen, at the rate of a crown a head: all the sea-fish and game is not included in this expence, but is charged to the king over and above the five guineas and a half. Out of the 33 crowns, the purveyor pays for wood and coals, and buys the kitchen furniture, such as tables, kitchen-linen, and in general every thing that belongs to it, the wages of the cooks excepted, which the king is charged with extraordinarily. There are four cooks employed in the kitchen, a Frenchman, Italian, Austrian, and Prussian, and each of them dresse,

four dishes for the dinner, and two for the supper; so that in this variety of cookery it is calculated that every man's palate may be pleased, which is the intent of the king in having four cooks of four different countries, of which his company generally consists. Whether the king be present or not, he gives a dinner all the year through to the officers of his battalion; and allows them a bottle of wine and a bottle of beer alternately each day between two. There are also made ready every day at twelve o'clock three large dishes of roast and boiled meat, bread, and beer for the officers of his two other battalions of foot-guards, and every one may take of this as he pleases; it is a sort of whet before dinner, the price of which is also fixed with the purveyor of the kitchen, who provides at his own discretion a certain quantity.

The king has an universal knowledge; but excels in nothing so much as in the art of war, in which, by the mere natural strength and superiority of his judgment, he at once became a general and a hero. He distinguishes with precision what inferior minds never discover at all, the difference between great difficulties and impossibilities, and being never discouraged by the former, has often seemed to execute the latter. He is indefatigably laborious and active, cool and intrepid in action, discerns as by intuition, seizes with rapidity, and improves with skill the short but favourable, and often decisive moments of battle. Modest and magnanimous after victory, he becomes the gene-
rous

rous protector of the subdued and captive enemies. Resolute and undejected in misfortunes, superior to distresses, and struggling with difficulties, which no courage nor constancy but his own would have resisted, or could have surmounted.—He is a very good judge of composition, whether in verse or prose, in both which he has been an author himself with good success. He has a great deal of humour, and succeeds well in raillery, and is very satirical on those whom he has any dislike to.

He is a great politician, and very conversant on the nature of finances, and more so as to the value of commerce; and knows very well how to sow in order to reap. He treats every body with great civility and respect, being extremely solicitous to oblige the meanest of his subjects, and makes his dignity familiar to them by the modesty and simplicity of his behaviour, and never thinks himself too great for the lowest offices of friendship and humanity.—The salaries are but trifling which he annexes to the great officers of his court, and most of them *in partibus*. Through all his territories he has no governors of provinces or cities; he himself commands alone. The commanding officers of the regiments serve for governors, wherever they are in garrison; nor has he any establishment for a staff in any of his places. These three articles cost immense sums to other potentates. A soldier who distinguishes himself, and is observant of military discipline, generally meets with the king's particular favour, and very

probably in twenty or thirty years may rise through all the steps till he gets the command of a regiment.

His only ministers are Justice and Humanity, though he has an officer stiled a chancellor, who does not open his mouth. A grand veneur, who dare not kill a quail. A cup-bearer, who knows not whether he has any wine in his cellar. A master of the horse, who dare not order one of them to be saddled. A chamberlain, who has never given him his shirt. A great master of the wardrobe, who does not know his taylor. The functions of all these great officers are exercised by one single person, whose name is Fredersdorff, who is likewise valet de chambre, and private secretary in ordinary, and has filled all these nominal posts for several years. His own extensive mind forms all his plans of government, undebased by ministerial interests and misrepresentations.

His whole household consists of eight gentlemen pages, as many footmen, fourteen running footmen, and sixteen men with dresses of different sorts, after the manner of the eastern nations, all in rose colour with galloon lace. In all his apartments the furniture is very neat and plain, the hangings of rose colour pale lilies, both for himself, the two queens, and the rest of the royal family.

The late king, his father, loved hunting, and kept a very expensive equipage on that account; but his present majesty has an utter aversion to it; and, on his advancement to the throne, sent for
the

the grand veneur, who was a great lover of the diversion, to lay before him an account of the annual expence of the chase; who represented it as a great benefit to the king to continue it, and urged it so far as to tell him, that, if he suppressed it, he would lose 23,000 crowns a year by it: upon which the king told him, that he would give him all his game, and the fish in his rivers, in consideration of 20,000 crowns a year, and would pay him for all he had occasion for himself. The poor veneur, who had asserted by his own account, that he must be a great gainer at this rate, durst not refuse the offer, and inadvertently laid a snare in which he was caught himself, and proved his ruin; for he was at last obliged to abscond, and had neither money nor game.

The queen consort is as good a woman as lives, and greatly esteemed by the king for her virtues, though he seldom sees her, and never cohabits with her. The princess Amelia is very agreeable and lovely, and possessed of every amiable qualification to render her accomplished. Prince Henry is very amiable, and extremely polite and generous. Prince Ferdinand has distinguished himself in such an extraordinary manner in Germany, that his great qualifications are too well known to need a recital here; therefore let it suffice to say, that he is loved and esteemed by all who know him.

ANECDOTES of Mons. de VOLTAIRE in his
present Situation at FERNEY in BURGUNDY,
near GENEVA.

IN the preface to an ingenious volume lately published, under the modest title of Bagatelles, I lately saw the following observation, which my acquaintance with Voltaire has truly, too truly verified.

“Authors are, in general, the reverse of all other objects; they magnify by distance; they diminish by approach: it reminds me of a city built on a hill, and in perspective; where the towers, the spires, and lofty parts are seen with admiration; but on a nearer approach we discover narrow streets, little alleys, and offensive objects perhaps till we are, at last, taught to wish we never had quitted our first distance; and wish, though in vain, to be thus happily deceived, as before.”

As this great author had ever in his eye, the realizing a proper fortune to retire upon, he has, some how or other, accomplished it; for at present he possesses a vast tract of land in that part of Burgundy properly called the Pais de Gex, which stretches almost to that gate of Geneva which opens into France, and that part of Switzerland bounding on the south-west side of the lake.

It is plain, by anecdotes delivered to us from Berlin, that during his long residence there, and
enjoying

enjoying those substantial emoluments, which that monarch denies even to his deliverers, the military gentlemen, Voltaire at last so enraged the king by perpetual accounts of his mean behaviour, that one thing bringing on another, and joined to a quarrel with the great Maupertuis, then at the head of the academy of Sciences in Berlin, Voltaire was dismissed with a genteel kind of disgrace; being ordered to leave the golden key he wore, and to depart in twenty-four hours.

It appeared that out of the ample allowance of the king of Prussia, he had remitted every dollar home; though his Majesty gave him a more ample pension than usual, to justify his affectionate choice of this bosom friend, by supposing he would diffuse it among his subjects; and thereby gain, if not a settled, yet a transitory kind of popularity.

The king lived to find the fallacy of his judgment, in this particular at least; and it is well known, that this great little man, when the court went into deep mourning on some near occasion, borrowed of some friend a suit that fitted him, rather than be at the expence of making a new one.

That he was vexed to be found out, and his good friend Maupertuis took especial care to inflame the bill, appears by the severe couplet or two left on his table, together with the king's picture and clef d'or; the purport of which was:

" I received it with affection,

" I return it with disdain;

" As does a once fond lover to his favourite,

" When his affection is turned to hate."

This

This is the purport, if not the exact translation. The king, as I heard, treated it with that proper contempt which Richard does the billet put into his hands the evening before the battle; which, as Sternhold and Hopkins have it on another occasion, may be either sung or said.

Voltaire was afterwards equally well received at the court of Manheim; and it was during his stay here, that he wrote his tragedy of *Olympia*; and, with his usual accuracy, lays the scene in the temple of Ephesus two hundred years, at least, after that famous structure was destroyed.

And this reminds me of a strange answer he gave to the old general Furstinberg at the same court; who giving him an hint, and with great diffidence to so great an author, that a certain battle in his history of the war was marked down as in the month of April, when really it happened in October; made answer, "Well, fool! it was fought then; no matter when." What dependence on such a volatile historian?

The same general was in England, as engineer-general to the Hessians; was governor to the present landgrave during his minority; had great rank at the elector palatine's, as commandant of Manheim; and yet could not escape the pointed ribaldry of our great author.

One small circumstance at the court of Berlin seems necessary, ere I drop the curtain there; that, as it came out afterwards, his majesty certainly availed himself, and perhaps it was his original view

view in the said invitation, of his stay there, to form certain odes, since made public under the title of *Philosophe sans Soucie*; and which if not Voltaire's, were corrected by him; on the quarrel the secret appeared, and Voltaire was rude enough to say, "I was his old washerwoman and was sent for only to clean his dirty sheets."

Having been so long accustomed to dethrone kings and overthrow empires on paper, he thinks himself justified in realizing these his chimeras; and this has been but a too general complaint at all courts, that the ministry could not quietly go on in their work for him.

When he left the court palatine, he retired to his new purchase near Geneva. Various were the reasons given for his situation; namely, that he could dodge his persecutors from one country to another; being in an hour either in Geneva, Switzerland, or Savoy. But where such property is, the stake is too great—for his person he would less value than an inch of his acquisitions.

No author but himself ever perhaps knew how to out-wit booksellers: even those of Holland have felt his superiority of traffic; nay, while he has sold a copy at Paris, he would resell the same to others at Leipzig, the Hague, Brussels, Liege, Frankfurt, and elsewhere; with the addition only of a new title-page, or different introduction.

He has a rented house on the territory of Geneva, which he seldom visits; and the real cause of dislike was being prevented exhibiting a play there to the
marshal

marſhal duke de Richlieu; for at the inſtant, which made the flight more conſpicuous, they were going to liſt the curtain, a caveat in form came from the ſtates, and too powerfully attended to be gainſaid.

At Ferney, his place of reſidence, he found a large old French chateau, which he razed to the ground; and in its ſtead, has erected a very noble feat-like houſe; but preſerving ſome aukward gateways and turrets, the beauty of the building is much deformed on that front which faces the great road to Gex; and the back front is only viſible to thoſe walking there.

Notwithſtanding his long ſtay in England, and his pretended attention to and affectation of our taſte in planting, building, and gardening, every part of his demefne is equally Frenchified as any citizen's plat of ground in the environs of Paris. All his woods are cut into walks ſtar-ſaſhion; and all the variety conſiſts in its being a ſtar of greater or leſs magnitude, with more or fewer rays.

Being the firſt poſſeſſions he ever enjoyed, he takes all methods at table to inform his gueſts that every diſh comes off the territoire; and as a gallows is the mark of a ſeigneurie or manor in France, he is not wanting alſo to inform you that he has as many potences as would ſtring half the monarchs in Europe; and who, as he often ſays, deſerve no other or better exaltation.

He ſeems fond, politically ſo, perhaps, becauſe the Engliſh at Geneva are his beſt friends in all kind of ſubſcriptions, witneſs his edition of Corneille,

neille, to recount the honours he received, and the connections he made in England; and recounts that one evening all the genius's were assembled in compliment to him at the Earl of Peterborough's on Parson's Green. As he had read and admired Addison's works more than any other, he was happy to plant himself near so great a man, himself being then a stripling.

It so happened our English Author was in one of his fits of taciturnity, but had drank too much, even so as to be obliged to discharge some share of what he had loaded his stomach with; when the evening ended, and the company separating, Voltaire waited on Mr. Addison to the coach, confessed his obligation at having the honour to sit so near him all the time; but added, "That he was sorry to say the best thing which came out of his mouth that night was the claret."

It was at the same time he claims the merit of furnishing Mr. Pope with the metaphor of his ape in the first Essay on Man; and even says, that many other of the best philosophical maxims were his own; particularly all that portion of the third essay, which gives the history of natural government.

However his pen now may be unequal to tracts of length or solidity; his vein for the bonmot and quick repartee remains, and most likely will to the last; one proof of this will serve for the present.

At the rehearsal of one of his own tragedies, Mr. Cramer, bookseller at Geneva, and Voltaire's
own

own immediate publisher, was finishing his part, which was to end with some dying sentences; when Voltaire, all despotic over those he thinks his dependents, cries out aloud, "Cramer, you lived like a prince for the four preceding acts, but at the fifth you die like a bookseller." Dr. Tronchin, the Boerhaave of this age, being present, could not help in kindness interfering adding, withal, "Why, Monsieur de Voltaire, can you ever expect to have gentlemen to be at this expence of dresses, and fatigue of getting such long parts, if you thus continue to upbraid them? On the contrary, I think they all deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands; and, as to my friend Cramer, I declare, that as far as I am a judge, he dies with the same dignity he lived." Voltaire, who detests advice, or being informed by an inferior, for an author is in his eye beyond even an Æsculapius, were he living, made this cool answer; "Pr'ythee, doctor, when you have got kings to kill, kill them in your own way; let me kill mine as I please."

Mr. Voltaire's theatre is in one of his out-offices, is neatly fitted up, and may contain two hundred persons. Two changes of scenes answer all the ends of French tragedy or comedy; though they begin to follow the English custom of late, and think unity of time and place not essential in the least to good plays.

Indeed, if my fancy stretches so far, as one night to imagine a parcel of deal planks to be Athens, the next evening Paris, and the day after
old

old Rome; I may, by the same change of ideas, change the scenes too, and equally imagine the business of three days to be comprized into three hours, as that incidents of time and chance should fall into the compass of three hours, which it is impossible should have occurred in as many days.

But as French tragedy all centers in palace-plot, and cabinet-conspiracy; and as all their species of comedy falls into the path of parlour-intrigue, their stage may still support this folly half a century longer. The English being by their nature Ubiquarians, and seldom in one place long, must have painted canvasses as quick as their ideas, or they would fall asleep.

To return to our little theatre at Ferney, the attendants are made up of the butler, coachman, groom, &c. I have caught the laughing dairy-maid in the habit of a priestess; and the old cook was found in the fact of being for that night a young vestal.

But what abates the whole pleasure is the frequent and outrageous interruptions of Mr. Voltaire, who, when any passage goes wrong, never fails to proclaim it; and will cross the stage in his night-cap and gown to scold at an empress, or pull the cap of a queen.

Great wits, says a great author, are surely allied to madness; one would imagine this, who saw our epic-writer on such a night. I remember his coachman not entering time enough to lay him down gently in the hour of death, in the character of a
Turkish

Turkish slave, he changed his tragedy part into comic reasoning ; and whimsically asked him for a receipt in full of all demands ; “ for I am sure, said Voltaire, I must be in your debt, or you would not have used me so, as to let me die thus like a beggar.”

After the most serious conclusion of a tragedy, or refined finishing of a comedy, this great man renders himself truly little, by some jest to the audience, lower if possible, than a merry-andrew's at Bartholomew-fair.

And so little does he think music a part of the entertainment, that when Mr. Hayes, now master of the king's band in Dublin, made up a pleasing set in his orchestra, he always shortened their ingenuity by the warning-bell ; or would be laughing in the pit or boxes with ladies so very loud, as to drown all efforts of harmony.

This is rather the more surprizing, as he pays great attention to his niece, madame Dennis, who plays the harpsichord equal, if not superior, to any professor of the science.

And since I have mentioned one lady of his household, I am called upon to inform the reader that the descendant of the great Corneille was at the eve of her stipend, as a pensioner in some convent in France, when he, with no small labour, found her out ; and having married her to a French officer, one Depuy, Voltaire seemingly published Corneille's works by subscription, to make her a fortune equal to her husband ; but, from many
other

other concurrent circumstances in his life of avarice and penury, I do really believe Voltaire shared the profits, which I hear amounted to near 5000*l.* sterling.

When we consider how many crowned heads espoused this undertaking, this sum less surprizes; but this we know, that where, as the empress-queen for instance, any great personage subscribed for an hundred, and only in politeness took one copy, he sold all the rest at a market price, and so trafficked with the generosity of his best friends.

The young couple live under his roof; and, though never married himself, yet does he love to see others happy in that state; having, as I heard him say, joined together eighteen couple of servants, during his residence at Ferney: scarce then above five years.

He has other good houses on his estates; such as Tournaye, &c. for the French mark their smallest demesnes with a chateau; though perhaps the said building shall never be furnished or finished.

Under these articles of finishing and furnishing, no houses are perhaps so insufferably defective as the country-houses in France: those who can afford to have two houses, namely town and country, send all their best moveables to Paris; while those whose circumscribed fortunes never permit them that advantage, live in farms; which being tricked off with a few turrets and pinnacles, bears the name of chateau always.

From this vanity of a little piece of property, occurs that perpetual jumble in the names of families, so as hardly to be able ever to distinguish one branch from another: for should a lord of a manor have ten sons, one takes the name of Dubois, of the wood; a second de la Haye, of the hedge; a third de la Tour, of the tower; a fourth de la Fontaine, of the fountain; till, after every part of the house and garden is ransacked for a fresh appellation, should the good lady bring another, they would call him, rather than not give some Nom de Guerre at the christening, de la Jartiere, from one of his mother's garters.

But to return to Ferney: the parish church forming part of the quadrangle or grand cour to the old chateau; and Voltaire being thereby intercepted a view of the lake, fairly sawed the church in two, without any spiritual licence for so doing; or, without a with-your-leave or by-your-leave of the bishop or dean; but as a salvo to the injury, he has put in very large capitals, distinguishable from the great road to the town of Gex, and so purposely intended, these words:

DEO EREXIT VOLTAIRE.

Many epigrams, sonnets, and madrigals have been wrote on the occasion, but not one worthy of insertion; suffice it, that as the rule of his conduct is, in general, every school-boy can throw his squib of animadversion.

On the dissolution of the order of jesuits, and of course their dissipation, Voltaire selected one to be

be his table-companion, and fellow chess-player. The poor Pere Adam, that is his name, is forced to eat his pudding, and hold his tongue; for never was a Welch curate so much the butt of his squire's arrows, as is this chaplain of his.

I give him a title here Voltaire never intended him; but I know that the accidental residence of this jesuit in his house has frequently given an handle for many to think and say, that however ludicrous our epic is in public, that in private he is not without his fears; which he proves by having this reverend chaplain in his house and at his elbow; whereas it is well known, that both the vespers and mattrins of Mons. de Voltaire are chess and back-gammon, piquet, or a game at quadrille.

When he invited the poor Pere Adam to his house, it is said he was ingenuous enough to add, "if you can dare to live with a man who professes himself to have no religion at all, or if any thing, is a stricter disciple of Confucius than you can be of your humble master, then come to me."

He seldom goes to bed till day-break, drinking coffee almost every half hour, and playing at chess; next day he is never visible till noon, and then disagreeably so; having but too often a dirty banjan, an unpowdered tye-wig with the knots before; and a cap over that, either of silk or velvet embroidered; and being naturally hasty and waspish, I am often reminded of Lear as represented in a strolling company, where the wardrobe furnishes the same suit for that insane king as for the Mahomet

met of some Turkish tragedy, incomplete at least, and at best very shabby.

The Jesuit residing with Mons. de Voltaire, being rather a man of slight than striking genius, often gives this head of the family an handle to make him the butt of conversation; however, the Pere Adam follows the old adage of, "eating his pudding and holding his tongue."

Voltaire says of him often, *Il est Pere Adam, mais pas le premier des hommes*. He is Father Adam, but far from being the first of men.

To draw up the curtain of Berlin once more, which seemed already dropt, I should inform the reader that Maupertuis and he had a real quarrel, and what the king of Prussia began in a political jest, had near ended in a very serious manner.

Indeed, the phlegmatic disposition of Maupertuis, a Norman, was a proper subject for the king, in his hours of humour and raillery, to play off his artillery on, by means of the said Maupertuis, against the vivacity of a Frenchman born southward, and differing more from the northern French in the several provinces of Normandy, Britany, Anjou, &c. than perhaps any country in the globe.

To return, matters were carried so high, that Maupertuis sent a challenge to Voltaire, then sick in bed. The exact words of his invitation to the field of battle I never saw, but his answer was almost in these words.

Monsieur

Monfieur de Maupertuis.

S I R,

I HAD the honour of your challenge, which I would gladly have accepted had you given me the choice of my own weapons; being ill a-bed, a fyringe would have been the moft proper instrument; and that, from your known humanity, I do expect to receive from your skilful hands.

But I muft alfo obferve to you, that a pistol-ball will kill me, but can have no effect on you; lead will assimilate with your brain; and therefore we are not on an equal footing.

I am, with respect,

VOLTAIRE.

The quarrel, by these means, ended like that of Dr. Caius and Sir Hugh Evans. It became a party-affair of the most laughable kind; so that the very boys of Berlin upbraided Monf. de Maupertuis for not sending a squirt to Monf. de Voltaire instead of a challenge with ball and pistol.

To return to our lord-paramount at the *chateau de Ferney*, where he may be truly called such; the gay part of Geneva take delight in visiting him; but, as he knows what is related to them will reach the ears of their magistracy, he never fails saying the severest things an irritated genius can invent.

A gentleman's equipage not coming punctually, who was on a visit to him, he asked if the coach-

man was a Genevite; and, being answered in the affirmative, he replied, " Oh! there the very "servants are kings; no wonder you are so tyrannically used."

At another time, the reader must observe that Geneva has no territory, he said, supposing each free-citizen of this great republic had a shirt, and would lend it on the occasion, they might cover their dominion with their own linen.

His house is a receptracle for all foreigners; and, as every such visitor strains his genius to entertain him, no wonder, by such a quick succession of all the several inhabitants of the four quarters of the world, that Voltaire has such an universal knowledge of mankind.

His conversation among men generally turns, and too unhappily so, on blasphemous subjects; and, which argues a great want of politeness, he generally increases this vein if any churchmen are present; nay, according to their rank, he augments or decreases his fallies of what he falsely calls pleasantry.

Thus a story, which would be a good one for a poor curé or abbé, must be enriched for a mitred brow or cardinal; and pere Adam, the good simple Jesuit, whatever little he may say on the occasion, pays it off in thinking.

Yet, to keep up appearances, he has given an altar to the church adjoining to his house, and some rich vestments to the sacristy; and will, occasionally,

casionally, attend the service; particularly, on a wedding which shall happen in his own family.

The archbishop of Troyes dining with him one day, Voltaire was, as usual, playing off all his artillery against the prelate, who was also a cardinal. The good divine immediately became the gentleman, and said, "The world have such obligations to men of genius, that a particular allowance is ever made to them, in return for their productions; though I don't doubt yet but *Monf. de Voltaire* will be a good convert to us before he dies." Voltaire immediately answered, "My lord! if ever I am made a convert of, it must be, like St. Paul, on horseback."

With ladies, he is rather indecent; as with the church, he is but too apt to be ludicrous. Many of his late works will verify this; and I rather think that the sweepings of his brain, so lately published, are more owing to his flattering bookseller and his wife, who, like F——r in Dublin, never care if Voltaire or Dean Swift suffer, so he or they can have venison in the proper season.

The *salle à manger* at Voltaire's is very dirty in general; and you will see servants waiting in waistcoats, and women at work, in not the most delicate of needle employment, while company of the first rank are at dinner. But his drawing-room, and other apartments, make ample amends for this carelessness; scarce any nobleman having a more elegant suite of chambers, either for state or convenience.

You would be surprized to see on what scraps of paper he writes his best hints for material works. I am amazed he can find them in the dissipated manner they lie. While he writes he always sits with his back to the fire; which is, perhaps, to save his eyes.

When he does dress, which is rare, no man produces a more variegated wardrobe; but so excentric is he, that, in a suit of velvet and embroidery, I have seen him join the dance of some servants in the hall, on hearing the violin give the summons.

But let me not dare by these *minutiae* to think of lessening the value of so great a master of the pen. On the contrary, Dean Swift had, in his private hours, more of this vein than even Voltaire; descending often to chuse mere trifles, in order the better, perhaps, to rise in sentiment afterwards. Pope certainly means this, when he so elegantly pays this compliment to lord Bolingbroke:

“Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
“To fall with dignity, with temper rise.”

There is a monarchical, despotic state in this great man, which appears in his minuteſt actions. Thus, at table, he never comes in with the rest of the company; but will delay about any trifle; and, on entrance, loves to recall all the dishes, and disturb every part of the table with placing and misplacing them, after every one else has been satisfied; which is rather disagreeable, when the appetite of others has been satisfied; nothing being
so

so unwelcome as the remnants of dishes half spoiled, and scraps of delicacies; which, by these means, no longer are such.

Land being cheap in this part of Burgundy, called properly *de Pais de Gex*, it is amazing what a quantity of acres he has on his estate; and he seems to value himself on this, in preference to a smaller share of territory more cultivated.

He pretends to shew a turn for English improvements, from observations he made, or pretended to make, in England when he was there. But the attachment to French ornaments still prevails; and a flower-plat and fountain are to him greater embellishments than all the woods and waters of a Chatworth, a Castle-Howard, or a Sturton.

His favourite work is the *Pucelle d'Orleans*; which, in fact, is the Hudibras of the French poetry and language. His picture is often drawn looking on his *Henriade*; but, I believe, he has not that affection for it he has for many other of his performances.

Being asked which of his tragedies he most affected, he replied, *Olympia*; "for the same reason," says he, "that a man is proud of having a child at seventy-five."

He has many carriages, according the French custom, but not one fit to ride in. No nation, elegant as they are at Paris in these conveniences, is so careless distant from the metropolis. If you are carried, or, as is the common expression, lifted out of the dirt, it is all they think of; stained linings,

linings, ragged fringes, broken windows, make up the sum of a French country equipage; and Mr. Shandy, in a late volume, gives this under his hand in his observations during a French perambulation.

Though Voltaire never would accept a title from any monarch, yet does he much attach himself to personages so adorned; nay, in the very opening of his letters, he will give a preference of reading to those with ducal coronets over those of common earls, viscounts, or barons.

He complains much of an unconquerable dryness in his habit of body; "which," he says, "one day or other must end me;" as if but for that he might live a century longer; and I am told that, in illness, no man is so afraid of the devil's claws as himself; insomuch that the most ignorant and mendicant priest can, at that time, have a sway over him; which, in perfect health, the infallible head of the church would fail of.

The many presents from the great of wine, and every delicacy which so many different countries afford, allow him to keep a better table than many of his equals in fortune; and, whether their favours arise from fear or love, he is equally gainer.

Most people think him at least twenty years older than he really is; appearing on the theatre of life so early, for he published at sixteen, many imagine him a man from that æra; when, in fact, he was only a stripling. Nor do I now believe him to be above seventy.

However,

However, being one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the king, his age may easily be ascertained; for a man cannot enter on such a post till of certain age; and, by the date of his commission, it will appear when he obtained that honour.

His affection to the elector palatine seems beyond that of any other monarch; he resided with him a year under his roof at Manheim, and had every honour of a prince of the blood; but mingling in politics, the minority there grew jealous of him, and so he retired to his territory near Geneva.

The elector had several busts of him executed by Mr. Verchetsel, the most eminent statuary now living, and who is governor of the sculpture academy at Manheim; but, to keep him in good humour, some ladies of the court were always near him, or he would not have had patience to go through the ceremony of a model.

In short, he is such a mixture of dignity and littleness, such a contrast of the trifler and man of judgment, that he seems, as Falstaff says so wittily of himself, a double man. As his various works prove him a great man, I have only touched on those anecdotes which shew him in another light; perhaps unknown to the world, and which, blended with his other character, make him, as he is—a mortal man; and not that deity the minor writers would fain raise him to.

If I have been too severe, attribute it to a punctuality in my nature; and when he dies, let

us

us say of him prince Henry said over even his enemy :

*“ They ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
“ But not remember’d in thy epitaph.*

By ignominy, I mean his universal dislike to all religion; in which he is not content, for this I could forgive him, to think only; but he loves to vent his opinion in public; and the world are left to judge, with the attachment people are too apt to have towards men of genius, what an infinite number of profelytes he is capable of drawing to himself in these days of libertinism and dissipation.

Being exiled the kingdom of France, some people only say the court, he passed over to England, the surest, as the happiest asylum to a gentleman and a genius. He raised subscriptions there, unknown to any native; and which in an enemy's country might, or is, indeed, called contributions.

On his wishing to return home, on some private affairs, he strongly solicited the then French ministry to obtain leave for such a favour to himself; but, however publicly his majesty might approve and countenance such recall, the revengeful ministers were not so easily reconcileable, but became very strenuous opposers of it. But Voltaire, ever an over-match in politics and genius for these his enemies of state, wrote to some powerful friends in Germany, and suddenly got himself invested with a public character; I think it was either from the electorate of Cologne, or prince bishop of Liege.

On

On obtaining this rank, he immediately set off for the court of Versailles, having previously got his credentials acknowledged before he presented himself in public.

On his first appearance, the reader may well imagine what a buzz there was throughout the drawing-room of such an inquisitive court; and of course his old enemies, from curiosity and not affection, incircled him, and began as usual their congratulations, each equally endeavouring to exculpate himself, and, in general, themselves from any hand in his banishment. After hearing what they all had to offer, he said, "By being thus exiled my country so long, I am incapable of understanding your language now, with precision. But if you will talk to my secretary here, or any of my train, they will inform me, when I get home, what kind services you mean to me."

His pardon was soon after sealed, and it is said, that, by this insolence of his, as also his being honoured with a public character, in which department he might equally serve or injure them, that the very ministry, once his enemies, were now the first leaders to his pardon.

At Manheim, where he resided after his disgrace at Berlin, if it may be so called, when he chose his own dismissal, he behaved with such imperiousness, or absence of mind, that when the elector, who would honour him often with a visit in his apartments, and even by his own appointment waited on him, he would pretend not to know him; and,
but

but for that sovereign's insuperable benevolence, the friendship must have ended.

A certain English oculist being at Berlin during Voltaire's residence there, I will in few words introduce an anecdote of this chevalier, professor and member of all the academies in Europe; which, as it is connected a little with Voltaire, is not *outraie* in this letter.

His Prussian majesty, for some reasons, held the English then at arm's length, and was so little desirous of pleasing the country in general, that he would hardly be civil to any particular part of it, though backed with title or office of state. Lord D——, Earl St.——t, the Duke of St.——, and many great commoners, were then in the city of Berlin, but never once invited to court. Nay, so slighted were they, that on the parade, the general resort of all foreigners while the guard mounts, the king would publicly say to general Keith and lord Marshal, "What! are your countrymen not gone yet?" Observe, as a further proof of his revenge; his ambassador at Paris, and the French ambassador to his court, were both attained peers of this kingdom; namely, the lords Marshal and Tryconnel; as the one and only brother of the former was at that time also commander in chief of all his forces. But to the point: at the time the English nobility were thus whimsically excluded the court, our chevalier oculist was publicly admitted; nay, to render it more satirical against us, with double honour, superior to what a person of that rank deserved;

served; however, his usual vanity might desire, or perhaps expect it. Observe, that the said doctor was then strongly suspected of being employed by our ministry, as a private observer of the actions of several princes; and his profession gave him these opportunities, as he was perpetually fluctuating between one court and another, and admitted to their presence.

The oculist being introduced to the king, his majesty, with his usual politeness, asked him what favours he could confer on him, being ready to distinguish all men of eminence like himself. The doctor only desired to have the honour of being oculist to his M——y; and which, to make short of, the king readily granted; adding, “as I do not love to suspend any one’s happiness long, be at court to-morrow early, and your patent shall be ready.”

The chevalier, flushed with this unexpected promise, now appeared at court as by royal command; but notwithstanding a double parade of lacqueys and equipage, on his approach the king said, “You desire to be my oculist—there is your patent; you must take the usual oaths on these occasions: that done, come to me again.”

On reporting to the king that all necessary forms were gone through, his majesty said: “You desired to be my oculist—you are so; my eyes want no assistance;—yet are you my oculist;—but, if you touch the eyes of one of my subjects, I will hang you up. I love my subjects equally as myself.”

The

The chevalier departed, or was rather ordered to depart, in six hours: he pleaded more time to pack up his eyes and implements, but was refused; and, a guard being set over him, he was escorted, like any delinquent, to the borders of Saxony, that being the country most contiguous. The respect his majesty seemed first to pay him in preference to all the English, of which number the smallest was his superior, now appeared a still stronger satire against England, and proved that he suspected the chevalier's other profession, in conjunction with those of oculist, orator, and professor of every science.

To bring this home to Voltaire, which was my intention, an epigram appeared from his pen, no doubt—the sting of which was, “that the king “had driven out of his dominions the only man “who could have opened his eyes.”

And now to return to Ferney once more, where we shall take leave of our hero, and leave him to the opinion of others, no less than his own opinion of himself; his great favourite is Dr. Tronchin, whom he calls his *Æsculapius*. The wife of his bookseller seems very much to rule him, and alternately one Madame Relier, whose husband is a leading man in the affairs of Geneva: a place which Voltaire has such an aversion to enter the walls of, that he has been known to sit in his coach at the very gates, and send for those persons he had any business or connection with to the window-side, and give them an audience with all the self-sufficiency of an eastern prince.

He

He is fond of driving a single-horse chair, and has a roan horse, which the elector-palatine gave him at Manheim, because it happened to be foaled just under his eye from an Arabian mare.

He will sometimes drive more madly than Phaëton, and then at once fall into a solemnity of pace, as if composing some great work.

An English gentleman, who slept one night at his house, begged a book of him to amuse him when he rose in the morning: on which Voltaire gave him his *Pucelle d'Orleans*, adding, "A virgin in my house is no small rarity."

Methinks I see him now with his whip in his hand, calling the whole house to go a hunting, *à la chasse, à la chasse*, and when he had assembled every body, it was only to walk round his house, and brush down the spiders and their webs, which the servants had neglected among the pillars of each portico of his building.

He will talk much of what the writers will say after his death; and often hints, that the conversation of Monsieur de Voltaire on his death-bed, cooked up by some Jesuit, will be a most delicious morsel for the Paris booksellers; "and the rascals" will pick up many a good meal of my bones," says he, "bare as I am."

His kitchen garden at Ferney is very large and convenient, but, divided and subdivided so often by walls, looks rather unsightly: an open plat of ground would be too much exposed to heat, perhaps, to forward culinary productions; the frequent walls may rather create a necessary shade.

His love of dates, sweet oranges, and pomegranates is very particular. Observe, in the south of France, that the Orange, being grafted on the pomegranate gives it a fine colour; and he will often hold it up, and say, "This must have been the forbidden fruit."

His favourite productions in our language are, Garth's *Dispensatory*, Prior's *Henry and Emma*, Pope's *Prologue to Cato*, and the smallest works of Pope; but as to Shakespeare and Milton he can hardly speak of them with any degree of patience.

As he writes much from hearsay, no wonder he is so subject to errors in chronology, and even facts. In a late production of his, which he calls *Contes*, or *Tales*, he declares, when writing a critique on the play of the *Orphan*, that Chamont, as proof of the barbarity of the English stage, asks his sister, the fair and virtuous Monimia, if she has not lost her maidenhead; and affirms, that Polydore twice pulls his beloved and lovely orphan by the hair of her head across the stage.

Whether any young English gentlemen, from design or ignorance, drew him into the scrape of committing this to the press, I cannot say; but so it is—and I wish some comic genius of our island did not do it purposely to expose him, as having endeavoured, or rather dared, as they would call it, to draw a picture of the English stage, without ever knowing its mere out-lines.

In his observations on the tragedy of *Hamlet*, a play he utterly despises, he has hit on a blunder
of

of our great English dramatic writer, which I could wish had not been so visible; viz:

"And now," says he, "the first act ends with the king giving his royal orders, and which must never be disobeyed, to fire all the cannon round the ramparts, two hundred years before gunpowder was invented."

The famous soliloquy of, "To be, or not to be," he has variously burlesqued; as thus:

"To dance, or not to dance,

"To drink, or not to drink,

"To dress, or not to dress,

"To ride, or not to ride,

"To pay, or not to pay,

"To sing, or not to sing; that is the question."

On an English gentleman's taking leave of him, to go to London, he said, "Well, Sir! I will come and see you when you are got home—but that is after I am dead: there are above twenty ghosts in the tragedy of Macbeth, why should I not be one among them?"

On addressing a lady, who had just lain in, he said, "And who was your midwife?" On her telling him Dr. B—r, a man, he smiled, and said, "Well! give my respects to your husband, and tell him he is half a cuckold."

He gives no regular livery; so that his servants often wearing that of the last place they lived at, have the appearance of several gentlemen's servants attending as on a visit to him.

He is fond of hawks; and as the adjacent Alps, and the vast chain of mountains known by the name of Mount Jura, afford various species of these birds, his house is a menagerie of that kind; and he will sometimes amuse himself with letting them fly at a pigeon or a tame fowl about his house, calling them kings who tear the innocent subjects to pieces.

His house was built by an architect of Geneva called Billion; but in this he was only the brick-layer or stone-mason, for the model is very common all over France.

Though he is of a noble family, yet he is ever shy of mentioning it; nor can any one learn what part of France he was born and bred in; perhaps, he thinks, if too many particulars were known, that it would be published before his death, as dying speeches often are, and he would not wish to hear he was so near dying.

His love of English humour is so strong, that he will invite the most common and blackguard stories; and by taking proper memorandums of them, one would think he meant to new dress them, and thereby make them his own, in some future book of tales.

A certain English general officer led so dissipated a life, that he often drank tokay of a guinea a quart, even when alone. Upon which his lady would often say, "My dear general, whatever you do for the honour of the crown, and in compliment to state days, do not drink such expensive
"wine

"wine when by yourself; for what must your poor children do?" "Oh!" says the general, "I am easy as to that, let them smell at the corks."

It being necessary to tap him some time after for the dropsy, he went through the operation like a soldier; but asking what the surgeons had found, and they replying water, he said, "How can that be; I never drank a drop of water in all my life. But how long will it be before I must be tapped again?" On being answered, six months, he replied: "It is impossible! no vessel in my house ever held above six weeks."

In short his life was so profligate, that his lady at last saying, "Why! general, you will not leave a shilling to bury you:" he answered, "Oh! I'll stink them into good manners." Voltaire rubbed his hands for joy, immediately set pen to paper, and an elegant tale on that subject, with all the English *bons mots*, is now to be seen at Ferney.

But again I repeat, and ever shall, that, with all these littlenesses, he is at intervals the very greatest genius of this century. When he does compose, which is rare, he is so amazingly attentive, that he has been known to write a five act tragedy in as many days; and I have heard him say of comedy, that he could write it faster than any actors could represent it, if he had good and quick secretaries.

With respect to the building at Ferney, was it not for having committed the folly of preserving

the gateways, and some towers capped with pinnacles, according to the French manner of building, it would be a magnificent fabric; but an error of the same nature is in point, as the lawyers say, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, where, to keep up a gateway of lord Rochester's, the building of a very great and ingenious architect and nobleman is entirely spoilt; I mean earl E—r.

I have no other anecdotes of *Monf. de Voltaire*, but what would offend the one or other part of human nature, if related; I therefore beg to be excused any farther observations on so great or so little a man.

A FABLE by the celebrated LINNÆUS, translated from the LATIN.

ONCE upon a time the seven wise men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with this thought they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon,
and

and stay there three days in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see. They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the window that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they rose very early in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies of that country coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of these damsels, prevailed over the resolution of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; so that this whole day was spent in gallantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabi-

tants growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard, and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described, but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung among the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers they saw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, youth, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator: all that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, manhood, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, old age, in which after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law suits and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what

end

end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY. An ALLEGORY.

By Mr. DUNCOMBE.

PROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But Love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remains only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco,

Velasco, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them, by his authority, to decide their pretensions by lots; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks, so also will the current of fortune be dissipated,

sipated, unless bounded by œconomy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to, but his voice was as the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends, whom he had neglected, derided him in their turn, his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps; and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian Syrtes, and, to complete all, that the banker, with whom the
greatest

greatest part of his ready money was intrusted, had deserted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads and forests, overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

“I am sent,” said she, “by the gods, to those
 “alone whom they love; for I not only train them
 “up by my severe discipline to future glory, but
 “also prepare them to receive with a greater relish
 “all such moderate enjoyments as are not incon-
 “sistent with this probationary state. As the spider,
 “when assailed, seek shelter in its inmost web, so
 “the mind, which I afflict, contracts its wandering
 “thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was
 “I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates,
 “and Timoleon to so divine a height, and set them
 “up as guides and examples to every future age.
 “Prosperity, my smiling, but treacherous sister, too
 “fre-

"frequently delivers those whom she has seduced,
"to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish
"and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead
"those who will be instructed by her to the blissful
"habitation of Tranquillity and Content."

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and, as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated, and at last he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, "That those who
"want the fewest things approach nearest to the
"gods, who want nothing." She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendor; and in his addresses to the gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner:

"As gold is purged and refined from dross by
"the fire, so is Adversity sent by Providence to
"try and improve the virtue of mortals. The
"end obtained, my task is finished; and I now
"leave you, to go and give an account of my
"charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prospe-
"rity

“rity, and whose condition you so much envied,
 “after having experienced the error of his choice,
 “is at last released by death from the most wretch-
 “ed of lives. Happy had it been for Uranio,
 “that his lot was Adversity, whom if he re-
 “members as he ought, his life will be honourable,
 “and his death happy.”

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with cglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door
 was

was written in large characters the following inscription:

*Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What palace can display so fair a train?*

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.